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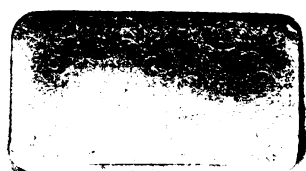
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THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
PHILIP MASSINGER,  
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

By W. GIFFORD, Esq.

---

HAUD TAMEN INVIDEAS VATI QUEM PULPITA PASCUNT.

---

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

THE PICTURE.

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

THE FATAL DOWRY.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL; F. AND C. RIVINGTON;  
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1805.



**THE**  
**MAID OF HONOUR.**

**VOL. III.**

**B**

**THE MAID OF HONOUR.]** This "Tragi-comedy" does not appear, under the present title, in the Office-book of Sir H. Herbert: but a play called *the Honour of Women* was entered there May 6th, 1628, which Mr. Malone conjectures to be the piece before us. He speaks, however, with some hesitation on the subject, as a play of Massinger's, called *the Spanish Viceroy, or the Honour of Women*, was entered at Stationer's Hall, for Humphrey Mosely, in 1653. If this double title be correct, of which we may reasonably entertain a doubt, the plays cannot be the same; for among the dramatis personæ of the present, no such character as a Spanish viceroy is to be found. Sicily, indeed, was long governed by viceroys from Spain; but Roberto is here styled King, and constantly acts from himself.

Mr. Malone says, that *the Maid of Honour* was printed in 1631. All the copies which I have seen (for there is but one edition) are dated 1632, which was probably the earliest period of its appearance; as we learn from the commendatory verses prefixed to it by Sir Aston Cockayne, that it was printed after *the Emperor of the East*, which was not given to the press till this year.

This Play was always a favourite, and, indeed, with strict justice; for it has a thousand claims to admiration and applause. It was frequently acted, the old title-page tells us, "at the Phoenix in Drurie-lane, with good allowance, by the Queen's Majesties servants." An attempt was made some years since to revive it, by Mr. Kemble, but, as I have been informed, without success.

TO

*My most honoured Friends,*

SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNT. AND BART.

AND

SIR THOMAS BLAND, KNT.

*THAT* you have been, and continued so for many years, since you vouchsafed to own me, patrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankfulness acknowledge: and living, as you have done, inseparable in your friendship, (notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you,) I held it as impertinent as absurd, in the presentment of my service in this kind, to divide you. A free confession of a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiours; and I heartily wish, that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours. When your more serious occasions\* will give you leave, you may please to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty who, while he lives, resolves to be

*Truly and sincerely devoted to your service.*

PHILIP MASSINGER.

\* *When your more serious occasions &c.*] Mr. M. Mason omits more.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Roberto, *king of Sicily.*

Ferdinand, *duke of Urbin.*

Bertoldo, *the king's natural brother, a knight of Malta.*

Gonzaga, *a knight of Malta, general to the dutchess of Sienna.*

Astutio, *a counsellor of state.*

Fulgentio, *the minion of Roberto.*

Adorni, *a follower of Camiola's father.*

Signior Sylli, *a foolish self-lover.*

Antonio, } *two rich heirs, city-bred.*

Gasparo, }

Pierio, *a colonel to Gonzaga.*

Roderigo, } *captains to Gonzaga.*

Jacomo, }

Druso, } *captains to duke Ferdinand.*

Livio, }

Father Paulo, *a priest, Camiola's confessor.*

Ambassadour from the duke of Urbin.

A Bishop.

A Page.

Aurelia, *dutchess of Sienna.*

Camiola, *the MAID OF HONOUR.*

Clarinda, *her woman.*

*Scout, Soldiers, Gaoler, Attendants,  
Servants, &c.*

*SCENE, partly in Sicily, and partly in the Siennese.*

THE  
MAID OF HONOUR.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

Palermo. *A State-room in the Palace.*

*Enter ASTUTIO and ADORNI.*

*Ador.* Good day to your lordship.

*Ast.* Thanks, Adorni.

*Ador.* May I presume to ask if the ambassadour  
Employ'd by Ferdinand, the duke of Urbin,  
Hath audience this morning?

*Enter FULGENTIO.*

*Ast.* 'Tis uncertain;  
For, though a counsellor of state, I am not  
Of the cabinet council: but here's one, if he  
please,  
That may resolve you.

*Ador.* I will move him.—Sir!

*Ful.* If you've a suit, shew water, I am blind  
else.

*Ador.* A suit; yet of a nature not to prove  
The quarry that you hawk for: if your words  
Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple  
To be weigh'd and rated, one poor syllable,  
Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand,  
Cannot deserve a fee.

## 6 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Ful.* It seems you are ignorant,  
I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing;  
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer  
One single question, gratis.

*Ador.* I much thank you.  
Hath the ambassadour audience, sir, to day?

*Ful.* Yes.

*Ador.* At what hour?

*Ful.* I promised not so much.  
A syllable you begg'd; my charity gave it;  
Move me no further. [Exit.

*Ast.* This you wonder at :  
With me, 'tis usual.

*Ador.* Pray you, sir, what is he?

*Ast.* A gentleman, yet no lord.\* He hath some  
drops  
Of the king's blood running in his veins, derived  
Some ten degrees off. His revenue lies  
In a narrow compass, the king's ear; and yields  
him  
Every hour a fruitful harvest. Men may talk  
Of three crops in a year in the Fortunate Islands,  
Or profit made by wool; but, while there are  
suitors,  
His sheepshearing, nay, shaving to the quick,  
Is in every quarter of the moon, and constant.  
In the time of trussing a point, he can undo  
Or make a man : his play or recreation  
Is to raise this up, or pull down that; and, though  
He never yet took orders, makes more bishops  
In Sicily, than the pope himself.

\* *Ast.* A gentleman, yet no lord.] Would not the satire be more apparent, if the sentence were reversed? As it stands now, it is scarcely intelligible.

*Enter BERTOLDO, GASPARO, ANTONIO, and  
a Servant.*

*Ador.* Most strange !

*Ast.* The presence fills. He in the Malta habit  
Is the natural brother of the king—a by-blow.

*Ador.* I understand you.

*Gasp.* Morrow to my uncle.

*Ant.* And my late guardian :—but at length I  
have

The reins in my own hands.

*Ast.* Pray you, use them well,  
Or you'll too late repent it.

*Bert.* With this jewel  
Presented to Camiola, prepare,  
This night, a visit for me. [*Exit Servant.*] I shall  
have

Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that  
The king will hear of war.

*Ant.* Sir, I have horses  
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far  
To break a rank than crack a lance ; and are,  
In their career, of such incredible swiftness,  
They outstrip swallows.

*Bert.* And such may be useful  
To run away with, should we be defeated :  
You are well provided, signior.

*Ant.* Sir, excuse me ;  
All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,  
And scorn the burthen : they come on like light-  
ning ;  
Founder'd in a retreat.

*Bert.* By no means back them ;  
Unless you know your courage sympathize  
With the daring of your horse.

*Ant.* My lord, this is bitter.

## THE MAID OF HONOUR

*Gasp.* I will raise me a company of foot;  
And, when at push of pike I am to enter  
A breach, to shew my valour I have bought<sup>1</sup> me  
An armour cannon-proof.

*Bert.* You will not leap, then,  
O'er an outwork, in your shirt?

*Gasp.* I do not like  
Activity that way.

*Bert.* You had rather stand  
A mark to try their muskets on?

*Gasp.* If I do  
No good, I'll do no hurt.

*Bert.* 'Tis in you, signior,  
A Christian resolution, and becomes you!  
But I will not discourage you.

*Ant.* You are, sir,  
A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,  
Have served against the Turk.

*Bert.* 'Tis true.

*Ant.* Pray you, shew us  
The difference between the city valour,  
And service in the field.

*Bert.* 'Tis somewhat more  
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,  
Or to steal a constable<sup>3</sup> from a sleeping watch,  
Then burn their halberds; or, safe guarded by

<sup>1</sup> ——— to shew my valour, I have bought me]  
Coxeter and M. Mason read, I have brought me: the old copy  
is surely right.

<sup>3</sup> Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,] For this expression, so exquisitely humorous, the modern editors give us,  
Or to steal a lanthorn from a sleeping watch!

It is scarcely possible to mark these wanton deviations from the original, without some degree of warmth. By no process in blundering could *lanthorn* be written for *constable*: the editors, therefore, must have gratuitously taken upon themselves the reformation of the language. Pity for the author must be mixed

## THE MAID OF HONOUR. 9

Your tenant's sons, to carry away a may-pole  
From a neighbour village. You will not find  
there,

Your masters of dependencies\* to take up  
A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names  
Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,  
For a cloak with thrice-died velvet, and a cast  
suit,

Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with half a breech  
there,

And no shirt, (being a thing superfluous,  
And worn out of his memory,) if you bear not

with our indignation at their perverse temerity, when we thus find them banishing his most witty expressions from the text, under the bold idea of improving it!

It is the more singular that they should do this in the present case, as the same thought, in nearly the same words, is to be found in *the Renegado*. See Vol. II. p. 210.

\* ————— you will not find there

Your masters of dependencies &c.] *Masters of dependencies* were a set of needy braves, who undertook to ascertain the authentick grounds of a quarrel, and, in some cases, to settle it for the timorous or unskilful.

————— “ Your high offer,  
“ Taught by the *masters of dependencies*,  
“ That, by compounding differences 'tween others,  
“ Supply their own necessities, with me  
“ Will never carry it.” *The Elder Brother.*

In this punctilious age, all matters relative to duelling were arranged, in set treatises, with a gravity that, in a business less serious, would be infinitely ridiculous. Troops of disbanded soldiers, or rather of such as pretended to be so, took up the “ noble science of arms,” and, with the use of the small sword, (then a novelty,) taught a jargon respecting the various modes of “ honourable quarrelling,” which, though seemingly calculated to baffle alike the patience and the understanding, was a fashionable object of study. The dramatick poets, faithful to the moral end of their high art, combated this contagious folly with the united powers of wit and humour; and, after a long and well conducted struggle, succeeded in rendering it as contemptible as it was odious, and finally drove it from the stage.

# 10 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Yourselves both in, and upright, with a provant sword<sup>5</sup>

Will slash your scarlets and your plush a new way ;

Or with the hilts thunder about your ears  
Such musick as will make your worships dance  
To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*.<sup>6</sup>

*Gasp.* I must tell you

In private, as you are my princely friend,  
I do not like such fiddlers.

*Bert.* No ! they are useful

For your imitation ; \* I remember you,  
When you came first to the court, and talk'd of  
nothing

But your rents and your entradas, ever chiming  
The golden bells in your pockets ; you believed  
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to

<sup>5</sup> ————— with a provant sword &c.] A *provant sword* is a plain, unornamented sword, such as soldiers are supplied with by the state Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*, when Master Stephen produces his “ pure Toledo,” Bobadil exclaims,

“ This a Toledo ? pish !

“ *Steph.* Why do you pish ?

“ *Bob.* A Fleming, by heaven ! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them :—a poor *provant rapier* ; no better.”

Properly speaking, *provant* means provisions : thus Petillius, in the tragedy of *Bonduca* :

“ All my company

“ Are now in love ; ne'er think of meat, nor talk

“ Of what *provant* is.”

But our old writers extend it to all the articles which make up the magazines of an army.

It appears, from the pointing of the former editors, that they had not the slightest notion of what their author was saying.

<sup>6</sup> To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*.] See the Picture.

\* For your imitation ;] Thus the quarto : Mr. M. Mason reads, For your *initiation* ; an alteration as void of meaning as of harmony.

Your gaudy clothes ; and could not walk at mid-  
night

Without a causeless quarrel, as if men  
Of coarser outsides were in duty bound  
To suffer your affronts : but, when you had been  
Cudgell'd well twice or thrice, and from the  
doctrine<sup>7</sup>

Made profitable uses, you concluded,  
The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs  
Civility, with conformity of manners,  
Were two or three sound beatings.

*Ant.* I confess  
They did much good upon me.

*Gasp.* And on me :  
The principles that they read were sound.

*Bert.* You'll find  
The like instructions in the camp.

*Ast.* The king !

*A flourish.* Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, Am-  
bassadour, and Attendants.

*Rob.* We sit prepared to hear.

*Amb.* Your majesty  
Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,  
With the desperate fortunes of my lord ; and pity  
Of the much that your confederate hath suffer'd,  
You being his last refuge, may persuade you  
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend  
Your royal aids to stay him in his fall  
To certain ruin. He, too late, is conscious  
That his ambition to encroach upon  
His neighbour's territories, with the danger of  
His liberty, nay, his life, hath brought in question  
His own inheritance : but youth, and heat

<sup>7</sup> ————— and from the doctrine  
Made profitable uses, &c.] See the Emperor of the East.



12 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Of blood, in your interpretation, may  
Both plead and mediate for him. I must grant it  
An error in him, being denied the favours  
Of the fair princess of Sienna, (though  
He sought her in a noble way,) to endeavour  
To force affection by surprisal of  
Her principal seat, Sienna.

*Rob.* Which now proves  
The seat of his captivity, not triumph:  
Heaven is still just.

*Amb.* And yet that justice is  
To be with mercy temper'd, which heaven's  
deputies

Stand bound to minister. The injured dutchess,  
By reason taught, as nature, could not, with  
The reparation of her wrongs, but aim at  
A brave revenge; and my lord feels, too late,  
That innocence will find friends. The great  
Gonzaga,

The honour of his order, (I must praise  
Virtue, though in an enemy,) he whose fights  
And conquests hold one number, rallying up  
Her scatter'd troops, before we could get time  
To victual or to man the conquer'd city,  
Sat down before it; and, presuming that  
'Tis not to be relieved, admits no parley,  
Our flags of truce hung out in vain: nor will  
he

Lend an ear to composition, but exacts,  
With the rendering up the town, the goods and  
lives

Of all within the walls, and of all sexes,  
To be at his discretion.

*Rob.* Since injustice  
In your duke meets this correction, can you  
press us,  
With any seeming argument of reason,

In foolish pity to decline<sup>a</sup> his dangers,  
To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be  
Warn'd by his harms? The league proclaim'd  
between us

Bound neither of us further than to aid  
Each other, if by foreign force invaded;  
And so far in my honour I was tied.  
But since, without our counsel, or allowance,  
He hath ta'en arms; with his good leave, he must  
Excuse us if we steer not on a rock  
We see, and may avoid. Let other monarchs  
Contend to be made glorious by proud war,  
And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase

Increase of empire, and augment their cares  
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,  
Gilding unjust invasions with the trim  
Of glorious conquests; we, that would be known  
The father of our people, in our study  
And vigilance for their safety, must not change  
Their ploughshares into swords, and force them  
from

The secure shade of their own vines, to be  
Scorched with the flames of war; or, for our sport,  
Expose their lives to ruin.

*Amb.* Will you, then,  
In his extremity, forsake your friend?

*Rob.* No; but preserve ourself.

<sup>a</sup> *In foolish pity to decline his dangers,  
To draw them on ourself?* To decline, here means to divert  
from their course; in which sense it is frequently met with in  
our old poets. Thus Jonson:

" ——— who declining

" Their way, not able, for the throng, to fellow,

" Slit down the Germanies."

*Sejanus.*

Again, in his *Forest*:

" This makes, that wisely you decline your life

" Far from the maze of custom, error, strife."

*Bert.* Cannot the beams  
Of honour thaw your icy fears?

*Rob.* Who's that?

*Bert.* A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your  
subject;  
Your father's son, and one who blushes that  
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour,  
As to his kingdom.

*Rob.* How's this!

*Bert.* Sir, to be  
His living chronicle, and to speak his praise,  
Cannot deserve your anger.

*Rob.* Where's your warrant  
For this presumption?

*Bert.* Here, sir, in my heart:  
Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,  
Style coldness in you caution, and prefer  
Your ease before your honour; and conclude,  
To eat and sleep supinely is the end  
Of human blessings: I must tell you, sir,  
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;  
And, when we move not forward, we go back-  
ward:'

9 ————— *I must tell you, sir,*

*Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;*

*And when we move not forward, we go backward:]* This is a  
beautiful improvement on Horace:

*Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae*

*Celata virtus.*

It is, however, surpassed by the spirited apostrophe of Jonson  
to himself:

"Where dost thou careless lie

"Buried in ease and sloth?

"Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;

"And this security,

"It is the common moth

"That eats on wit and arts, and so destroys them both."

*Underwoods.*

The last line of the text alludes to the Latin adage: *Non pro-  
gredi est regredi.*

Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,  
Our health, but a disease.

*Gasp.* Well urged, my lord.

*Ant.* Perfect what is so well begun.

*Amb.* And bind

My lord your servant.

*Rob.* Hair-brain'd fool ! what reason  
Canst thou infer, to make this good ?

*Bert.* A thousand,  
Not to be contradicted. But consider  
Where your command lies : 'tis not, sir, in  
France,

Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily ;  
An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold  
Or silver to enrich you ; no worm spins  
Silk in her womb, to make distinction  
Between you and a peasant in your habits ;  
No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can die  
Scarlet or purple ; all that we possess,  
With beasts we have in common : nature did  
Design us to be warriors, and to break through  
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environed ;  
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting  
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are  
A populous nation, and increase so fast,  
That, if we by our providence are not sent  
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,  
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful  
Than when 'twas styled the Granary of great  
Rome,

— But consider

*Where your command lies : &c.]* Davies, I think, says, that here  
is an allusion to the affairs of this country under James.

However that may be, it is, at least, certain that the author,  
in this animated description, was thinking of England only. He  
could scarcely be so ignorant of the natural history of Sicily as  
not to know how little of his description applied to that island ;  
while every word of it was perfectly applicable to this.

16 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Can yield our numerous fry bread: we must  
starve,

Or eat up one another.

*Ador.* The king hears  
With much attention.

*Ast.* And seems moved with what  
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.

*Bert.* May you live long, sir,  
The king of peace, so you deny not us  
The glory of the war; let not our nerves  
Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of employment,  
Make younger brothers thieves: it is their swords,  
sir,

Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples  
May move you more than arguments, look on  
England,

The empress of the European isles,  
And unto whom alone ours yields precedence:  
When did she flourish so, as when she was  
The mistress of the ocean, her navies  
Putting a girdle round about the world?  
When the Iberian quaked, her worthies named;  
And the fair flower-de-luce<sup>2</sup> grew pale, set by  
The red rose and the white? Let not our armour  
Hung up, or our unrigg'd armada, make us  
Ridiculous to the late poor snakes our neighbours,  
Warm'd in our bosoms, and to whom again  
We may be terrible; while we spend our hours  
Without variety, confined to drink,  
Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from the  
sleep

Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.  
Your birth, and justly, claims my father's king-  
dom;

\* *And the fair flower-de-luce*] A fit of extraordinary nicety  
has here seized the modern editors, and they read, *the fair fleur-*  
*de-lis*!

But his heroick mind descends to me :  
I will confirm so much.

*Ador.* In his looks he seems  
To break ope Janus' temple.

*Ast.* How these younglings  
Take fire from him !

*Ador.* It works an alteration  
Upon the king.

*Ant.* I can forbear no longer :  
War, war, my sovereign !

*Ful.* The king appears  
Resolved, and does prepare to speak.

*Rob.* Think not  
Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,  
As to be overturn'd, or shaken, with  
Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my lord,  
Before resolved you, I will not engage  
My person in this quarrel ; neither press  
My subjects to maintain it : yet, to shew  
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling  
O'your master's sufferings, since these<sup>3</sup> gallants,  
weary

Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste  
The bitter sweets of war, we do consent  
That, as adventurers and volunteers,  
No way compell'd by us, they may make trial  
Of their boasted valours.

*Bert.* We desire no more.

*Rob.* 'Tis well ; and, but my grant in this, ex-  
pect not  
Assistance from me. Govern as you please  
The province you make choice of ; for, I vow  
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry  
In this rash undertaking, I will hear it  
No otherwise than as a sad disaster,

<sup>3</sup> ——— since these gallants,] So the old copies :  
the modern editions read, since the gallants.

18 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Fallen on a stranger ; nor will I esteem  
That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,  
In purse or person aids thee. Take your fortune ;  
You know me ; I have said it. So, my lord,  
You have my absolute<sup>4</sup> answer.

*Amb.* My prince pays  
In me his duty.

*Rob.* Follow me, Fulgentio,  
And you, Astutio.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio,  
and Attendants.*]

*Gasp.* What a frown he threw,  
At his departure, on you !

*Bert.* Let him keep  
His smiles for his state catamite, I care not.

*Ant.* Shall we aboard to night ?

*Amb.* Your speed, my lord,  
Doubles the benefit.

*Bert.* I have a business  
Requires dispatch ; some two hours hence I'll  
meet you. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in Camiola's House.*

*Enter Signior SYLLI, walking fantastically, fol-  
lowed by CAMIOLA and CLARINDA.*

*Cam.* Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony  
In my own house.

<sup>4</sup>

————— So, my lord,

*You have my absolute answer.*] Thus the quarto : Coxeter and  
Mr. M. Mason, very correctly as well as metrically, read, *You  
have my whole answer !* How little has hitherto been seen of  
Massinger !

*Syl.* What's gracious abroad,  
Must be in private practised.

*Clar.* For your mirth's sake  
Let him alone; he has been all this morning  
In practice with a peruked gentleman-usher,  
To teach him his true amble, and his postures,  
[*Sylli walking by, and practising his postures.*]  
When he walks before a lady.

*Syl.* You may, madam,  
Perhaps, believe that I in this use art,  
To make you dote upon me, by exposing  
My more than most rare features to your view;  
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;  
A mark of sweet simplicity, ever noted  
In the family of the Syllis. Therefore, lady,  
Look not with too much contemplation on me;  
If you do, you are in the suds.

*Cam.* You are no barber?

*Syl.* Fie, no! not I; but my good parts have  
drawn

More loving hearts out of fair ladies bellies,  
Than the whole trade have done teeth.

*Cam.* Is't possible?

*Syl.* Yes, and they live too; marry, much con-  
doling

The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me,  
Because I love myself——

*Cam.* Without a rival.

What philters or love-powders do you use,  
To force affection? I see nothing in  
Your person but I dare look on, yet keep  
My own poor heart still.

*Syl.* You are warn'd—be arm'd;  
And do not lose the hope of such a husband,  
In being too soon enamour'd.

*Clar.* Hold in your head,  
Or you must have a martingal.



*Syl.* I have sworn  
Never to take a wife, but such a one,  
O may your ladyship prove so strong! as can  
Hold out a month against me.

*Cam.* Never fear it;  
Though your best taking part, your wealth, were  
trebled,

I would not woo you. But since in your pity  
You please to give me caution, tell me what  
Temptations I must fly from.

*Syl.* The first is,  
That you never hear me sing, for I'm a Syren:  
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howl,  
As ravish'd with my ditties; and you will  
Run mad to hear me.

*Cam.* I will stop my ears,  
And keep my little wits.

*Syl.* Next, when I dance,  
And come aloft thus, cast not a sheep's eye  
Upon the quivering of my calf.

*Cam.* Proceed, sir.

*Syl.* But on no terms, for 'tis a main point,  
dream not  
O' th' strength of my back, though it will bear a  
burthen

With any porter.

*Cam.* I mean not to ride you.

*Syl.* Nor I your little ladyship, till you have  
Perform'd the covenants. Be not taken with  
My pretty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,  
That twinkle on both sides.

*Cam.* Was there ever such  
A piece of motley heard of! [*A knocking within.*]  
Who's that? [*Exit Clarinda.*] You may spare  
The catalogue of my dangers.

*Syl.* No, good madam;  
I have not told you half.

## 21

*Cam.* Enough, good signior;  
If I eat more of such sweetmeats, I shall surfeit.

*Re-enter CLARINDA.*

## Who is't?

*Clar.* The brother of the king.

*Syl.* Nay, start not.

The brother of the king ! is he no more ?  
Were it the king himself, I'd give him leave  
To speak his mind to you, for I am not jealous ;  
And, to assure your ladyship of so much,  
I'll usher him in, and that done—hide myself.

[*Exit.*]

*Cam.* Camiola, if ever, now be constant :  
This is, indeed, a suitor, whose sweet presence,  
Courtship, and loving language, would have  
stagger'd

The chaste Penelope ; and, to increase  
The wonder, did not modesty forbid it,  
I should ask that from him he sues to me for :  
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me  
I must nor give nor take it.

*Re-enter SYLLI with BERTOLDO.*

*Syl.* I must tell you,  
You lose your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,  
Signior Sylli came before you; and you know,  
First come first served: yet you shall have my  
countenance

To parley with her, and I'll take special care  
That none shall interrupt you.

*Bert.* You are courteous.

<sup>5</sup> *I must nor give nor take it.*] This mode of expression, which is very frequent in Massinger, is almost as frequently changed by Mr M. Mason into *I must not give &c.*

*Syl.* Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom?

*Clar.* Yes, from you, sir. [*They converse aside.*]

*Bert.* If forcing this sweet favour from your  
lips, [*Kisses her.*]

Fair madam, argue me of too much boldness,  
When you are pleased to understand I take  
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least  
'Twill qualify the offence.

*Cam.* A parting kiss, sir!  
What nation, envious of the happiness  
Which Sicily enjoys in your sweet presence,  
Can buy you from her? or what climate yield  
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy  
here,  
Being both beloved and honour'd; the north-star  
And guider of all hearts; and, to sum up  
Your full accompt of happiness in a word,  
The brother of the king?

*Bert.* Do you, alone,  
And with an unexampled cruelty,  
Enforce my absence, and deprive me of  
Those blessings which you, with a polish'd phrase,  
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,  
And yet tax me as being guilty of  
My wilful exile? What are titles to me,  
Or popular suffrage, or my nearness to  
The king in blood, or fruitful Sicily,  
Though it confess'd no sovereign but myself,  
When you, that are the essence of my being,  
The anchor of my hopes, the real substance  
Of my felicity, in your disdain  
Turn all to fading and deceiving shadows?

*Cam.* You tax me without cause.

*Bert.* You must confess it.  
But answer love with love, and seal the con-  
tract  
In the uniting of our souls, how gladly

(Though now I were in action, and assured,  
Following my fortune, that plumed Victory  
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)  
Would I put off my armour, in my heat  
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue  
My Cleopatra ! Will you yet look on me  
With an eye of favour ?

*Cam.* Truth bear witness for me,  
That, in the judgment of my soul, you are  
A man so absolute, and circular  
In all those wish'd-for rarities that may take  
A virgin captive, that, though at this instant  
All scepter'd monarchs of our western world  
Were rivals with you, and Camiola worthy  
Of such a competition, you alone  
Should wear the garland,

*Bert.* If so, what diverts  
Your favour from me ?

*Cam.* No mulct in yourself,  
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.

*Bert.* What then ?

*Cam.* The consciousness of mine own wants :  
alas ! sir,  
We are not parallels ; but, like lines divided,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ————— *alas, sir !*

*We are not parallels ; but, like lines divided,  
Can ne'er meet in one centre.* ] This seems badly expressed.  
Parallels are the only lines that cannot meet in a center ; for all  
lines divided with any angle towards each other, must meet  
somewhere, if continued both ways. COXETER.

By lines divided, Massinger does not mean, as the editor sup-  
poses, lines inclined to each other in any angle ; but the divided  
parts of the same right line, which never can meet in one centre.  
M. MASON.

If Mr. M. Mason understands his own meaning it is well ;  
that of his author, I apprehend, he has not altogether made out.  
Our old writers were not, generally speaking, very expert ma-  
thematicians, and therefore frequently confounded the proper-

Can ne'er meet in one centre. Your birth, sir,  
 Without addition, were an ample dowry  
 For one of fairer fortunes; and this shape,  
 Were you ignoble, far above all value:  
 To this so clear a mind, so furnish'd with  
 Harmonious faculties moulded from heaven,  
 That though you were Thersites in your features,  
 Of no descent, and Irus in your fortunes,  
 Ulysses-like you'd force all eyes and ears  
 To love, but seen; and, when heard, wonder at  
 Your matchless story: but all these bound up  
 Together in one volume!—give me leave,

ties of lines and figures. Not only Massinger, but many others who had good means of information, use *parallels* (as it seems to me) for *radii*. Dr. Sacheverell was accused by the wits, or rather whigs, of his day, for speaking, in his famous *University Sermon*, of *parallel lines that met in a centre*. The charge appears to be just, for, though he changed the expression when the sermon was committed to the press, he retained his conviction of its propriety: "They," (temptations,) he says, "are the *centre* in which all our passions terminate and join, though never so much repugnant to each other."

In the Proëme to Herbert's *Travels*, which were printed not long after *the Maid of Honour*, a similar expression is found: "Great Britaine—contains the summe and abridge of all sorts of excellencies, *met here like parallels in their proper centre*."

In the life of Dr. H. More (1710) there is a letter to a correspondent who had sent him a pious treatise, in which the same expression occurs, and is thus noticed by the doctor: "There is but one passage that I remember, which will afford them (the profane and atheistical rout of the age) a disingenuous satisfaction; which is in p. 480, where you say that *straight lines drawn from the center run parallel together*. To a candid reader your intended sense can be no other than that they run *απ' ἀλλήλας*, that is, by one another; which they may do, though they do not run all along equidistantly one by another, which is the mathematical sense of the word *parallel*." See *Gent. Mag.* May, 1782. The good doctor is, I think, the best critick on the subject, that has yet appeared, and sufficiently explains Massinger.

With admiration to look upon them;  
But not presume, in my own flattering hopes,  
I may or can enjoy them.

*Bert.* How you ruin  
What you would seem to build up! I know no  
Disparity between us; you're an heir  
Sprung from a noble family; fair, rich, young,  
And every way my equal.

*Cam.* Sir, excuse me;  
One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses  
The eagle and the wren:—tissue and frieze  
In the same garment, monstrous! But suppose  
That what's in you excessive were diminish'd,  
And my desert supplied, the stronger bar,  
Religion, stops our entrance: you are, sir,  
A knight of Malta, by your order bound  
To a single life; you cannot marry me;  
And, I assure myself, you are too noble

7 *Cam. Sir, excuse me;*

*One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses*

*The eagle and the wren:—*] The modern editors read *One airy with proportion* &c. Upon which Coxeter observes, that "the passage is somewhat difficult." It means, however, he adds, "that one who is puffed up with an high opinion of his birth, (i. e. *airy with proportion*,) will never stoop so low as Bertoldo must, to marry Camiola."! To this Mr. M. Mason subjoins, that for *discloses* we should read *encloses*, and that the meaning is, "the airy that is fit for an eagle cannot be equally fit for a wren!" Poor Coxeter's blunder is sufficiently ridiculous: but did not Mr. M. Mason, who tells us, in a note, of the absolute necessity of consulting and comparing contemporary authors, recollect those beautiful lines of Shakspeare?

"Anon, as patient as the female dove,

"Ere that her golden couplets are disclosed,

"His silence will sit drooping."

*Hamlet.*

*Disclose*, in short, is constantly used by our old writers for *hatch*, as *aerie* is, for the nest of any bird of prey: and the meaning of this "somewhat difficult passage" nothing more, than that eagles and wrens are too disproportionate in bulk to be *hatched* in the same nest.

26 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

To seek me, though my frailty should consent,  
In a base path.

*Bert.* A dispensation, lady,  
Will easily absolve me.

*Cam.* O take heed, sir !  
When what is vow'd to heaven is dispensed with,  
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,  
And not a blessing.

*Bert.* Is there no hope left me ?

*Cam.* Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to  
Impossibility. True love should walk  
On equal feet; in us it does not, sir :  
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be  
Devoted to your service.

*Bert.* And this is your  
Determinate sentence ?

*Cam.* Not to be revoked.

*Bert.* Farewell then, fairest cruel ! all thoughts  
in me

Of women perish. Let the glorious light  
Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper,\*  
That only lends me light to see my folly :  
Honour, be thou my ever-living mistress,  
And fond affection, as thy bond-slave, serve thee !

[*Exit.*

*Cam.* How soon my sun is set, he being absent,  
Never to rise again ! What a fierce battle

\* ————— *Let the glorious light*

*Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper,]* So the quarto: for  
which fine line the modern editors give us,

————— *Let the glorious light*

*Of noble war extinguish Love's divine taper !*

It seems strange that no want of harmony in the metre, no defect of sense in the expression, could ever rouse them into a suspicion of their inaccuracy. I have not, however, pointed out every error to the reader: in what has already past of this act, the old reading has been silently restored in numerous instances.

Is fought between my passions!—methinks  
We should have kiss'd at parting.

*Syl.* I perceive

He has his answer: now must I step in  
To comfort her. You have found, I hope, sweet  
lady,

Some difference between a youth of my pitch,  
And this bugbear Bertoldo; men are men,  
The king's brother is no more: good parts will  
do it,

When titles fail. Despair not; I may be  
In time entreated.

*Cam.* Be so now, to leave me.

Lights for my chamber. O my heart!

*[Exeunt Camiola and Clarinda.]*

*Syl.* She now,

I know, is going to bed, to ruminate  
Which way to glut herself upon my person;  
But, for my oath's sake, I will keep her hungry:  
And, to grow full myself, I'll straight—to supper.

*[Exit.]*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, *and* ASTUTIO.

*Rob.* Embark'd to night, do you say?

*Ful.* I saw him aboard, sir.

*Rob.* And without taking of his leave?

*Ast.* 'Twas strange!

*Rob.* Are we grown so contemptible?



28 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Ful.* 'Tis far  
From me, sir, to add fuel to your anger,  
That, in your ill opinion of him, burns  
Too hot already ; else, I should affirm  
It was a gross neglect.

*Rob.* A wilful scorn  
Of duty and allegiance ; you give it  
Too fair a name. But we shall think on't : can  
you  
Guess what the numbers were, that follow'd him  
In his desperate action ?

*Ful.* More than you think, sir.  
All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,  
Or to your government or person, with  
The turbulent swordmen, such whose poverty  
forced them

To wish a change, are gone along with him ;  
Creatures devoted to his undertakings,  
In right or wrong : and, to express their zeal  
And readiness to serve him, ere they went,  
Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,  
To live and die with him.

*Rob.* O most impious !  
Their loyalty to us forgot ?

*Ful.* I fear so.

*Ast.* Unthankful as they are !

*Ful.* Yet this deserves not  
One troubled thought in you, sir ; with your  
pardon,  
I hold that their remove from hence makes more  
For your security than danger.

*Rob.* True ;  
And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.  
Astutio, you shall presently be dispatch'd  
With letters, writ and sign'd with our own  
hand,  
To the dutchess of Sienna, in excuse

Of these forces sent against her. If you spare  
An oath, to give it credit,\* that we never  
Consented to it, swearing for the king,  
Though false, it is no perjury.

*Ast.* I know it.

They are not fit to be state agents, sir,  
That, without scruple of their conscience, cannot  
Be prodigal in such trifles.

*Ful.* Right, Astutio.

*Rob.* You must, beside, from us take some  
instructions,  
To be imparted, as you judge them useful,  
To the general Gonzaga. Instantly  
Prepare you for your journey.

*Ast.* With the wings  
Of loyalty and duty. [Exit.

*Ful.* I am bold

To put your majesty in mind—

*Rob.* Of my promise,  
And aids, to further you in your amorous project  
To the fair and rich Camiola: there's my ring;  
Whatever you shall say that I entreat,  
Or can command by power, I will make good.

*Ful.* Ever your majesty's creature.

*Rob.* Venus prove  
Propitious to you! [Exit.

*Ful.* All sorts to my wishes;  
Bertoldo was my hindrance: he removed,  
I now will court her in the conqueror's style;  
Come, see, and overcome. Boy!

9

*If you spare*

*An oath, to give it credit, &c.*] This detestable doctrine is unworthy of the king, who has hitherto conducted himself with propriety, and preserved some degree of interest with the reader. Massinger, however, has taken sufficient care to disclose his own ideas of such pernicious tenets, which, I hope, were never fashionable, by the ridicule which he dexterously flings over them in the subsequent speeches.

30 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Sir; your pleasure?

*Ful.* Haste to Camiola; bid her prepare  
An entertainment suitable to a fortune  
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe  
To honour her with a visit.

*Page.* 'Tis a favour  
Will make her proud.

*Ful.* I know it.

*Page.* I am gone, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Ful.* Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace  
May challenge awe and privilege, by his place.  
*[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in Camiola's House.*

*Enter ADORNI, SYLLI, and CLARINDA.*

*Ador.* So melancholy, say you!<sup>1</sup>

*Clar.* Never given  
To such retirement.

*Ador.* Can you guess the cause?

*Clar.* If it hath not its birth and being from  
The brave Bertoldo's absence, I confess  
'Tis past my apprehension.

*Syl.* You are wide,  
The whole field wide.<sup>2</sup> I, in my understanding,  
Pity your ignorance;—yet, if you will

<sup>1</sup> *Ador.* So melancholy, say you! So the old copies: the modern editions read, So melancholick!

<sup>2</sup> *The whole field wide.* This hemistich is dropt by Mr. M. Mason: it signifies little that the measure of two lines is spoiled by his negligence, for, as he modestly says of his edition,

Swear to conceal it, I will let you know  
Where her shoe wrings her.

*Clar.* I vow, signior,  
By my virginity.

*Syl.* A perilous oath,  
In a waitingwoman of fifteen! and is, indeed,  
A kind of nothing.

*Ador.* I'll take one of something,  
If you please to minister it.

*Syl.* Nay, you shall not swear:  
I had rather take your word; for, should you vow,  
D—n me, I'll do this!—you are sure to break.

*Ador.* I thank you, signior; but resolve us.

*Syl.* Know, then,  
Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon  
me;

My beauties are so terrible and enchanting,  
She cannot endure my sight.

*Ador.* There I believe you.

*Syl.* But the time will come, be comforted, when  
I will

Put off this vizor of unkindness to her,  
And shew an amorous and yielding face:  
And, until then, though Hercules himself  
Desire to see her, he had better eat  
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be  
Her Cerberus to guard her.

*Ador.* A good dog!

*Clar.* Worth twenty porters.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Keep you open house here?  
No groom to attend a gentleman! O, I spy one.

“correctness is the only merit it pretends to.” The expression,  
however signior Sylli picked it up, is a Latinism: *Erras, tota  
via aberras.*

32 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Syl.* He means not me, I am sure.

*Page.* You, sirrah sheep's-head,  
With a face cut on a cat-stick, do you hear?  
You yeoman fewterer,<sup>3</sup> conduct me to  
The lady of the mansion, or my poniard  
Shall disembogue thy soul.

*Syl.* O terrible!

*Disembogue!* I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one  
Bound up in *decimo sexto*.<sup>4</sup>

*Page.* Answer, wretch.

*Syl.* Pray you, little gentleman, be not so  
furious;

The lady keeps her chamber.

*Page.* And we present!

Sent in an embassy to her! but here is  
Her gentlewoman: sirrah! hold my cloak,  
While I take a leap at her lips; do it, and neatly;  
Or, having first tripp'd up thy heels, I'll make  
Thy back my footstool. [*Kisses Clarinda.*]

*Syl.* Tamberlane in little!

Am I turn'd Turk!<sup>5</sup> What an office am I put to!

*Clar.* My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.

*Page.* Though she were dead and buried, only  
tell her,

The great man in the court, the brave Fulgentio,  
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her  
Out of the grave for joy.

<sup>3</sup> *You yeoman fewterer,*] See the Picture.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one  
Bound up in decimo sexto.*] We have already had this ex-  
pression applied to a page. Vol. I. p. 176. Indeed, no author,  
with whom I am acquainted, repeats himself so frequently, and  
with so little ceremony, as Massinger.

<sup>5</sup> *Am I turn'd Turk!*] Is my situation or occupation changed.  
In this sense the phrase often occurs in our old dramatists. See  
Vol. II. p. 220.

*Enter FULGENTIO.*

*Syl.* Here comes another!

*The devil, I fear, in his holiday clothes.*

*Page.* So soon!

My part is at an end then. Cover my shoulders;  
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.

*Ful.* Are you, sirrah,  
An implement of the house?

*Syl.* Sure he will make  
A jointstool of me!

*Ful.* Or, if you belong  
To the lady of the place, command her hither.

*Ador.* I do not wear her livery, yet acknowledge  
A duty to her; and as little bound  
To serve your peremptory will, as she is  
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you, sir,  
To wait her leisure; then, her pleasure known,  
You may present your duty.

*Ful.* Duty! Slave,  
I'll teach you manners.

*Ador.* I'm past learning; make not  
A tumult in the house.

*Ful.* Shall I be braved thus? [*They draw.*]

*Syl.* O, I am dead! and now I swoon.

[*Falls on his face.*]

*Clar.* Help! murder!

*Page.* Recover, sirrah; the lady's here.

*Enter CAMIOLA.*

*Syl.* Nay, then  
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. [*Rises.*]

*Cam.* What insolence is this? Adorni, hold,  
Hold, I command you.

*Ful.* Saucy groom!

34 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Cam.* Not so, sir;  
However, in his life, he had dependence  
Upon my father, he's a gentleman  
As well born as yourself.\* Put on your hat.

*Ful.* In my presence, without leave!

*Syl.* He has mine, madam.

*Cam.* And I must tell you, sir, and in plain  
language,  
Howe'er your glittering outside promise gentry,  
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour  
Speaks you a coarser thing.

*Syl.* She means a clown, sir;  
I am her interpreter, for want of a better.

*Cam.* I am a queen in mine own house; nor  
must you  
Expect an empire here.

*Syl.* Sure, I must love her  
Before the day, the pretty soul's so valiant.

*Cam.* What are you? and what would you with  
me?

*Ful.* Proud one,  
When you know what I am, and what I came for,  
And may, on your submission, proceed to,  
You in your reason must repent the coarseness  
Of my entertainment.

*Cam.* Why, fine man? what are you?

*Ful.* A kinsman of the king's.

*Cam.* I cry you mercy,  
For his sake, not your own. But, grant you are so,  
'Tis not impossible but a king may have  
A fool to his kinsman,—no way meaning you, sir.

*Ful.* You have heard of Fulgentio?

*Cam.* Long since, sir;

6

*He's a gentleman*

*As well born as yourself.*] This is the second passage, in the  
compass of little more than a page, which is wholly omitted by  
Mr. M. Mason!

A suit-broker in court. He has the worst  
Report among good men, I ever heard of,  
For bribery and extortion: in their prayers,  
Widows and orphans curse him for a canker  
And caterpillar in the state. I hope, sir,  
You are not the man; much less employ'd by him,  
As a smock-agent to me.

*Ful.* I reply not

As you deserve, being assured you know me;  
Pretending ignorance of my person, only  
To give me a taste of your wit: 'tis well, and  
courtly;

I like a sharp wit well.

*Syl.* I cannot endure it;

Nor any of the Syllis.

*Ful.* More; I know too,

This harsh induction must serve as a foil  
To the well-tuned observance and respect  
You will hereafter pay me, being made  
Familiar with my credit with the king,  
And that (contain your joy) I deign to love you.

*Cam.* Love me! I am not rapt with it.

*Ful.* Hear't again;

I love you honestly: now you admire me.

*Cam.* I do, indeed; it being a word so seldom  
Heard from a courtier's mouth. But, pray you,  
deal plainly,

Since you find me simple; what might be the  
motives

Inducing you to leave the freedom of  
A bachelor's life, on your soft neck to wear  
The stubborn yoke of marriage; and, of all  
The beauties in Palermo, to choose me,  
Poor me? that is the main point you must treat  
of.

*Ful.* Why, I will tell you, Of a little thing



36 THE MAID OF HONOUR:

You are a pretty peat,<sup>7</sup> indifferent fair too;  
And, like a new-rigg'd ship, both tight and yare,  
Well truss'd to bear: virgins of giant size  
Are sluggards at the sport; but, for my pleasure,  
Give me a neat well-timber'd gamester like you;  
Such need no spurs,—the quickness of your eye  
Assures an active spirit.

*Cam.* You are pleasant, sir;  
Yet I presume that there was one thing in me  
Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all  
Those parts you have remember'd.

*Ful.* What?

*Cam.* My wealth, sir.

*Ful.* You are in the right; without that, beauty  
is

A flower worn in the morning, at night trod on:  
But beauty, youth, and fortune, meeting in you,  
I will vouchsafe to marry you.

*Cam.* You speak well;  
And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I  
Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,  
I'll marry you; I fable not.

*Syl.* I am glad  
To hear this; I began to have an ague.

*Ful.* Come, your wise reasons.

*Cam.* Such as they are, pray you take them:  
First, I am doubtful whether you are a man,  
Since, for your shape, trimm'd up in a lady's  
dressing,  
You might pass for a woman; now I love  
To deal on certainties: and, for the fairness  
Of your complexion, which you think will take  
me,

<sup>7</sup> *You are a pretty peat,*] For *peat* the modern editors are pleased to give us *piece*; a colloquial barbarism of our own times.

The colour, I must tell you, in a man  
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out,  
If put to labour: give me the lovely brown,  
A thick curl'd hair of the same die, broad  
shoulders,

A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without  
An artificial calf;—I suspect yours;  
But let that pass.

*Syl.* She means me all this while,  
For I have every one of those good parts;  
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!

*Cam.* You are moved, sir.

*Ful.* Fie! no; go on.

*Cam.* Then, as you are a courtier,  
A graced one too, I fear you have been too for-  
ward;

And so much for your person. Rich you are,  
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have  
The aids of Satan's little fiends to get it;  
And what is got upon his back, must be  
Spent you know where;—the proverb's stale.  
One word more,

And I have done.

*Ful.* I'll ease you of the trouble,  
Coy and disdainful!

*Cam.* Save me, or else he'll beat me.

*Ful.* No, your own folly shall; and, since you  
put me

To my last charm, look upon this, and tremble.

[*Shews the king's ring.*]

*Cam.* At the sight of a fair ring! The king's, I  
take it?

I have seen him wear the like: if he hath sent it  
As a favour to me——

*Ful.* Yes, 'tis very likely;

His dying mother's gift, prized at his crown:

38 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

By this he does command you to be mine;  
By his gift you are so:—you may yet redeem all.

*Cam.* You are in a wrong account still. Though  
the king may  
Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine  
own,  
And never shall be your's. The king, heaven  
bless him!

Is good and gracious, and, being in himself  
Abstemious from base and goatish looseness,  
Will not compel, against their wills, chaste  
maidens

To dance in his minion's circles. I believe,  
Forgetting it when he wash'd his hands, you  
stole it,

With an intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd;  
I am still myself, and will be.

*Ful.* A proud haggard,  
And not to be reclaim'd! which of your grooms,  
Your coachman, fool, or footman, ministers  
Night-physick to you?

*Cam.* You are foul-mouth'd.

*Ful.* Much fairer  
Than thy black soul; and so I will proclaim thee.

*Cam.* Were I a man, thou durst not speak this.

*Ful.* Heaven  
So prosper me, as I resolve to do it  
To all men, and in every place;—scorn'd by  
A tit of ten-pence! [*Exeunt Fulgentio and Page.*]

*Syl.* Now I begin to be valiant:  
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother!  
Do a friend's part; pray you, carry him the length  
of't.

8

————— O for a butcher!

[*Do a friend's part, &c.*] This is a true picture of a fop. No-  
thing could be more abjectly fearful than this our bravado,

I give him three years and a day to match my  
Toledo,

And then we'll fight like dragons.

*Ador.* Pray, have patience.

*Cam.* I may live to have vengeance: my Bertoldo

Would not have heard this.

*Ador.* Madam,——

*Cam.* Pray you, spare  
Your language. Prithee fool, and make me  
merry.

when in danger : but, now his enemy is gone, he swaggers about most courageously. Now I begin to be valiant : nay, I will draw my sword. O for a butcher ! The bloody cruel temper of one. COXETER.

O for a butcher !] It is impossible that the words should convey the sense that the editor attributes to them. It is a difficult passage, and my conjecture may possibly be erroneous, but I should read it thus :

*Nay, I will draw my sword : O for a bout ! Here,  
Do a friend's part, &c.* M. MASON.

Sylli is no fop, but a fool : one of those characters which the audiences of Massinger's time looked for in every piece that came before them. By fool, I do not mean such as are found in Shakspeare, compounds of archness, knavery, petulance, and licentiousness, infinitely diversified, (for to the production of such our poet was not equal,) but a harmless simpleton, whose vanity is too puerile, and cowardice too abject, to excite in our times either interest or mirth : — for the rest, nothing can be more contemptible than the jargon of Coxeter on his own erroneous reading. I have consulted all the copies to which I had access, and they concur in reading, O for a brother ! (with the single exception, indeed, of Mr. Malone's, which reads *butcher*,) i. e. a brother in arms, (I suppose to do what he immediately after requests Adorni to do for him,) a common expression at the time, and well understood by Massinger's audience. The grave remark of Mr. M. Mason on the spurious reading of Coxeter is truly ridiculous. Why did he not examine the old copies ?

<sup>9</sup> *Cam.* Pray you, spare

*Your language. Prithee fool, and make me merry.]* i. e. play the fool. An explanation that would have been wholly unnecessary,

40 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Syl.* That is my office ever.

*Ador.* I must do,  
Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. III.

*The Siennese.*<sup>1</sup> *A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

*The Chambers shot off: a Flourish as to an Assault: after which, enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, and Soldiers.*

*Gonz.* Is the breach made assaultable?

*Pier.* Yes, and the moat  
Fill'd up; the cannoneer hath done his parts;  
We may enter six abreast.

*Rod.* There's not a man  
Dares shew himself upon the wall.

*Jac.* Defeat not  
The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.

*Pier.* If you, sir,  
Delay the assault, and the city be given up  
To your discretion, you in honour cannot

if the modern editors had not mistaken the sense, and therefore altered the passage. They read, in despite of the metre,

*Pray you, spare*

*Your language. Prithee, fool, make me merry.*

<sup>1</sup> *The Siennese. &c.]* Here, as in *the Duke of Milan*, Coxeter attempted to particularize the place of action, but with as little success as before. See Vol. I. p. 235. He reads, *The Castle at Sienna*: this, however, was in the hands of the duke of Urbino; while Gonzaga and his army are described as lying encamped before the walls of the town; which they are now preparing to assault. The castle of Sienna, if castle it must be, should be placed at the head of the next scene. Mr. M. Mason copies all these absurdities, as usual.

Use the extremity of war,—but, in  
Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.

*Jac.* And an enemy to yourself.

*Rod.* A hindrance to  
The brave revenge you have vow'd.

*Gonz.* Temper your heat,  
And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that  
Which, be but patient, will be offer'd to you.  
Security ushers ruin; proud contempt  
Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd, with desire  
And greediness of spoil, have often wrested.  
A certain victory from the conqueror's gripe.  
Discretion is the tutor of the war,  
Valour the pupil; and, when we command  
With lenity, and our direction's follow'd  
With cheerfulness, a prosperous end must crown  
Our works well undertaken.

*Rod.* Ours are finish'd——

*Pier.* If we make use of fortune.

*Gonz.* Her false smiles  
Deprive you of your judgments. The condition  
Of our affairs exacts a double care,  
And, like bifronted Janus, we must look  
Backward, as forward: though a flattering calm  
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest raised,  
Not feared, much less expected, in our rear  
May foully fall upon us, and distract us  
To our confusion.

*Enter a Scout.*

Our scout! what brings  
Thy ghastly looks, and sudden speed?

*Scout.* The assurance  
Of a new enemy.

*Gonz.* This I foresaw and fear'd.  
What are they, know'st thou?

*Scout.* They are, by their colours,  
 Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness  
 Of their rich armours doubly gilded with  
 Reflection of the sun.

*Gonz.* From Sicily?—

The king in league! no war proclaim'd! 'tis foul:  
 But this must be prevented, not disputed.  
 Ha! how is this? your estridge<sup>2</sup> plumes, that but  
 Even now, like quills of porcupines, seem'd to  
 threaten

The stars, drop at the rumour of a shower,  
 And, like to captive colours, sweep the earth!  
 Bear up; but in great dangers, greater minds  
 Are never proud. Shall a few loose troops, un-  
 train'd

But in a customary ostentation,  
 Presented as a sacrifice to your valours,  
 Cause a dejection in you?

*Pier.* No dejection.

*Rod.* However startled, where you lead we'll  
 follow.

*Gonz.* 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their  
 charge,

But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.  
 Pierio, in our absence hold our place,  
 And with our foot men, and those sickly troops,  
 Prevent a sally. I in mine own person,  
 With part of the cavallery,<sup>3</sup> will bid

<sup>2</sup> ————— your estridge plumes, &c.] For  
*estridge* the modern editions read *ostrich*:—but this is not the  
 only capricious alteration which they have introduced into this  
 beautiful speech.

<sup>3</sup> *With part of the cavallery,*] So it must be spelt, and so the  
 quarto spells it: the modern editions have *cavalry*, which is not  
 metre, nor any thing like metre. The old expression is neither  
 incorrect, nor uncommon, as I could easily shew, if it were at  
 all necessary.

THE MAID OF HONOUR 43

These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast:  
But I lose time.

*Pier.* I'll to my charge. [Exit.

*Gonz.* And we

To ours: I'll bring you on.

*Jac.* If we come off,

It's not amiss; if not, my state is settled.

[Exeunt. Alarm within.

SCENE IV.

*The same. The Citadel of Sienna.*

*Enter FERDINAND, DRUSO, and LIVIO, on the Walls.*

*Fer.* No aids from Sicily! Hath hope forsook  
us;

And that vain comfort to affliction, pity,  
By our vow'd friend denied us? we can nor live  
Nor die with honour: like beasts in a toil,  
We wait the leisure of the bloody hunter,  
Who is not so far reconciled unto us,  
As in one death to give a period  
To our calamities; but in delaying  
The fate we cannot fly from, starved with wants,  
We die this night, to live again to morrow,  
And suffer greater torments.

*Dru.* There is not  
Three days provision for every soldier,  
At an ounce of bread a day, left in the city.

*Liv.* To die the beggar's death, with hunger  
made

Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack  
Our heart-strings with vexation.

*Fer.* Would they would break,



#### 44 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Break 'altogether ! How willingly, like Cato,  
 Could I tear out my bowels, rather than  
 Look on the conqueror's insulting face ;  
 But that religion, and the horrid dream  
 To be suffer'd in the other world, denies it !

*Enter a Soldier.*

What news with thee ?

*Sold.* From the turret of the fort,  
 By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like  
     lightning,  
 The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake\*  
     through,  
 I did descry some forces making towards us ;  
 And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,  
 The general, (for I know him by his horse,)  
 And bravely seconded, encounter'd them.  
 Their greetings were too rough for friends ; their  
     swords,  
 And not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.  
 By this the main battalions are join'd ;  
 And, if you please to be spectators of  
 The horrid issue, I will bring you where,  
 As in a theatre, you may see their fates  
 In purple gore presented.

*Fer.* Heaven, if yet  
 Thou art appeased for my wrong done to Aurelia,  
 Take pity of my miseries ! Lead the way, friend.  
[*Exeunt.*

\* *The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake through,]* Both  
 Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason corrupt *brake* into *break*, though it  
 be arrant nonsense !

SCENE V.

*The same. A Plain near the Camp.*

*A long Charge: after which, a Flourish for victory; then enter GONZAGA, JACOMO, and RODERIGO wounded; BERTOLDO, GASPARO, and ANTONIO Prisoners.*

*Gonz.* We have them yet, though they cost us dear. This was Charged home, and bravely follow'd. Be to yourselves

True mirrors to each other's worth; and, looking With noble emulation on his wounds, The glorious livery of triumphant war,

[*To Jacomo and Roderigo.*  
Imagine these with equal grace appear Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have suffer'd

In this laborious, nay, toilsome harvest, Yields a rich crop of conquest; and the spoil, Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts, Will ease and cure them. Let me look upon

[*Gasparo and Antonio brought forward.*  
The prisoners' faces. Oh, how much transform'd From what they were! O Mars! were these toys fashion'd

To undergo the burthen of thy service? The weight of their defensive armour bruised Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have forced them,

In a hot day, without a blow to yield.

*Ant.* This insultation shews not manly in you.

*Gonz.* To men I had forborn it; you are women,

Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights.<sup>5</sup> What fury  
Seduced you to exchange your ease in court  
For labour in the field? perhaps, you thought  
To charge, through dust and blood, an armed foe,  
Was but like graceful running at the ring  
For a wanton mistress' glove; and the encounter,  
A soft impression on her lips: but you  
Are gaudy butterflies, and I wrong myself  
In parling with you.

Gasp. *Væ victis!* now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another mould,  
And made of tougher metal.

<sup>5</sup> ————— you are women,

Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights.] *Carpet-knights*, a term of contempt very frequently used by our old writers, were such as were made on occasion of publick festivities, marriages, births, &c. in contradistinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory. They were naturally little regarded by the latter; and, indeed, their title had long been given, in scorn, to effeminate courtiers, favourites, &c. To confine, as some do, the expression to the knights made by James I. is evidently erroneous; since it was in use, and in the opprobrious sense of the text, before he was born. I hope it will not be thought that I have loaded the page with superfluous quotations, which it has been my chief study to avoid:—there is, however, so beautiful a passage in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, that, as it is not altogether irrelevant to the subject, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it:

“ Oh the brave dames

“ Of warlike Genoa! they had eyes to see

“ The inward man; and only from his worth,

“ *Courage and conquests*, the blind archer knew

“ To head his shafts, or light his quenched torch;

“ They were proof against him else! No *carpet-knight*,

“ That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,

“ Or stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,

“ Sung to his lute such soft and pleasing notes

“ As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,

“ Could work on them, nor once bewitch'd their sense,

“ Though he came so perfumed, as he had robb'd

“ Sabea or Arabia of their wealth,

“ And stored it in one suit.”

*Gonz.* True ; I owe him  
For this wound bravely given.

*Bert.* O that mountains  
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire  
A wretch no more remember'd !

*Gonz.* Look up, sir ;  
To be o'ercome deserves no shame. If you  
Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse  
Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere  
To be lamented : but, since you perform'd  
As much as could be hoped for from a man,  
(Fortune his enemy,) you wrong yourself  
In this dejection. I am honour'd in  
My victory over you ; but to have these  
My prisoners, is, in my true judgment, rather  
Captivity than a triumph : you shall find  
Fair quarter from me, and your many wounds,  
Which I hope are not mortal, with such care  
Look'd to and cured, as if your nearest friend  
Attended on you.

*Bert.* When you know me better,  
You will make void this promise : can you call me  
Into your memory ?

*Gonz.* The brave Bertoldo !  
A brother of our order ! By St. John,  
Our holy patron, I am more amazed,  
Nay, thunderstruck with thy apostacy,  
And precipice from the most solemn vows  
Made unto heaven, when this, the glorious  
badge

Of our Redeemer, was conferr'd upon thee  
By the great master, than if I had seen  
A reprobate Jew, an atheist, Turk, or Tartar,  
Baptized in our religion !

*Bert.* This I look'd for ;  
And am resolved to suffer

*Gonz.* Fellow-soldiers,

Behold this man, and, taught by his example,  
 Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,  
 Than trifle in things sacred. In my rage [*Weeps.*]  
 I shed these at the funeral of his virtue,  
 Faith, and religion :—why, I will tell you ;  
 He was a gentleman so train'd up and fashion'd  
 For noble uses, and his youth did promise  
 Such certainties, more than hopes, of great  
 achievements,

As—if the Christian world had stood opposed  
 Against the Othoman race, to try the fortune  
 Of one encounter, this Bertoldo had been,  
 For his knowledge to direct, and matchless cou-  
 rage

To execute, without a rival, by  
 The votes of good men, chosen general,  
 As the prime soldier, and most deserving  
 Of all that wear the cross ; which now, in justice,  
 I thus tear from him.

*Bert.* Let me die with it  
 Upon my breast.

*Gonz.* No ; by this thou wert sworn,  
 On all occasions, as a knight, to guard  
 Weak ladies from oppression, and never  
 To draw thy sword against them ; whereas thou,  
 In hope of gain or glory, when a princess,  
 And such a princess as Aurelia is,  
 Was dispossess'd by violence, of what was  
 Her true inheritance ; against thine oath  
 Hast, to thy uttermost, labour'd to uphold  
 Her falling enemy. But thou shalt pay  
 A heavy forfeiture, and learn too late,  
 Valour employ'd in an ill-quarrel, turns  
 To cowardice, and Virtue then puts on  
 Foul Vice's visor. This is that which cancels  
 All friendship's bands between us.—Bear them off ;  
 I will hear no reply : and let the ransome

Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.  
In this I do but right, and let it be  
Styled justice, and not wilful cruelty. [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

*Enter GONZAGA, ASTUTIO, RODERIGO, and JACOMO.*

*Gonz.* What I have done, sir, by the law of arms  
I can and will make good.

*Ast.* I have no commission  
To expostulate the act. These letters speak  
The king my master's love to you, and his  
Vow'd service to the dutchess, on whose person  
I am to give attendance.

*Gonz.* At this instant,  
She's at Fienza :<sup>6</sup> you may spare the trouble  
Of riding thither ; I have advertised her  
Of our success, and on what humble terms  
Sienna stands : though presently I can  
Possess it, I defer it, that she may  
Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of  
The prisoners and the spoil.

*Ast.* I thank you, sir.  
In the mean time, if I may have your license,  
I have a nephew, and one once my ward,  
For whose liberties and ransomes I would gladly  
Make composition.

<sup>6</sup> *She's at Fienza :*] So the old copies. The modern editors read *Pienza*.

50 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Gonz.* They are, as I take it,  
Call'd Gasparo and Antonio.

*Ast.* The same, sir.

*Gonz.* For them, you must treat with these :  
but, for Bertoldo,  
He is mine own : if the king will ransom him,  
He pays down fifty thousand crowns ; if not,  
He lives and dies my slave.

*Ast.* Pray you, a word :  
The king will rather thank you to detain him,  
Than give one crown to free him.

*Gonz.* At his pleasure.  
I'll send the prisoners under guard : my business  
Calls me another way. [Exit.

*Ast.* My service waits you.  
Now, gentlemen, do not deal like merchants with  
me,

But noble captains ; you know, in great minds,  
*Posse et nolle, nobile.*

*Rod.* Pray you, speak  
Our language.

*Jac.* I find not, in my commission,  
An officer's bound to speak or understand  
More than his mother-tongue.

*Rod.* If he speak that  
After midnight, 'tis remarkable.

*Ast.* In plain terms, then,  
Antonio is your prisoner ; Gasparo, yours.

*Jac.* You are in the right.

*Ast.* At what sum do you rate  
Their several ransomes ?

*Rod.* I must make my market  
As the commodity cost me.

*Ast.* As it cost you !  
You did not buy your captainship ? your desert,  
I hope, advanced you.

*Rod.* How ! It well appears

You are no soldier. Desert in these days !  
Desert may make a serjeant to a colonel,  
And it may hinder him from rising higher;  
But, if it ever get a company,  
A company, pray you mark me, without money,  
Or private service done for the general's mistress,  
With a commendatory epistle from her,  
I will turn lanceprezado.<sup>7</sup>

*Jac.* Pray you observe, sir :

I served two prenticeships, just fourteen years,  
Trailing the puissant pike, and half so long  
Had the right-hand file; and I fought well,  
'twas said, too :

But I might have served, and fought, and served  
till doomsday,

And ne'er have carried a flag, but for the legacy  
A bucksome widow of threescore bequeath'd me;  
And that too, my back knows, I labour'd hard for,  
But was better paid.

*Ast.* You are merry with yourselves :  
But this is from the purpose.

*Rod.* To the point then,  
Prisoners are not ta'en every day; and, when  
We have them, we must make the best use of  
them.

Our pay is little to the part we should bear,  
And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent  
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores  
At the tavern and the ordinary,

*Jac.* You may add, too,  
Our sport ta'en up on trust.

*Rod.* Peace, thou smock-vermin !

<sup>7</sup> *I will turn lanceprezado.*] "The lowest range and meanest officer in an army is called the *lancepesado* or *prezado*, who is the leader or governor of half a file; and therefore is commonly called a middle man, or captain over four."

*The Soldier's Accidence*, p. 1.



52 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Discover commanders' secrets!—In a word, sir,  
We have enquired, and find our prisoners rich :  
Two thousand crowns apiece our companies cost  
us ;

And so much each of us will have, and that  
In present pay.

*Jac.* It is too little : yet,  
Since you have said the word, I am content,  
But will not go a gazet less.\*

*Ast.* Since you are not  
To be brought lower, there is no evading ;  
I'll be your paymaster.

*Rod.* We desire no better.

*Ast.* But not a word of what's agreed between us,  
Till I have school'd my gallants.

*Jac.* I am dumb, sir.

*Enter a Guard with BERTOLDO, ANTONIO, and  
GASPARO, in irons.*

*Bert.* And where removed now? hath the tyrant  
found out

Worse usage for us?

*Ant.* Worse it cannot be.

My grayhound has fresh straw, and scraps, in his  
kennel ;

But we have neither.

*Gasp.* Did I ever think

To wear such garters on silk stockings : or

That my too curious appetite, that turn'd

At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partridge,  
quails,

\* *But will not go a gazet less.* ] A gazet (*gazzetta*) is a Venetian coin, worth about three-farthings of our money. The petty Italian courant (*foglio d'avvisi*) was originally sold for this sum ; hence it derived the name, which is now common to all the newspapers of Europe.

Larks, woodcocks, calver'd salmon,\* as coarse diet,  
Would leap at a mouldy crust?

*Ant.* And go without it,  
So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeer'd  
The city entertainment! A huge shoulder  
Of glorious fat ram-mutton, seconded  
With a pair of tame cats or conies, a crab-tart,  
With a worthy loin of veal, and valiant capon  
Mortified to grow tender!—these I scorn'd  
From their plentiful horn of abundance, though  
invited:

But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe,  
And call their chitterlings charity, and bless the  
founder.

*Bert.* O that I were no further sensible  
Of my miseries than you are! you, like beasts,  
Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not  
But when you're empty: but your narrow souls  
(If you have any) cannot comprehend  
How insupportable the torments are,  
Which a free and noble soul, made captive, suffers.  
Most miserable men! and what am I, then,  
That envy you? Fetters, though made of gold,

9 ————— calver'd salmon,] For *calver'd salmon*,  
Mr. M. Mason, who had not yet discovered the necessity “of  
reading with attention the dramattick productions of the time;”  
gives us *collar'd salmon*! The old expression, however, is not  
uncommon: indeed it occurs again in the following pages:

“ great lords sometimes,

“ For change, leave *calver'd salmon*, and eat sprats.”

*The Guardian.*

“ My footboy shall eat pheasants, *calver'd salmon*,

“ Knot, godwits, &c.”

*The Alchemist.*

This dish was not out of request in Shadwell's time: Tope (in  
*the Scowlers*) says, “I came here to venture for a good stomach  
to my *calver'd salmon* and turbot.” It appears to have differed  
but little from what is now called pickled salmon; as the direc-  
tions for preparing it are—“to boil it in vinegar with oil and  
spices.”

54 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Express base thralldom ; and all delicacies  
Prepared by Median cooks for epicures,  
When not our own, are bitter ; quilts fill'd high  
With gossamore and roses cannot yield  
The body soft repose, the mind kept waking  
With anguish and affliction.

*Ast.* My good lord——

*Bert.* This is no time nor place for flattery, sir :  
Pray you, style me as I am, a wretch forsaken  
Of the world as myself.

*Ast.* I would it were  
In me to help you.

*Bert.* If that you want power, sir,  
Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you, leave me  
To mine own private thoughts. [*Walks by.*]

*Ast.* My valiant nephew !  
And my more than warlike ward ! I am glad to  
see you,  
After your glorious conquests. Are these chains  
Rewards for your good service ? if they are,  
You should wear them on your necks, since they  
are massy,  
Like aldermen of the war.

*Ant.* You jeer us too !

*Gasp.* Good uncle, name not, as you are a man  
of honour,  
That fatal word of war ; the very sound of it  
Is more dreadful than a cannon.

*Ant.* But redeem us  
From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter  
Never to wear a sword, or cut my meat  
With a knife that has an edge or point ; I'll  
starve first.

*Gasp.* I will cry brooms, or cat's-meat, in  
Palermo ;  
Turn porter, carry burthens, any thing,  
Rather than live a soldier.

*Ast.* This should have  
Been thought upon before. At what price, think  
you,

Your two wise heads are rated?

*Ant.* A calf's head is  
More worth than mine; I'm sure it has more  
brains in't,

Or I had ne'er come here.

*Rod.* And I will eat it  
With bacon, if I have not speedy ransome.

*Ant.* And a little garlick too, for your own  
sake, sir:

'Twill boil in your stomach else.

*Gasp.* Beware of mine,  
Or the horns may choak you; I am married, sir.

*Ant.* You shall have my row of houses near  
the palace.

*Gasp.* And my villa; all——

*Ant.* All that we have.

*Ast.* Well, have more wit hereafter: for this time,  
You are ransomed.

*Jac.* Off with their irons.

*Rod.* Do, do:

If you are ours again, you know your price.

*Ant.* Pray you dispatch us: I shall ne'er believe  
I am a free man, till I set my foot  
In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,  
And in Palermo too.

*Ast.* The wind sits fair,  
You shall aboard to night; with the rising sun  
You may touch upon the coast. But take your  
leaves

Of the late general first.

*Gasp.* I will be brief.

*Ant.* And I. My lord, heaven keep you!

*Gasp.* Yours, to use  
In the way of peace; but as your soldiers, never.

56 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Ant.* A pox of war! no more of war.

[*Exeunt Rod. Jac. Ant. and Gasp*]

*Bert.* Have you

Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave  
The brother of your king, whose worth disdains  
Comparison with such as these, in irons?

If ransome may redeem them, I have lands,

A patrimony of mine own, assign'd me

By my deceased sire, to satisfy

Whate'er can be demanded for my freedom.

*Ast.* I wish you had, sir; but the king, who  
yields

No reason for his will, in his displeasure

Hath seized on all you had; nor will Gonzaga,

Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less

Than fifty thousand crowns.

*Bert.* I find it now,

That misery never comes alone. But, grant

The king is yet inexorable, time

May work him to a feeling of my sufferings.

I have friends that swore their lives and fortunes  
were

At my devotion, and, among the rest,

Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law

For a foul murder, and in cold blood done,

I made your life my gift, and reconciled you

To this incensed king, and got your pardon.

—Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich,

And may pay down the sum.

*Ast.* I might, my lord;

But pardon me.

*Bert.* And will Astutio prove, then,

To please a passionate man, (the king's no more,) *)*

False to his maker, and his reason, which

Commands more than I ask? O summer-friendship,

Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in our

Prosperity, with the least gust drop off

In the autumn of adversity! How like  
 A prison is to a grave! when dead, we are  
 With solemn pomp brought thither, and our heirs,  
 Masking their joy in false, dissembled tears,  
 Weep o'er the herse; but earth no sooner covers  
 The earth brought thither, but they turn away  
 With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd;  
 So, enter'd in a prison——

*Ast.* My occasions

Command me hence, my lord.

*Bert.* Pray you, leave me, do;  
 And tell the cruel king, that I will wear  
 These fetters till my flesh and they are one  
 Incorporated substance. [*Exit Astutio.*] In myself,  
 As in a glass, I'll look on human frailty,  
 And curse the height of royal blood: since I,  
 In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.\*  
 Cedars once shaken with a storm, their own  
 Weight grubs their roots out.—Lead me where  
 you please;  
 I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die  
 The great example of his cruelty. [*Exit guarded.*]

## SCENE II.

Palermo. *A Grove near the Palace.*

*Enter ADORNI.*

*Ador.* He undergoes my challenge, and con-  
 temns it,  
 And threatens me with the late edict made  
 'Gainst duellists, the altar cowards fly to.

\* *In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.* Πορρω Διός  
 και τι πορρω κεραιων. We have already had an allusion to this  
 proverb. Vol. I. p. 22.

38 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

But I, that am engaged, and nourish in me  
 A higher aim than fair Camiola dreams of,  
 Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not  
 Attempt him; and in publick he's so guarded  
 With a herd of parasites, clients, fools, and suitors,  
 That a musket cannot reach him:—my designs  
 Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,  
 Which, with a fit and due solemnity,  
 Camiola celebrates; and on it, all such  
 As love or serve her usually present  
 A tributary duty. I'll have something  
 To give, if my intelligence prove true,  
 Shall find acceptance. I am told, near this grove  
 Fulgentio, every morning, makes his markets  
 With his petitioners; I may present him  
 With a sharp petition!—Ha! 'tis he: my fate  
 Be ever bless'd for't!

*Enter FULGENTIO and Page.*

*Ful.* Command such as wait me  
 Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,  
 To press on my retirements.

*Page.* I will say, sir,  
 You are at your prayers.

*Ful.* That will not find belief;  
 Courtiers have something else to do:—be gone,  
 sir. *[Exit Page.]*

Challenged! 'tis well; and by a groom! still  
 better.

Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue  
 yet,

Howe'er no sword, to kill him; and what way,  
 This morning I'll resolve of. *[Exit.]*

*Ador.* I shall cross  
 Your resolution, or suffer for you.

*[Exit, following him.]*

SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Camiola's House.*

*Enter CAMIOLA, followed by Servants with Presents; SYLLI, and CLARINDA.*

*Syl.* What are all these?

*Clar.* Servants with several presents,  
And rich ones too.

*1 Serv.* With her best wishes, madam,  
Of many such days to you, the lady Petula  
Presents you with this fan.

*2 Serv.* This diamond  
From your aunt Honoria.

*3 Serv.* This piece of plate  
From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your arms  
Graven upon it.

*Cam.* Good friends, they are too  
Munificent in their love and favour to me.  
Out of my cabinet return such jewels  
As this directs you:—[*To Clarinda.*—for your  
pains; and yours;  
Nor must you be forgotten. [*Gives them money.*]  
Honour me

With the drinking of a health.

*1 Serv.* Gold, on my life!

*2 Serv.* She scorns to give base silver.

*3 Serv.* Would she had been  
Born every month in the year!

*1 Serv.* Month! every day.

*2 Serv.* Shew such another maid.

*3 Serv.* All happiness wait you!

*Clar.* I'll see your will done.

[*Exeunt Sylli, Clarinda, and Servants.*]



*Enter ADORNI wounded.*

*Cam.* How, Adorni wounded !

*Ador.* A scratch got in your service, else not worth

Your observation : I bring not, madam,  
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,  
Or pearl, for which the savage Indian dives  
Into the bottom of the sea ; nor diamonds  
Hewn from steep rocks with danger. Such as give  
To those that have, what they themselves want,  
aim at

A glad return with profit : yet, despise not  
My offering at the altar of your favour ;  
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen  
The height of what's presented : since it is  
A precious jewel, almost forfeited,  
And dimm'd with clouds of infamy, redeem'd,  
And, in its natural splendour, with addition  
Restored to the true owner.

*Cam.* How is this ?

*Ador.* Not to hold you in suspense, I bring  
you, madam,  
Your wounded reputation cured, the sting  
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name,  
Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud man, that  
was

Denied the honour of your bed, yet durst,  
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,  
Compell'd by me, hath given himself the lie,  
And in his own blood wrote it :—you may read  
Fulgentio subscribed. [*Offering a paper.*]

*Cam.* I am amazed !

*Ador.* It does deserve it, madam. Common  
service  
Is fit for hinds, and the reward proportion'd

To their conditions : therefore, look not on me  
As a follower of your father's fortunes, or  
One that subsists on yours ;—you frown ! my  
service

Merits not this aspect.

*Cam.* Which of my favours,  
I might say bounties, hath begot and nourish'd.  
This more than rude presumption ? Since you had  
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore  
Went you not to the war ? couldst thou suppose  
My innocence could ever fall so low  
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it  
Against malicious slander ? O how much  
Those ladies are deceived and cheated, when  
The clearness and integrity of their actions  
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure  
On their own bases ! Such as in a colour  
Of seeming service give protection to them,  
Betray their own strengths. Malice scorn'd, puts  
out.

Itself ; but argued, gives a kind of credit  
To a false accusation. In this, this your  
Most memorable service, you believed  
You did me right ; but you have wrong'd me more  
In your defence of my undoubted honour,  
Than false Fulgentio could.

*Ador.* I am sorry what was  
So well intended is so ill received ;

*Re-enter CLARINDA.*

Yet, under your correction, you wish'd  
Bertoldo had been present.

*Cam.* True, I did :  
But he and you, sir, are not parallels,  
Nor must you think yourself so.

*Ador.* I am what  
You'll please to have me.

62 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Cam.* If Bertoldo had  
Punish'd Fulgentio's insolence, it had shewn  
His love to her whom, in his judgment, he  
Vouchsafed to make his wife; a height, I hope,  
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions  
Suit not all men alike;—but I perceive  
Repentance in your looks. For this time, leave me,  
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly:  
Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.  
You will be sought for; yet, if my estate

*[Gives him her hand to kiss.]*

Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.

*Ador.* This is something yet, though I miss'd  
the mark I shot at. *[Exit.]*

*Cam.* This gentleman is of a noble temper;  
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof:  
Was I not, Clarinda?

*Clar.* I am not to censure  
Your actions, madam; but there are a thousand  
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause  
Would be proud of such a servant.

*Cam.* It may be;

*Enter a Servant.*

Let me offend in this kind. Why, uncall'd for?

*Serv.* The signiors, madam, Gasparo and  
Antonio,  
Selected friends of the renown'd Bertoldo,  
Put ashore this morning.

*Cam.* Without him?

*Serv.* I think so.

*Cam.* Never think more then.

*Serv.* They have been at court,  
Kiss'd the king's hand; and, their first duties done  
To him, appear ambitious to tender  
To you their second service.

THE MAID OF HONOUR. 63

*Cam.* Wait them hither. [*Exit Servant.*  
 Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,  
 Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder  
 As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashion'd,  
 Must not, nay, cannot, in heaven's providence

*Enter ANTONIO and GASPARO.*

So soon miscarry!—pray you, forbear; ere you  
 take

The privilege, as strangers, to salute me,  
 (Excuse my manners,) make me first understand  
 How it is with Bertoldo.

*Gasp.* The relation  
 Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.

*Ant.* I wish  
 Some other should inform you.

*Cam.* Is he dead?  
 You see, though with some fear, I dare enquire it.

*Gasp.* Dead! Would that were the worst, a  
 debt were paid then,

Kings in their birth owe nature.

*Cam.* Is there aught  
 More terrible than death?

*Ant.* Yes, to a spirit  
 Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that  
 Without the hope of freedom.

*Cam.* You abuse me:<sup>2</sup>  
 The royal king cannot, in love to virtue,  
 (Though all springs of affection were dried up,)  
 But pay his ransom.

*Gasp.* When you know what 'tis,  
 You will think otherwise: no less will do it  
 Than fifty thousand crowns.

<sup>2</sup> *Cam.* You abuse me:] i. e. practise on my credulity with a  
 forged tale: the word often occurs in this sense.

64 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Cam.* A petty sum,<sup>3</sup>  
The price weigh'd with the purchase; fifty  
thousand!

To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more  
To his minion for a mask, cannot but ransom  
Such a brother at a million. You wrong  
The king's magnificence.

*Ant.* In your opinion;  
But 'tis most certain: he does not alone  
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids  
All other men.

*Cam.* Are you sure of this?

*Gasp.* You may read  
The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him;  
That will resolve you.

*Cam.* Possible! pray you, stand off;  
If I do not mutter treason to myself,  
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him;  
He is my king. The news you have deliver'd  
Makes me weary of your company; we'll salute  
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.  
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

*Gasp.* One thing more,  
And that's substantial: let your Adorni  
Look to himself.

*Ant.* The king is much incensed  
Against him for Fulgentio.

*Cam.* As I am,  
For your slowness to depart.

*Both.* Farewell, sweet lady.

[*Exeunt Gasparo and Antonio.*]

*Cam.* O more than impious times! when not  
alone  
Subordinate ministers of justice are

<sup>3</sup> *A petty sum,*] The old copies read a *pretty* sum; and are probably right: *pretty* is often used in the sense of trifling, inconsiderable, &c. by our ancient writers.

Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves,  
 The greater wheels by which the lesser move,  
 Are broken, or<sup>4</sup> disjointed! could it be, else,  
 A king, to sooth his politick ends, should so far  
 Forsake his honour, as at once to break  
 The adamant chains of nature and religion,  
 To bind up atheism,<sup>5</sup> as a defence  
 To his dark counsels? Will it ever be,  
 That to deserve too much is dangerous,  
 And virtue, when too eminent, a crime?  
 Must she serve fortune still, or, when stripp'd of  
 Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties  
 Of her own natural shape? O, my Bertoldo,  
 Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon  
 Art thou eclipsed and darken'd! not the nearness  
 Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all  
 The benefits to the general good dispensed,  
 Gaining a retribution! But that  
 To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin  
 Would take from the<sup>6</sup> deserving, I find in me  
 Some sparks of fire, which, fann'd with honour's  
 breath,  
 Might rise into a flame, and in men darken  
 Their usurp'd splendour. Ha! my aim is high,  
 And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,

<sup>4</sup> *Are broken, or disjointed!*] So all the editors till Mr. M. Mason, who chooses to read—*Are broken and disjointed*. If the wheels were once broken, the state of their joints was a matter of no great consequence.

<sup>5</sup> *To bind up atheism,*] Our old writers seem to have used such words as profaneness, blasphemy, *atheism*, &c. with a laxity which modern practice does not acknowledge. They applied them to any extraordinary violation of moral or natural decorum.

<sup>6</sup> *Would take from the deserving*] The modern editors read, *thy* deserving. I have followed the quarto. The observation is general, not limited to her lover. I need not observe on the uncommon beauty of this spirited speech.

66 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolved :  
Call in Adorni.

*Clar.* I am happy in  
Such an employment, madam. [*Exit.*

*Cam.* He's a man,  
I know, that at a reverent distance loves me ;  
And such are ever faithful.' What a sea  
Of melting ice I walk on ! what strange censures  
Am I to undergo ! but good intents  
Deride all future rumours.

*Re-enter CLARINDA with ADORNI.*

*Ador.* I obey  
Your summons, madam.

*Cam.* Leave the place, Clarinda ;  
One woman, in a secret of such weight,  
Wise men may think too much : [*Exit Clarinda.*]  
nearer, Adorni.

I warrant it with a smile.

*Ador.* I cannot ask  
Safer protection ; what's your will ?

*Cam.* To doubt  
Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you  
With the repetition of former merits,  
Would, in my diffidence, wrong you : but I will,  
And without circumstance, in the trust that I  
Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.

*Ador.* I foster none of you.

*Cam.* I know you do not.  
You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me——

*Ador.* The surest conjuration.

*Cam.* Take me with you.<sup>7</sup>—  
Love born of duty ; but advance no further.  
You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,  
To undertake a task, in which your faith,

<sup>7</sup> *Take me with you.*] See Vol. II. p. 488.

Judgment, discretion—in a word, your all  
That's good, must be engaged; nor must you  
study,

In the execution, but what may make  
For the ends I aim at.

*Ador.* They admit no rivals.

*Cam.* You answer well. You have heard of  
Bertoldo's

Captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness  
Of his ransome; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni;  
Two parts of my estate!

*Ador.* To what tends this?

*Cam.* Yet I so love the gentleman, for to you  
I will confess my weakness, that I purpose  
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,  
And his own hopes, to ransom him, and receive  
him

Into my bosom, as my lawful husband—  
Why change you colour?

*Ador.* 'Tis in wonder of  
Your virtue, madam.

*Cam.* You must, therefore, to  
Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga  
This ransome for his liberty; you shall  
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him  
swear

A solemn contract to me, for you must be  
My principal witness, if he should—but why  
Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?

*Ador.* Faithfully, madam—but not live long  
after. *[Aside.]*

*Cam.* One thing I had forgot: besides his  
freedom,

He may want accommodations; furnish him  
According to his birth; and from Camiola  
Deliver this kiss, printed on your lips,

*[Kisses him.]*



68 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Seal'd on his hand. You shall not see my blushes:  
I'll instantly dispatch you. \* [Exit.

*Ador.* I am half

Hang'd out o'the way already.—Was there ever  
Poor lover so employ'd against himself  
To make way for his rival? I must do it,  
Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find  
Recompense beyond hope or imagination,  
Let it fall on me in the other world,  
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Siennese. A Camp before the Walls of Sienna.*

*Enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, and  
JACOMO.*

*Gonz.* You have seized upon the citadel, and  
disarm'd  
All that could make resistance?

*Pier.* Hunger had  
Done that, before we came; nor was the soldier  
Compell'd to seek for prey: the famish'd wretches,  
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offer'd  
All that was worth the taking.

*Gonz.* You proclaim'd,  
On pain of death, no violence should be offer'd  
To any woman?

*Rod.* But it needed not;  
For famine had so lumbled them, and ta'en off  
The care of their sex's honour, that there was  
not

So coy a beauty in the town, but would,

## THE MAID OF HONOUR.

69

For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself  
To a poor bisognion,\* and without shrieking.

Gonz. Where is the duke of Urbin?

Jac. Under guard,  
As you directed.

Gonz. See the soldiers set  
In rank and file, and, as the dutchess passes,  
Bid them vail their ensigns;† and charge them,  
on their lives,  
Not to cry Whores.

Jac. The devil cannot fright them  
From their military license. Though they know  
They are her subjects, and will part with being  
To do her service; yet, since she's a woman,  
They will touch at her breech with their tongues;  
and that is all  
That they can hope for.

[A shout, and a general cry within, Whores!  
whores!]

Gonz. O the devil! they are at it.  
Hell stop their brawling throats. Again! make  
up,  
And cudgel them into jelly.

Rod. To no purpose,

\* To a poor bisognion,] *Bisogni*, in Italian, signifies a recruit.  
M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's Italian is nearly as correct as his English. *Bisogno* is sometimes, indeed, used for a soldier in his first campaign, (a *tyro*,) but for a recruit, in our sense of the word, I believe, never. A *bisognion* (from *bisognoso*,) is a necessitous person, a beggar, &c. In our old writers it frequently occurs as a term of contempt.

† Bid them vail their ensigns;] i. e. lower them, in token of superiour authority:

“Now the time is come

“That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,

“And let her head fall into England's lap.”

*First Part of King Henry VI.*

70 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Though their mothers were there, they would  
have the same name for them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. Another Part of the Camp.*

*Loud musick. Enter RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO,  
GONZAGA, and AURELIA under a Canopy. As-  
TUTIO presents her with letters.*

*Gonz.* I do beseech your highness not to ascribe  
To the want of discipline the barbarous rudeness  
Of the soldier, in his profanation of  
Your sacred name and virtues.

*Aurel.* No, lord general;  
I've heard my father say oft, 'twas a custom  
Usual in the camp; nor are they to be punish'd  
For words, that have, in fact, deserved so well:  
Let the one excuse the other.

*All.* Excellent princess!

*Aurel.* But for these aids from Sicily sent  
against us,  
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud;  
I cannot find, my lord ambassadour,  
How we should entertain't but as a wrong,  
With purpose to detain us from our own,  
Howe'er the king endeavours, in his letters,  
To mitigate the affront.

*Ast.* Your grace hereafter  
May hear from me such strong assurances  
Of his unlimited desires to serve you,  
As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness  
The memory of what's past.

*Aurel.* We shall take time

## THE MAID OF HONOUR. 71

To search the depth of't further, and proceed  
As our council shall direct us.

*Gonz.* We present you  
With the keys of the city, all lets are removed ;  
Your way is smooth and easy ; at your feet  
Your proudest enemy falls.

*Aurel.* We thank your valours :  
A victory without blood is twice achieved,  
And the disposal of it, to us tender'd,  
The greatest honour. Worthy captains, thanks !  
My love extends itself to all.

*Gonz.* Make way there.

[*A Guard drawn up ; Aurelia passes through  
them. Loud musick.* [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

Sienna. *A Room in the Prison.*

*BERTOLDO is discovered<sup>1</sup> in fetters, reading.*

*Bert.* 'Tis here determined, (great examples,  
arm'd  
With arguments, produced to make it good,)  
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested laws,  
The people's frantick rage, sad exile, want,  
Nor that which I endure, captivity,  
Can do a wise man any injury.  
Thus Seneca, when he wrote it, thought.—But  
then  
Felicity courted him ; his wealth exceeding  
A private man's ; happy in the embraces  
Of his chaste wife Paulina ; his house full

<sup>1</sup> *BERTOLDO is discovered, &c.*] So careless are the editors,  
that they mark the entrance of the Gaoler here ; then, without  
any exit, bring him in again with Gonzaga and Adorni.

72 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Of children, clients, servants, flattering friends,  
Soothing his lip-positions; and created  
Prince of the senate, by the general voice,  
At his new pupil's suffrage: then, no doubt,  
He held, and did believe, this. But no sooner  
The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown him  
Out of security's lap, and a centurion  
Had offer'd him what choice of death he pleased,  
But told him, die he must; when straight the  
armour

Of his so boasted fortitude fell off,

*[Throws away the book.]*

Complaining of his frailty. Can it then  
Be censured womanish weakness in me, if,  
Thus clogg'd with irons, and the period  
To close up all calamities denied me,  
Which was presented Seneca, I wish  
I ne'er had being; at least, never knew  
What happiness was; or argue with heaven's  
justice,

Tearing my locks, and, in defiance, throwing  
Dust in the air? or, falling on the ground, thus  
With my nails and teeth to dig a grave, or rend  
The bowels of the earth, my step-mother,  
And not a natural parent? or thus practise  
To die, and, as I were insensible,  
Believe I had no motion? *[Falls on his face.]*

*Enter GONZAGA, ADORNI, and Gaoler.*

*Gonz.* There he is:

I'll not enquire by whom his ransome's paid,  
I'm satisfied that I have it; nor allege  
One reason to excuse his cruel usage,  
As you may interpret it; let it suffice  
It was my will to have it so. He is yours now,  
Dispose of him as you please. *[Exit.]*

As yet uncertain whether it can be  
True or fantastical.

*Bert.* [*rising.*] Ministers of mercy,  
Mock not calamity. Ha! 'tis no vision!  
Or, if it be, the happiest that ever  
Appear'd to sinful flesh! Who's here? his face  
Speaks him Adorni;—but some glorious angel,  
Concealing its divinity in his shape,  
Hath done this miracle, it being not an act  
For wolfish man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for  
Bent knees in adoration?

*Ador.* O forbear, sir!  
I am Adorni, and the instrument  
Of your deliverance; but the benefit  
You owe another.

*Bert.* If he has a name,  
As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart  
I am his bondman.

*Ador.* To the shame of men,  
This great act is a woman's.

*Bert.* The whole sex  
For her sake must be deified. How I wander  
In my imagination, yet cannot  
Guess who this phoenix should be!

74 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Ador.* 'Tis Camiola.

*Bert.* Pray you, speak't again: there's musick  
in her name.

Once more, I pray you, sir.

*Ador.* Camiola,

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Bert.* Curs'd atheist that I was,  
Only to doubt it could be any other;  
Since she alone, in the abstract of herself,  
That small, but ravishing substance, comprehends  
Whatever is, or can be wish'd, in the  
Idea of a woman! O what service,  
Or sacrifice of duty, can I pay her,  
If not to live and die her charity's slave,  
Which is resolved already!

*Ador.* She expects not  
Such a dominion o'er you: yet, ere I  
Deliver her demands, give me your hand:  
On this, as she enjoin'd me, with my lips  
I print her love and service, by me sent you.

*Bert.* I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!

*Ador.* You must now,  
Which is the sum of all that she desires,  
By a solemn contract bind yourself, when she  
Requires it, as a debt due for your freedom,  
To marry her.

*Bert.* This does engage me further;  
A payment! an increase of obligation.  
To marry her!—'twas my *nil ultra* ever:  
The end of my ambition. O that now  
The holy man, she present, were prepared  
To join our hands, but with that speed my heart  
Wishes mine eyes might see her!

*Ador.* You must swear this.

*Bert.* Swear it! Collect all oaths and impre-  
cations,  
Whose least breach is damnation, and those

Minister'd to me in a form more dreadful;  
 Set heaven and hell before me, I will take them:  
 False to Camiola! never.—Shall I now  
 Begin my vows to you?

*Ador.* I am no churchman;

Such a one must file it on record: you are free;  
 And, that you may appear like to yourself,  
 (For so she wish'd,) here's gold, with which you  
 may

Redeem your trunks and servants, and whatever  
 Of late you lost. I have found out the captain  
 Whose spoil they were; his name is Roderigo.

*Bert.* I know him.

*Ador.* I have done my parts.<sup>2</sup>

*Bert.* So much, sir,

As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,  
 I walk in air! Divine Camiola——  
 But words cannot express thee: I'll build to thee  
 An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer  
 A still-increasing sacrifice of duty. [*Exit.*]

*Ador.* What will become of me now is apparent.  
 Whether a poniard or a halter be  
 The nearest way to hell, (for I must thither,  
 After I've kill'd myself,) is somewhat doubtful.  
 This Roman resolution of self-murder  
 Will not hold water at the high tribunal,  
 When it comes to be argued; my good genius  
 Prompts me to this consideration. He  
 That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,  
 And, at the best, shews but a bastard valour.  
 This life's a fort committed to my trust,  
 Which I must not yield up till it be forced:

<sup>2</sup> *Ador.* *I have done my parts.*] There is no expression more familiar to our old writers than this: yet Massinger's editors, in their blind rage for reformation, perpetually corrupt it into—*I have done my part.*



76 THE MAID OF HONOUR,

Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,  
But he that boldly bears calamity. [*Erit.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

*A Flourish. Enter PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, and Attendants.*

*Aurel.* A seat here for the duke. It is our glory  
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour;  
The lordly Roman, who held it the height  
Of human happiness to have kings and queens  
To wait by his triumphant chariot-wheels,  
In his insulting pride deprived himself  
Of drawing near the nature of the gods,  
Best known for such, in being merciful.  
Yet, give me leave, but still with gentle language,  
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you,  
To seek by force, what courtship could not win,  
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild school.  
Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn  
By doves and sparrows, not by bears and tigers.  
I spare the application.<sup>3</sup>

*Fer.* In my fortune  
Heaven's justice hath confirm'd it; yet, great  
lady,  
Since my offence grew from excess of love,  
And not to be resisted, having paid, too,  
With loss of liberty, the forfeiture

<sup>3</sup> *I spare the application.*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason give this hemistich to Ferdinand, and so indeed does my quarto: all the others which I have examined make it conclude Aurelia's speech, to which it evidently belongs.

Of my presumption, in your clemency  
It may find pardon.

*Aurel* You shall have just cause  
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege  
Defray'd, and the loss my subjects have sustain'd  
Made good, since so far I must deal with caution,  
You have your liberty.

*Fer.* I could not hope for  
Gentler conditions.

*Aurel.* My lord Gonzaga,  
Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much of  
Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo.

*Gonz.* Such an one,  
Madam, I had.

*Ast.* And have still, sir, I hope.

*Gonz.* Your hopes deceive you. He is ran-  
somed, madam.

*Ast.* By whom, I pray you, sir?

*Gonz.* You had best enquire  
Of your intelligencer: I am no informer.

*Ast.* I like not this.

*Aurel.* He is, as 'tis reported,  
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts;  
A brother of your order.

*Gonz.* He was, madam,  
Till he, against his oath, wrong'd you, a princess,  
Which his religion bound him from.

*Aurel.* Great minds,  
For trial of their valours, oft maintain  
Quarrels that are unjust, yet without malice;  
And such a fair construction I make of him:  
I would see that brave enemy.

*Gonz.* My duty  
Commands me to seek for him.

*Aurel.* Pray you do;  
And bring him to our presence. [*Exit Gonzaga.*

*Ast.* I must blast

78      THE MAID OF HONOUR.

His entertainment. May it please your excellency,

He is a man debauch'd, and, for his riots,  
Cast off by the king my master; and that, I hope, is  
A crime sufficient.

*Fer.* To you, his subjects,  
That like as your king likes.

*Aurel.* But not to us;  
We must weigh with our own scale.

*Re-enter GONZAGA, with BERTOLDO richly habited,  
and ADORNI.*

This is he, sure.

How soon mine eye had found him! what a port  
He bears! how well his bravery becomes him!  
A prisoner! nay, a princely suitor, rather!  
But I'm too sudden.

*Gonz.* Madam, 'twas his suit,  
Unsent for to present his service to you,  
Ere his departure.

*Aurel.* With what majesty  
He bears himself!

*Ast.* The devil, I think, supplies him.  
Ransomed, and thus rich too!

*Aurel.* You ill deserve

[*Bertoldo kneeling, kisses her hand.*]

The favour of our hand—we are not well,  
Give us more air. [Rises suddenly.]

*Gonz.* What sudden qualm is this?

*Aurel.* —That lifted yours against me.

*Bert.* Thus, once more,  
I sue for pardon.

*Aurel.* Sure his lips are poison'd,  
And through these veins force passage to my  
heart,  
Which is already seized on. [Aside.]

*Bert.* I wait, madam,  
To know what your commands are; my designs  
Exact me in another place.

*Aurel.* Before  
You have our license to depart! If manners,  
Civility of manners, cannot teach you  
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, sir,  
That you are still our prisoner; nor had you  
Commission to free him.

*Gonz.* How's this, madam?

*Aurel.* You were my substitute, and wanted  
power,  
Without my warrant, to dispose of him:  
I will pay back his ransome ten times over,  
Rather than quit my interest.

*Bert.* This is  
Against the law of arms.

*Aurel.* But not of love. [*Aside.*  
Why, hath your entertainment, sir, been such,  
In your restraint, that, with the wings of fear,  
You would fly from it?

*Bert.* I know no man, madam,  
Enamour'd of his fetters, or delighting  
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason  
Prefer straw in a dungeon, before  
A down-bed in a palace.

*Aurel.* How!—Come nearer:  
Was his usage such?

*Gonz.* Yes; and it had been worse,  
Had I forseen this.

*Aurel.* O thou mis-shaped monster!  
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have  
No share in nature's bounties, know no pity  
To such as have them. Look on him with my eyes,  
And answer, then, whether this were a man  
Whose cheeks of lovely fulness should be made  
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes,

Whose every glance store Cupid's emptied quiver,  
To be dimm'd with tedious watching? or these  
lips,

These ruddy lips, of whose fresh colour cherries  
And roses were but copies, should grow pale  
For want of nectar? or these legs, that bear  
A burthen of more worth than is supported  
By Atlas' wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd  
With the weight of iron? O, I could dwell ever  
On this description!

*Bert.* Is this in derision,  
Or pity of me?

*Aurel.* In your charity  
Believe me innocent. Now you are my prisoner,  
You shall have fairer quarter; you will shame  
The place where you have been, should you now  
leave it,

Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you  
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be  
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;  
It is our will. You'll follow me?

*Bert.* To the centre,  
Such a Sybilla guiding me.

[*Exeunt Aurelia, Bertoldo, and Attendants.*]

*Gonz.* Who speaks first?

*Fer.* We stand as we had seen Medusa's head.

*Pier.* I know not what to think, I am so amazed.

*Rod.* Amazed! I am thunderstruck.

*Jac.* We are enchanted,  
And this is some illusion.

*Ador.* Heaven forbid!  
In dark despair it shews a beam of hope:  
Contain thy joy, Adorni.

*Ast.* Such a princess,  
And of so long-experienced reserv'dness,  
Break forth, and on the sudden, into flashes  
Of more than doubted looseness!

*Gonz.* They come again,  
Smiling, as I live! his arm circling her waist.  
I shall run mad :—Some fury hath possess'd her.  
If I speak, I may be blasted. Ha! I'll mumble  
A prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,  
Though the devil f— fire, have at him.

*Re-enter BERTOLDO, and AURELIA.*

*Aurel.* Let not, sir,  
The violence of my passion nourish in you  
An ill opinion; or, grant my carriage  
Out of the road and garb of private women,  
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am  
A princess, what I do is above censure,  
And to be imitated.

*Bert.* Gracious madam,  
Vouchsafe a little pause; for I am so rapt  
Beyond myself, that, till I have collected  
My scatter'd faculties, I cannot tender  
My resolution.

*Aurel.* Consider of it,  
I will not be long from you.

*[Bertoldo walks by, musing.]*

*Gonz.* Pray I cannot,  
This cursed object strangles my devotion :  
I must speak, or I burst. Pray you, fair lady,  
If you can, in courtesy direct me to  
The chaste Aurelia.

*Aurel.* Are you blind? who are we?

*Gonz.* Another kind of thing. Her blood was  
govern'd  
By her discretion, and not ruled her reason:  
The reverence and majesty of Juno  
Shined in her looks, and, coming to the camp,  
Appear'd a second Pallas. I can see  
No such divinities in you: if I,

182 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Without offence, may speak my thoughts, you are,  
As 'twere, a wanton Helen.

*Aurel.* Good; ere long  
You shall know me better.

*Gonz.* Why, if you are Aurelia,  
How shall I dispose of the soldier?

*Ast.* May it please you  
To hasten my dispatch?

*Aurel.* Prefer your suits  
Unto Bertoldo; we will give him hearing,  
And you'll find him your best advocate. [*Exit.*

*Ast.* This is rare!

*Gonz.* What are we come to?

*Rod.* Grown up in a moment  
A favourite!

*Ferd.* He does take state already.

*Bert.* No, no; it cannot be:—yet, but Camiola,  
There is no stop between me and a crown.  
Then my ingratitude! a sin in which  
All sins are comprehended! Aid me, Virtue,  
Or I am lost.

*Gonz.* May it please your excellence——  
Second me, sir.

*Bert.* Then my so horrid oaths,  
And hell-deep imprecations made against it!

*Ast.* The king, your brother, will thank you  
for the advancement  
Of his affairs.

*Bert.* And yet who can hold out  
Against such batteries as her power and greatness  
Raise up against my weak defences!

*Gonz.* Sir,

*Re-enter AURELIA.*

Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again!  
Walks she on woollen feet!

\* *Walks she on woollen feet!* These words are certainly part

*Aurel.* You dwell too long  
In your deliberation, and come  
With a cripple's pace to that which you should  
fly to.

*Bert.* It is confess'd: yet why should I, to  
win

From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,  
By false play send you off a loser from me?  
I am already too, too much engaged  
To the king my brother's anger; and who knows  
But that his doubts and politick fears, should  
you

Make me his equal, may draw war upon  
Your territories? Were that breach made up,  
I should with joy embrace what now I fear  
To touch but with due reverence.

*Aurel.* That hinderance  
Is easily removed. I owe the king  
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him;  
And having first reconciled you to his favour,  
A dispensation shall meet with us.

*Bert.* I am wholly yours.

*Aurel.* On this book seal it.

*Gonz.* What, hand and lip too! then the bar-  
gain's sure.——

You have no employment for me?

*Aurel.* Yes, Gonzaga;  
Provide a royal ship.

*Gonz.* A ship! St. John;  
Whither are we bound now?

of Gonzaga's speech, who is surprised at the sudden return of Aurelia; they would come strangely from Bertoldo, in the midst of his meditations. M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's amendment. The old copy gives this hemistich to Bertoldo.



84 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Aurel.* You shall know hereafter.  
My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching  
Upon your patience.

*Ador.* Camiola. [Aside to Bertoldo.

*Aurel.* How do you?

*Bert.* Indisposed; but I attend you.

[*Exeunt all but Adorni.*

*Ador.* The heavy curse that waits on perjury,  
And foul ingratitude, pursue thee ever!  
Yet why from me this? in his breach of faith  
My loyalty finds reward: what poisons him,  
Proves mithridate to me. I have perform'd  
All she commanded, punctually; and now,  
In the clear mirror of my truth, she may  
Behold his falsehood. O that I had wings  
To bear me to Palermo! This once known,  
Must change her love into a just disdain,  
And work her to compassion of my pain. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Palermo. *A Room in Camiola's House.*

*Enter SYLLI, CAMIOLA, and CLARINDA, at  
several doors.*

*Syl.* Undone! undone!—poor I, that whilome  
was

The top and ridge of my house, am, on the sudden,  
Turn'd to the pitifullest animal

O' the lineage of the Syllis!

*Cam.* What's the matter?

*Syl.* The king—break, girdle, break!

*Cam.* Why, what of him?

*Syl.* Hearing how far you doated on my person,

Growing envious of my happiness, and knowing  
His brother, nor his favourite, Fulgentio,  
Could get a sheep's eye from you, I being present,  
Is come himself a suitor, with the awl  
Of his authority to bore my nose,  
And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh!

*Cam.* Do not roar so:  
The king!

*Syl.* The king. Yet loving Sylli is not  
So sorry for his own, as your misfortune;  
If the king should carry you, or you bear him,  
What a loser should you be! He can but make  
you

A queen, and what a simple thing is that,  
To the being my lawful spouse! the world can  
never

Afford you such a husband.

*Cam.* I believe you.  
But how are you sure the king is so inclined?  
Did not you dream this?

*Syl.* With these eyes I saw him  
Dismiss his train, and lighting from his coach,  
Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.

*Cam.* If so,  
I guess the business.

*Syl.* It can be no other,  
But to give me the bob, that being a matter  
Of main importance. Yonder they are, I dare not

*Enter ROBERTO, and FULGENTIO.*

Be seen, I am so desperate: if you forsake me,  
Send me word, that I may provide a willow  
garland,

To wear when I drown myself. O Sylli, Sylli!

[*Exit crying.*]

*Ful.* It will be worth your pains, sir, to observe

86 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

The constancy and bravery of her spirit.  
Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare  
Hazard my head, your majesty, set off  
With terrour, cannot fright her.

*Rob.* May she answer  
My expectation !

*Ful.* There she is.

*Cam.* My knees thus  
Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward  
For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty  
Due for so great an honour, in this favour  
Done to your humblest handmaid.

*Rob.* You mistake me ;  
I come not, lady, that you may report  
The king, to do you honour, made your house  
(He being there) his court ; but to correct  
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon  
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased  
With this humility.

*Cam.* A pardon, sir !  
Till I am conscious of an offence,  
I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.  
What is my crime, sir ?

*Rob.* Look on him I favour,  
By you scorn'd and neglected.\*

*Cam.* Is that all, sir ?

*Rob.* No, minion ; though that were too much.  
How can you  
Answer the setting on your desperate bravo  
To murder him ?

*Cam.* With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,  
While I reply to this : but thus rise up

\* *Rob.* Look on him I favour,  
By you scorn'd and neglected.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason,  
in defiance of metre and sense :

*Rob.* Look on him I favour,  
You scorn'd &c.

In my defence, and tell you, as a man,  
(Since, when you are unjust, the deity  
Which you may challenge as a king parts from  
you,)

'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,  
That subjects on their loyalty were obliged  
To love their sovereign's vices; your grace, sir,  
To such an undeserver is no virtue.

*Ful.* What think you now, sir?

*Cam.* Say, you should love wine,  
You being the king, and, 'cause I am your subject,  
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not kings,  
By violence, from humble vassals force  
The liberty of their souls. I could not love him;  
And to compel affection, as I take it,  
Is not found in your prerogative.

*Rob.* Excellent virgin!  
How I admire her confidence!

*Cam.* He complains  
Of wrong done him: but, be no more a king,  
Unless you do me right. Burn your decrees,  
And of your laws and statutes make a fire  
To thaw the frozen numbness of delinquents,  
If he escape unpunish'd. Do your edicts  
Call it death in any man that breaks into  
Another's house, to rob him, though of trifles;  
And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio live,  
Who hath committed more than sacrilege,  
In the pollution of my clear fame,  
By his malicious slanders?

*Rob.* Have you done this?  
Answer truly, on your life.

*Ful.* In the heat of blood,  
Some such thing I reported.

*Rob.* Out of my sight!  
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not

88 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

This injured virgin<sup>6</sup> to sue out thy pardon,  
Thy grave is digg'd already.

*Ful.* By my own folly  
I have made a fair hand of't. [Exit.

*Rob.* You shall know, lady,  
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her sword  
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us.

*Cam.* Ay, now you shew whose deputy you are:  
If now I bathe your feet with tears, it cannot  
Be censured superstition.

*Rob.* You must rise ;  
Rise in our favour and protection ever. [Kisses her.

*Cam.* Happy are subjects, when the prince is still  
Guided by justice, not his passionate will. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in Camiola's House.*

*Enter CAMIOLA and SYLLI.*

*Cam.* You see how tender I am of the quiet  
And peace of your affection, and what great ones  
I put off in your favour.

<sup>6</sup> *This injured virgin to sue out thy pardon,*] I have already observed that there is but one edition of this play ; the copies, however, vary considerably. In this line, for example, some of them read *virgin*, some *lady*, and some omit the word altogether. In these cases nothing remains for an editor, but to make use of his judgment, and select that which appears the least objectionable.

## THE MAID OF HONOUR.

89

*Syl.* You do wisely,  
Exceeding wisely; and, when I have said,  
I thank you for't, be happy.

*Cam.* And good reason,  
In having such a blessing.

*Syl.* When you have it;  
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time,  
While I triumph by myself. King, by your leave,  
I have wiped your royal nose without a napkin;  
You may cry, Willow, willow! for your brother,  
I'll only say, Go by!' for my fine favourite,  
He may graze where he please; his lips may water  
Like a puppy's o'er a furmenty pot, while Sylli,  
Out of his two-leaved cherry-stone dish, drinks  
nectar!

I cannot hold out any longer; heaven forgive me!  
'Tis not the first oath I have broke; I must take  
A little for a preparative.

*[Offers to kiss and embrace her.]*

*Cam.* By no means.

If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper:  
I'll rather lose my longing.

*Syl.* Pretty soul!

How careful it is of me! let me buss yet

7

————— *for your brother,*

*I'll only say, Go by!]* This is an allusion to the *Spanish Tragedy*; the constant butt of all the writers of those times, who seem to be a little uneasy, notwithstanding their scoffs, at its popularity. Old Jeronimo, however, kept his ground till the general convulsion, when he sunk, with a thousand better things, to rise no more.

What hold he once had of the publick mind may be collected from an anecdote in that strange medley by Prynne, which, by the way, contains more ribaldry in a few pages, than is to be found in half the plays he reprobates. He there tells us of a lady who, on her death-bed, instead of attending to the priest, "cried out nothing but Jeronimo! Jeronimo!"—and died in this reprobate state, "thinking of nothing but plays."

*Histriomastix.*

90 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

Thy little dainty foot for't: that, I'm sure, is  
Out of my oath.

*Cam.* Why, if thou canst dispense with't  
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour  
My amorous shoemaker steals.

*Syl.* O most rare leather! [*Kisses her shoe often.*]  
I do begin at the lowest, but in time  
I may grow higher.

*Cam.* Fie! you dwell too long there;  
Rise, prithee rise.

*Syl.* O, I am up already.

*Enter CLARINDA hastily.*

*Cam.* How I abuse my hours!—What news with  
thee, now?

*Clar.* Off with that gown, 'tis mine; mine by  
your promise:  
Signior Adorni is return'd! now upon entrance!  
Off with it, off with it, madam!

*Cam.* Be not so hasty:  
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.

*Syl.* You have my grant too;  
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to  
this,

You must hereafter ask my leave, before  
You part with things of moment.

*Cam.* Very good;  
When I'm yours I'll be govern'd.

*Syl.* Sweet obedience!

*Enter ADORNI.*

*Cam.* You are well return'd.

*Ador.* I wish that the success  
Of my service had deserved it.

*Cam.* Lives Bertoldo?

*Ador.* Yes, and return'd with safety.

*Cam.* 'Tis not then  
In the power of fate to add to, or take from  
My perfect happiness; and yet—he should  
Have made me his first visit.

*Ador.* So I think too;  
But he——

*Syl.* Durst not appear, I being present;  
That's his excuse, I warrant you.

*Cam.* Speak, where is he?  
With whom? who hath deserved more from him?  
or

Can be of equal merit? I in this  
Do not except the king.

*Ador.* He's at the palace,  
With the dutchess of Sienna. One coach brought  
them hither,  
Without a third: he's very gracious with her;  
You may conceive the rest.

*Cam.* My jealous fears  
Make me to apprehend.

*Ador.* Pray you, dismiss  
Signior wisdom, and I'll make relation to you  
Of the particulars.

*Cam.* Servant, I would have you  
To haste unto the court.

*Syl.* I will outrun  
A footman, for your pleasure.

*Cam.* There observe  
The dutchess' train, and entertainment.

*Syl.* Fear not;  
I will discover all that is of weight,  
To the liveries of her pages and her footmen.  
This is fit employment for me. [Exit.

*Cam.* Gracious with  
The dutchess! sure, you said so?

*Ador.* I will use



All possible brevity to inform you, madam,  
Of what was trusted to me, and discharged  
With faith and loyal duty.

*Cam.* I believe it;

You ransomed him, and supplied his wants —  
imagine

That is already spoken; and what vows  
Of service he made to me, is apparent;  
His joy of me, and wonder too, perspicuous;  
Does not your story end so?

*Ador.* Would the end

Had answered the beginning!—In a word,  
Ingratitude and perjury at the height  
Cannot express him.

*Cam.* Take heed.

*Ador.* Truth is arm'd,  
And can defend itself. It must out, madam:  
I saw (the presence full) the amorous dutchess  
Kiss and embrace him; on his part accepted  
With equal ardour, and their willing hands  
No sooner join'd, but a remove was publish'd,  
And put in execution.

*Cam.* The proofs are  
Too pregnant. O Bertoldo!

*Ador.* He's not worth  
Your sorrow, madam.

*Cam.* Tell me, when you saw this,  
Did not you grieve, as I do now to hear it?

*Ador.* His precipice from goodness raising  
mine,  
And serving as a foil to set my faith off,  
I had little reason.

*Cam.* In this you confess  
The devilish malice of your disposition.  
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it;  
And not, in flattery of your false hopes,  
To glory in it. When good men pursue

The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints  
 With joy look on it, and seraphick angels  
 Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits,  
 To see a scene of grace so well presented,  
 The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourning.  
 Whereas now, on the contrary, as far  
 As their divinity can partake of passion,  
 With me they weep, beholding a fair temple,  
 Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turn'd to ashes  
 By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd  
 Rejoicing in the object.—'Tis not well  
 In you, Adorni.

*Ador.* What a temper dwells  
 In this rare virgin! Can you pity him,  
 That hath shewn none to you?

*Cam.* I must not be  
 Cruel by his example. You, perhaps,  
 Expect now I should seek recovery  
 Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent knees  
 Beg his compassion. No; my towering virtue,  
 From the assurance of my merit, scorns  
 To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler course,  
 And, confident in the justice of my cause,  
 The king his brother, and new mistress, judges,  
 Ravish him from her arms. You have the contract,  
 In which he swore to marry me?

*Ador.* 'Tis here, madam.

*Cam.* He shall be, then, against his will, my  
 husband;  
 And when I have him, I'll so use him!—doubt not,  
 But that, your honesty being unquestion'd,  
 This writing, with your testimony, clears all.

*Ador.* And buries me in the dark mists of error.

*Cam.* I'll presently to court; pray you, give  
 order

For my caroch.\*

\* For my caroch.] It seems as if Massinger's editors were

94 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Ador.* A cart for me were fitter,  
To hurry me to the gallows. [Exit.

*Cam.* O false men!  
Inconstant! perjured! My good angel help me  
In these my extremities!

*Re-enter SYLLI.*

*Syl.* If you e'er will see a brave sight,  
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the dutchess  
Are presently to be married: there's such pomp,  
And preparation!

*Cam.* If I marry, 'tis  
This day, or never.

*Syl.* Why, with all my heart;  
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I  
make,  
And then it is quit.

*Cam.* Follow me to my cabinet;  
You know my confessor, father Paulo?

*Syl.* Yes: shall he  
Do the feat for us?

*Cam.* I will give in writing  
Directions to him, and attire myself  
Like a virgin bride; and something I will do,  
That shall deserve men's praise, and wonder too.

*Syl.* And I, to make all know I am not shallow,  
Will have my points of cochineal and yellow.  
[Exit.

ignorant of the existence or meaning of such a word as *caroch*;  
since they exchange it for *coach*, though it invariably destroys  
the metre.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

*Loud Musick. Enter* ROBERTO, BERTOLDO, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, GONZAGA, RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, *a Bishop, and Attendants.*

*Rob.* Had our division been greater, madam,  
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,  
In pardon of it, like the rod of concord,  
Must make a perfect union. Once more,  
With a brotherly affection, we receive you  
Into our favour: let it be your study  
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, far  
Beyond your merit.

*Bert.* As the princess' grace  
To me is without limit, my endeavours,  
With all obsequiousness to serve her pleasures,  
Shall know no bounds: nor will I, being made  
Her husband, e'er forget the duty that  
I owe her as a servant.

*Aurel.* I expect not  
But fair equality, since I well know,  
If that superiority be due,  
'Tis not to me. When you are made my consort,  
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd,  
I'll practise the obedience of a wife,  
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they  
Make choice of their inferiours, only aiming  
To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign  
Over their husbands, in some kind commit  
Authorized whoredom; nor will I be guilty,  
In my intent, of such a crime.

96 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Gonz.* This done,  
As it is promised, madam, may well stand for  
A precedent to great women : but, when once  
The griping hunger of desire is cloy'd,  
And the poor fool advanced, brought on his knees,  
Most of your eagle breed, I'll not say all,  
Ever excepting you, challenge again  
What, in hot blood, they parted from.

*Aurel.* You are ever  
An enemy of our sex ; but you, I hope, sir,  
Have better thoughts,

*Bert.* I dare not entertain  
An ill one of your goodness.

*Rob.* To my power  
I will enable him, to prevent all danger  
Envy can raise against your choice. One word  
more  
Touching the articles.

*Enter* FULGENTIO, CAMIOLA, SYLLI, and  
ADORNI.

*Ful.* In you alone  
Lie all my hopes ; you can or kill or save me ;  
But pity in you will become you better  
(Though I confess in justice 'tis denied me)  
Than too much rigour.

*Cam.* I will make your peace  
As far as it lies in me ; but must first  
Labour to right myself.

*Aurel.* Or add or alter  
What you think fit ; in him I have my all :  
Heaven make me thankful for him !

*Rob.* On to the temple.

*Cam.* Stay, royal sir ; and as you are a king,  
Erect one' here, in doing justice to  
An injured maid.

<sup>9</sup> *Erect one here,*] i. e. a temple. M. MASON.

*Aurel.* How's this?

*Bert.* O, I am blasted!

*Rob.* I have given some proof, sweet lady, of  
my promptness

To do you right, you need not, therefore, doubt  
me;

And rest assured, that, this great work dispatch'd,  
You shall have audience, and satisfaction  
To all you can demand.

*Cam.* To do me justice

Exacts your present care, and can admit  
Of no delay. If, ere my cause be heard,  
In favour of your brother you go on, sir,  
Your sceptre cannot right me. He's the man,  
The guilty man, whom I accuse; and you  
Stand bound in duty, as you are supreme,  
To be impartial. Since you are a judge,  
As a delinquent look on him, and not  
As on a brother: Justice, painted blind,  
Infers her ministers are obliged to hear  
The cause, and truth; the judge, determine of it;  
And not sway'd or by favour or affection,  
By a false gloss, or wrested comment, alter  
The true intent and letter of the law.

*Rob.* Nor will I, madam.

*Aurel.* You seem troubled, sir.

*Gonz.* His colour changes too.

*Cam.* The alteration

Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause  
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring  
No hired tongue to plead for me, that with gay  
Rhetorical flourishes may palliate  
That which, stripp'd naked, will appear deform'd.  
I stand here mine own advocate; and my truth,  
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will  
Make good itself; nor will I, if the king  
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,

98 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

My greatest enemy, and this stranger prince,  
To sit assistants with him.

*Aurel.* I ne'er wrong'd you.

*Cam.* In your knowledge of the injury, I believe it;

Nor will you, in your justice, when you are  
Acquainted with my interest in this man,  
Which I lay claim to.

*Rob.* Let us take our seats.

What is your title to him?

*Cam.* By this contract,  
Seal'd solemnly before a reverend man,

[*Presents a paper to the king.*]

I challenge him for my husband.

*Syl.* Ha! was I

Sent for the friar for this? O Sylli! Sylli!  
Some cordial, or I faint.\*

*Rob.* This writing is  
Authentic.

*Aurel.* But done in heat of blood,  
Charm'd by her flatteries, as, no doubt, he was,  
To be dispensed with.

*Fer.* Add this, if you please,  
The distance and disparity between  
Their births and fortunes.

*Cam.* What can Innocence hope for,  
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!  
Disparity of birth or fortune, urge you?  
Or Syren charms? or, at his best, in me  
Wants to deserve him? Call some few days back,  
And, as he was, consider him, and you  
Must grant him my inferiour. Imagine  
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,  
His liberty lost; with her black wings Despair  
Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga

\* *Some cordial, or I faint.*] Wholly omitted in Mr. M. Mason's edition.

Trampling on his afflictions ; the great sum  
 Proposed for his redemption ; the king  
 Forbidding payment of it ; his near kinsmen,  
 With his protesting followers and friends,  
 Falling off from him ; by the whole world forsaken ;  
 Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave  
 Of his calamities ; and then weigh duly  
 What she deserved, whose merits now are doubted,  
 That, as his better angel, in her bounties  
 Appear'd unto him, his great ransom paid,  
 His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied ;  
 Whether, then, being my manumised slave,  
 He owed not himself to me ?

*Aurel.* Is this true ?

*Rob.* In his silence 'tis acknowledged.

*Gonz.* If you want

A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.

*Cam.* If I have dwelt too long on my deservings  
 To this unthankful man, pray you pardon me ;  
 The cause required it. And though now I add  
 A little, in my painting to the life  
 His barbarous ingratitude, to deter  
 Others from imitation, let it meet with  
 A fair interpretation. This serpent,  
 Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warm'd  
 In the bosom of my pity and compassion,  
 But, in return, he ruin'd his preserver,  
 The prints the irons had made in his flesh  
 Still ulcerous ; but all that I had done,  
 My benefits, in sand or water written,  
 As they had never been, no more remember'd !  
 And on what ground, but his ambitious hopes  
 To gain this dutchess' favour ?

*Aurel.* Yes ; the object,  
 Look on it better, lady, may excuse  
 The change of his affection.

*Cam.* The object !



100 THE MAID OF HONOUR

In what? forgive me, modesty, if I say  
 You look upon your form in the false glass  
 Of flattery and self-love, and that deceives you.  
 That you were a dutchess, as I take it, was not  
 Character'd on your face; and, that not seen,  
 For other feature, make all these, that are  
 Experienced in women, judges of them,  
 And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,  
 For beauty without art, though you storm at it,  
 I may take the right-hand file.

*Gonz.* Well said, i'faith!

I see fair women on no terms will yield  
 Priority in beauty.

*Cam.* Down, proud heart!

Why do I rise up in defence of that,  
 Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone me!  
 No, madam, I recant,—you are all beauty,  
 Goodness, and virtue; and poor I not worthy  
 As a foil to set you off: enjoy your conquest;  
 But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am  
 In my lowness, from your height you may look  
 on me,

And, in your suffrage to me, make him know  
 That, though to all men else I did appear  
 The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound  
 To hold me as the masterpiece.

*Rob.* By my life,

You have shewn yourself of such an abject  
 temper,  
 So poor and low-condition'd, as I grieve for  
 Your nearness to me.

*Fer.* I am changed in my  
 Opinion of you, lady; and profess  
 The virtues of your mind an ample fortune  
 For an absolute monarch.

*Gonz.* Since you are resolved  
 To damn yourself, in your forsaking of

Your noble order for a woman, do it  
For this. You may search through the world,  
and meet not  
With such another phœnix.

*Aurel.* On the sudden

I feel all fires of love quench'd in the water  
Of my compassion.—Make your peace; you have  
My free consent; for here I do disclaim  
All interest in you: and, to further your  
Desires, fair maid, composed of worth and honour,  
The dispensation procured by me,  
Freeing Bertoldo from his vow, makes way  
To your embraces.

*Bert.* Oh, how have I stray'd,  
And wilfully, out of the noble track  
Mark'd me by virtue! till now, I was never  
Truly a prisoner. To excuse my late  
Captivity, I might allege the malice  
Of Fortune; you, that conquer'd me, confessing  
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.  
But now I have surrender'd up my strengths  
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead  
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,  
Disloyal, and Ingrateful. Though barr'd from  
Human society, and hiss'd into  
Some desert ne'er yet haunted with the curses  
Of men and women, sitting as a judge  
Upon my guilty self, I must confess  
It justly falls upon me; and one tear,  
Shed in compassion of my sufferings, more  
Than I can hope for.

*Cam.* This compunction

For the wrong that you have done me, though  
you should

Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,  
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes  
Two springs of sorrow for you.

102 THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Bert.* In your pity  
My cruelty shews more monstrous: yet I am  
not,  
Though most ingrateful, grown to such a height  
Of impudence, as, in my wishes only,  
To ask your pardon. If, as now I fall  
Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe  
To act your own revenge, treading upon me  
As a viper eating through the bowels of  
Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,  
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen  
That now is insupportable.

*Cam.* Pray you, rise;  
As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,  
I do forgive you heartily: yet, excuse me,  
Though I deny myself a blessing that,  
By the favour of the dutchess, seconded  
With your submission, is offer'd to me;  
Let not the reason I allege for't grieve you,  
You have been false once.—I have done: and if,  
When I am married, as this day I will be,  
As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,  
You wish me joy, I will receive it for  
Full satisfaction of all obligations  
In which you stand bound to me.

*Bert.* I will do it,  
And, what's more, in despite of sorrow, live  
To see myself undone, beyond all hope  
To be made up again.

*Syl.* My blood begins  
To come to my heart again.

*Cam.* Pray you, signior Sylli,  
Call in the holy friar: he's prepared  
For finishing the work.

*Syl.* I knew I was  
The man: heaven make me thankful!

*Rob.* Who is this?

*Ast.* His father was the banker\* of Palermo,  
And this the heir of his great wealth: his wisdom  
Was not hereditary.

*Syl.* Though you know me not,  
Your majesty owes me a round sum; I have  
A seal or two to witness; yet, if you please  
To wear my colours, and dance at my wedding,  
I'll never sue you.

*Rob.* And I'll grant your suit.

*Syl.* Gracious madonna, noble general,  
Brave captains, and my quondam rivals, wear them,  
Since I am confident you dare not harbour  
A thought, but that way current. [*Exit.*]

*Aurel.* For my part,  
I cannot guess the issue.

*Re-enter SYLLI with Father PAULO.*

*Syl.* Do your duty;  
And with all speed you can, you may dispatch us.

*Paul.* Thus, as a principal ornament to the  
church,  
I seize her.

*All.* How!

*Rob.* So young, and so religious!

*Paul.* She has forsook the world.

*Syl.* And Sylli too!

I shall run mad.

*Rob.* Hence with the fool!—[*Sylli thrust off.*]—

Proceed, sir.

*Paul.* Look on this MAID OF HONOUR, now  
Truly honour'd in her vow

\* *Ast.* His father was the banker of Palermo,] Never was there such a copy of an author made as that of Massinger by Mr. M. Mason. Just above, he dropt a monosyllable to spoil the metre; here he has inserted one for the same reason: at least I can find no other. He reads, *the great banker of Palermo.*

She pays to heaven : vain delight  
 By day, or pleasure of the night  
 She no more thinks of : This fair hair  
 (Favours for great kings to wear)  
 Must now be shorn ; her rich array  
 Changed into a homely gray.

The dainties with which she was fed,  
 And her proud flesh pampered,  
 Must not be tasted ; from the spring,  
 For wine, cold water we will bring,  
 And with fasting mortify  
 The feasts of sensuality.

Her jewels, beads ; and she must look  
 Not in a glass, but holy book ;  
 To teach her the ne'er-erring way  
 To immortality. O may  
 She, as she purposes to be,  
 A child new-born to piety,  
 Perséver<sup>3</sup> in it, and good men,  
 With saints and angels, say, Amen !

*Cam.* This is the marriage ! this the port to which  
 My vows must steer me ! Fill my spreading sails  
 With the pure wind of your devotions for me,  
 That I may touch the secure haven, where  
 Eternal happiness keeps her residence,  
 Temptations to frailty never entering !  
 I am dead to the world, and thus dispose  
 Of what I leave behind me ; and, dividing  
 My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it :  
 The first to the fair nunnery, to which  
 I dedicate the last and better part  
 Of my frail life ; a second portion  
 To pious uses ; and the third to thee,  
 Adorni, for thy true and faithful service.

<sup>3</sup> Perséver in it,] This is the second time the editors have modernised *perséver* into *persevere*, to the destruction of the verse. See Vol. I. p. 7.

THE MAID OF HONOUR. 105

And, ere I take my last farewell, with hope  
To find a grant, my suit to you is, that  
You would, for my sake, pardon this young man,  
And to his merits love him, and no further.

*Rob.* I thus confirm it.

[*Gives his hand to Fulgentio.*

*Cam.* And, as e'er you hope, [*To Bertoldo.*  
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you  
To reassume your order; and in fighting  
Bravely against the enemies of our faith,  
Redeem your mortgaged honour.

*Gonz.* I restore this: [*Gives him the white cross.*  
Once more, brothers in arms,

*Bert.* I'll live and die so.

*Cam.* To you my pious wishes! And, to end  
All differences, great sir, I beseech you  
To be an arbitrator, and compound  
The quarrel long continuing between  
The duke and dutchess.

*Rob.* I will take it into  
My special care.

*Cam.* I am then at rest. Now, father,  
Conduct me where you please.

[*Exeunt Paulo and Camiola.*

*Rob.* She well deserves  
Her name, THE MAID OF HONOUR! May she stand,  
To all posterity, a fair example  
For noble maids to imitate! Since to live  
In wealth and pleasure's common, but to part  
with

Such poison'd baits is rare; there being nothing  
Upon this stage of life to be commended,  
Though well begun, till it be fully ended.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

\* This is of the higher order of Massinger's plays: nor will it be very easy to find in any writer a subject more animated, or characters more variously and pointedly drawn. There is no

delay in introducing the business of the drama; and nothing is allowed to interfere with its progress. Indeed this is by far too rapid; and event is precipitated upon event without regard to time or place. But Massinger acts with a liberty which it would be absurd to criticise. Thebes and Athens, Palermo and Sienna, are alike to him; and he must be allowed to transport his agents and their concerns from one to another, as often as the exigencies of his ambulatory plan may require.

It is observable, that in this play Massinger has attempted the more difficult part of dramatick writing. He is not content with describing different qualities in his characters; but lays before the reader several differences of the same qualities. The courage of Gonzaga, though by no means inferiour to it, is not that of Bertoldo. In the former, it is a fixed and habitual principle, the honourable business of his life. In the latter, it is an irresistible impulse, the instantaneous result of a fiery temper. Both characters are again distinguished from Roderigo and Jacomo. These too have courage; but we cannot separate it from a mere vulgar motive, the love of plunder; and in this respect Gonzaga's captains resemble those of Charles, in *the Duke of Milan*. There is still another remove; and all these branches of real courage differ from the poor and forced approaches to valour in Gasparo and Antonio. These distinctions were strongly fixed in Massinger's mind: lest they should pass without due observation, he has made Gonzaga point out some of them, Act II. sc. iii.: and Bertoldo dwells upon others, Act III. sc. i. And in this respect, again he has copied his own caution, already noticed in the *Observations on the Renegado*. A broader distinction is used with his two courtiers; and the cold interest of Astutio is fully contrasted with the dazzling and imprudent assumption of Fulgentio. But Camiola herself is the great object that reigns throughout the piece. Every where she animates us with her spirit, and instructs us with her sense. Yet this superiority takes nothing from her softer feelings. Her tears flow with a mingled fondness and regret; and she is swayed by a passion which is only quelled by her greater resolution. The influence of her character is also heightened through the different manner of her lovers; through the mad impatience of the uncontrolled Bertoldo, the glittering pretensions of Fulgentio, and the humble and sincere attachment of Adorni, who nourishes secret desires of an happiness too exalted for him, faithfully performs commands prejudicial to his own views, through the force of an affection which ensures his obedience, and, amidst so much service, scarcely presumes to hint the passion which consumes him. I know not if even signior Sylli is wholly useless here; he serves at least to shew her good-

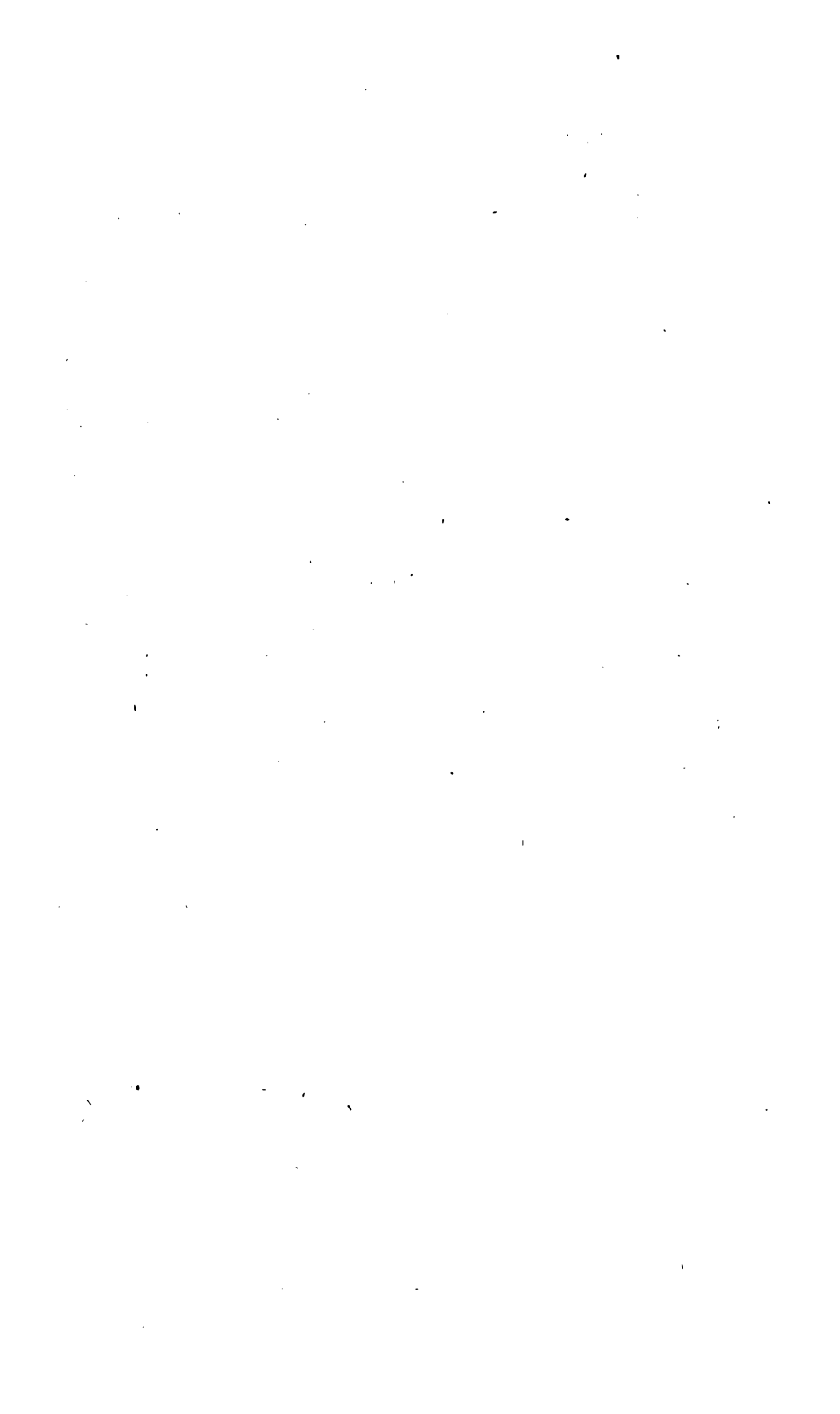
humoured toleration of a being hardly important enough for her contempt.

In the midst of this just praise of Camiola, there are a few things to be regretted. Reason and religion had forbidden her union with Bertoldo; and she had declared herself unalterable in her purpose. His captivity reverses her judgment, and she determines not only to liberate, but to marry him. Unfortunately too, she demands a sealed contract as the condition of his freedom; though Bertoldo's ardour was already known to her, and the generosity of her nature ought to have abstained from so degrading a bargain. But Massinger wanted to hinder the marriage of Aurelia; and, with an infelicity which attends many of his contrivances, he provided a prior contract at the expense of the delicacy, as well as the principles, of his heroine. It is well, that the nobleness of the conclusion throws the veil over these blemishes. Her determination is at once natural and unexpected. It answers to the original independence of her character, and she retires with our highest admiration and esteem.

It may be observed here, that Massinger was not unknown to Milton. The date of some of Milton's early poems, indeed, is not exactly ascertained: but if the reader will compare the speech of Paulo, with *the Penseroso*, he cannot fail to remark a similarity in the cadences, as well as in the measure and the solemnity of the thoughts. On many other occasions he certainly remembers Massinger, and frequently in his representations of female purity, and the commanding dignity of virtue.

A noble lesson arises from the conduct of the principal character. A fixed sense of truth and rectitude gives genuine superiority; it corrects the proud, and abashes the vain, and marks the proper limits between humility and presumption. It also governs itself with the same ascendancy which it establishes over others. When the lawful objects of life cannot be possessed with clearness of honour, it provides a nobler pleasure in rising above their attraction, and creates a new happiness by controlling even innocent desires. DR. IRELAND.





**THE**  
**P I C T U R E .**

THE PICTURE.] This Tragi-comedy, or, as Massinger calls it, this "true Hungarian History," was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, June 8th, 1629. The plot, as *the Companion to the Playhouse* observes, is from the 28th novel of the second volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. The magical circumstance, however, from which the play takes its name, is found in a variety of authors: it has all the appearance of an Arabian fiction, and was introduced into our romances at a very early period. The following stanza is from a poem of the fourteenth century, called *Horn Childe and Maiden Rinnild*, first given to the press by Mr. Ritson :

" To Rinneld he com withouten lesing,  
 " And sche bitaught him a ring  
 " The vertu wele sché knewe :  
 " ' Loke thou forsake it for no thing,  
 " It schal ben our tokening,  
 " The ston it is wel trewe.  
 " When the ston wexeth wan,  
 " Than chaungeth the thought of thi leman,  
 " Take then a newe ;  
 " When the ston wexeth rede  
 " Than have y lorn mi maidenhed,  
 " Oyaines the untrewé.' "

The story is also to be found among the *Novelles Galantes*;—but they had the same origin, and it is altogether unnecessary to enter into their respective variations. The French have modernized it into a pretty tale, under the name of *Comment j'iler parfait Amour*.

This Play was much approved at its first appearance, when it was acted, as the phrase is, by the whole strength of the house. Massinger himself speaks of it with complacency; and, indeed, its claims to admiration are of no common kind. It was printed in 1630; but did not reach a second edition. It is said, in the title-page, to have been "often presented at the Globe and Black Friar's playhouses, by the King's Majesty's servants."

An unsuccessful attempt was made to revive this Play, by Mr. Kemble: *Magnis excidit ausis!* We tolerate no magick now but Shakspeare's; and without it *the Picture* can have no interest.

TO  
*My honoured and selected Friends*  
OF THE  
NOBLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

*IT* may be objected, my not inscribing their names, or titles, to whom I dedicate this poem, proceedeth either from my diffidence of their affection to me, or their unwillingness to be published the patrons of a trifle. To such as shall make so strict an inquisition of me, I truly answer, The play, in the presentment, found such a general approbation, that it gave me assurance of their favour to whose protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they would have freely granted that in the publication, which, for some reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a confirmation of his service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the world, how much he stands engaged for your so frequent bounties, and in your charitable opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever command,

Your servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. ACTORS' NAMES.

Ladislaus, <i>king of Hungary,</i>	R. Benfield.
Ferdinand, <i>general of the army,</i>	R. Sharpe.
Eubulus, <i>an old counsellor,</i>	J. Lowin.
Mathias, <i>a knight of Bohemia,</i>	J. Taylor.
Ubaldo, } <i>wild courtiers,</i>	T. Pollard.
Ricardo, }	E. Swanstone.
Julio Baptista, <i>a great scholar,</i>	W. Pen.
Hilario, <i>servant to Sophia.</i>	J. Shancke.
<i>Two Boys, representing Apollo and Pallas.</i>	

*Two Couriers.*

*A Guide.*

*Servants to the queen.*

*Servants to Mathias.*

Honorio, <i>the queen,</i>	J. Thomson.
Sophia, <i>wife to Mathias,</i>	J. Hunnieman.
Acanthe, } <i>maids of honour,</i>	A. Goffe.
Sylvia, }	
Corisca, <i>Sophia's woman.</i>	W. Trigge.

*Maskers, Attendants, Officers, Captains, &c.*

*SCENE, partly in Hungary, and partly in Bohemia.*

THE  
P I C T U R E.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Frontiers of Bohemia.*

*Enter* MATHIAS, SOPHIA, CORISCA, HILARIO,  
*with other Servants.*

*Math.* Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further  
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.  
We are not distant from the Turkish camp  
Above five leagues, and who knows but some party  
Of his Timariots, that scour the country,  
May fall upon us?—be now, as thy name,  
Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee,  
Wise, and discreet; and to thy understanding  
Marry thy constant patience.

*Soph.* You put me, sir,  
To the utmost trial of it.

*Math.* Nay, no melting;  
Since the necessity that now separates us,  
We have long since disputed, and the reasons  
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.  
I grant that you, in birth, were far above me,  
And great men, my superiours, rivals for you;  
But mutual consent of heart, as hands,  
Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal:  
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,  
Or to be cried up by the publick voice,

For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour :  
 Such airy tumours take not me. You know  
 How narrow our demerits are,<sup>1</sup> and, what's more,  
 Having as yet no charge of children on us,  
 We hardly can subsist.

*Soph.* In you alone, sir,  
 I have all abundance.

*Math.* For my mind's content,  
 In your own language I could answer you.  
 You have been an obedient wife, a right one ;  
 And to my power, though short of your desert,  
 I have been ever an indulgent husband.  
 We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and  
 though

Not to satiety, or loathing, yet  
 We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,  
 As still to hug them to the certain loss  
 Of profit and preferment. Competent means  
 Maintains a quiet bed ; want breeds dissension,  
 Even in good women.

*Soph.* Have you found in me, sir,  
 Any distaste, or sign of discontent,  
 For want of what's superfluous ?

*Math.* No, Sophia ;  
 Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent  
 Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless  
 My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee  
 That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,  
 Upon this sea of action, as a factor,  
 To trade for rich materials to adorn  
 Thy noble parts, and shew them in full lustre.  
 I blush that other ladies, less in beauty  
 And outward form, but in the harmony  
 Of the soul's ravishing musick, the same age

<sup>1</sup> *How narrow our demerits are,*] *Demerits* is here used for  
*means*, as demerits for merits, &c.

Not to be named with thee, should so outshine  
thee

In jewels, and variety of wardrobes ;  
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies  
Compared are of no value, wanting these,  
Pass unregarded.

*Soph.* If I am so rich, or  
In your opinion, why should you borrow  
Additions for me ?

*Math.* Why ! I should be censured  
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel  
Above all price, if I forbear to give it  
The best of ornaments: therefore, Sophia,  
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,  
As you have ever done. To your discretion  
I leave the government of my family,  
And our poor fortunes ; and from these command  
Obedience to you, as to myself :  
To the utmost of what's mine, live plentifully ;  
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,  
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you  
A harvest in such full abundance, as  
Shall make a merry winter.

*Soph.* Since you are not  
To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,  
All arguments to stay you here are useless :  
Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you  
waste not

One drop of sorrow ; look you hoard all up  
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you,  
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,  
Guardians of human life, I at this instant  
Forbear t'invoke you: at our parting, 'twere  
To personate devotion.<sup>2</sup> My soul

<sup>2</sup> To personate devotion.] i. e. to play it as an assumed part.  
See Vol. II. p. 497.



Shall go along with you, and, when you are  
 Circled with death and horror, seek and find  
 you;

And then I will not leave a saint unsued to  
 For your protection. To tell you what  
 I will do in your absence, would shew poorly;  
 My actions shall speak for me: 'twere to doubt  
 you,

To beg I may hear from you; where you are  
 You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post,  
 By night or day, pass unexamined by me.  
 If I dwell long upon your lips, consider,  
 After this feast, the griping fast that follows,  
 And it will be excusable; pray turn from me.  
 All that I can, is spoken. [Exit.

*Math.* Follow your mistress.

Forbear your wishes for me; let me find them  
 At my return, in your prompt will to serve her.

*Hil.* For my part, sir, I will grow lean with  
 study

To make her merry.

*Coris.* Though you are my lord,  
 Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place  
 I may take my leave; your hand, or, if you please  
 To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy,  
 But stand a-tip-toe for't.

*Math.* O, farewell, girl! [Kisses her,

*Hil.* A kiss well begg'd, Corisca.

*Coris.* 'Twas my fee;  
 Love, how he melts! I cannot blame my lady's  
 Unwillingness to part with such marmalade  
 lips.

There will be scrambling for them in the camp;

<sup>3</sup> Love, *how he melts!*] So the quarto: the modern editions have, Jove, *how he melts.* Why Coxeter made the alteration I cannot even guess; surely, deity for deity, the former is the most natural for Corisca to swear by.

And were it not for my honesty, I could wish now  
I were his leaguer laundress;<sup>4</sup> I would find  
Soap of mine own, enough to wash his linen,  
Or I would strain hard for't.

*Hil.* How the mammet twitters!  
Come, come; my lady stays for us.

*Coris.* Would I had been  
Her ladyship the last night!

*Hil.* No more of that, wench.

[*Exeunt Hilario, Corisca, and the rest.*]

<sup>4</sup> ————— *I could wish now*  
*I were his leaguer laundress;]* Mr. M. Mason reads *his leiger*  
*laundress*; what he understood by it, I know not, but *Corisca*  
means his camp laundress.

“ ————— While I lay

“ In the *leaguer* at Ardennes, he corrupts

“ Two mercenary slaves,” &c. *Love's Victory.*

*Leaguer* is the Dutch, or rather Flemish, word for a camp; and was one of the newfangled terms introduced from the Low-Countries. This innovation on the English language is excellently noticed by Sir John Smythe, in *Certain Discourses concerning the Formes and Effects of divers Sorts of Weapons* &c. 4to. 1590. “These,” (the officers mentioned before,) “utterlie ignorant of all our auncient discipline and proceedings in actions of armes, have so affected the Wallons, Flemings, and base Almanes discipline, that they have procured to innovate, or rather to subvert all our auncient proceedings in matters military:—as, for example, they will not vouchsafe in their speeches or writings to use our termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a *campe* by the Dutch name of *legar*; nor will not aford to say that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard*:—as though our English nation, which hath been so famous in all actions militarie manie hundred yeares, were now but newly crept into the world; or as though our language were so barren, that it were not able of itself, or by derivation to afford convenient words to utter our minds in matters of that qualitie.”

I cannot avoid adding my wishes that our officers would reflect a little on these sensible observations: there is now a greater affectation than ever, of introducing French military phrases into our army; the consequences of which may be more important than they seem to imagine.

*Math.* I am strangely troubled: yet why I  
 should nourish  
 A fury here, and with imagined food,  
 Having no real grounds on which to raise  
 A building of suspicion she was ever  
 Or can be false hereafter? I in this  
 But foolishly enquire the knowledge of  
 A future sorrow, which, if I find out,  
 My present ignorance were a cheap purchase,  
 Though with my loss of being. I have already  
 Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,  
 One deeply read<sup>s</sup> in nature's hidden secrets,  
 And, though with much unwillingness, have won  
 him  
 To do as much as art can, to resolve me  
 My fate that follows—To my wish, he's come.

*Enter BAPTISTA.*

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm  
 Your promise and performance walk together;  
 And therefore, without circumstance, to the point;  
 Instruct me what I am.

<sup>s</sup> *a general scholar,*  
*One deeply read &c.]* In the list of dramatis personæ, too, he  
 is called a *great scholar*. The character of Baptista is founded  
 upon a notion very generally received in the dark ages, that men  
 of learning were conversant in the operations of magick: and,  
 indeed, a *scholar* and a magician are frequently confounded by  
 our old writers, or rather considered as one and the same. The  
 notion is not yet obsolete among the vulgar.

Baptista Porta has given an elaborate account, in his treatise  
*de Magia naturali*, of the powers once supposed to be possessed  
 and exercised by magicians. I believe that this work was not  
 published in Massinger's time; but both that and the author had  
 long been familiar "in the mouths of men," and were probably  
 not unknown to Massinger. It is an ingenious conjecture  
 of Mr. Gilchrist, that he took the name of his "deep-read  
 scholar," from *Baptista Porta*.

*Bapt.* I could wish you had  
Made trial of my love some other way.

*Math.* Nay, this is from the purpose.

*Bapt.* If you can  
Proportion your desire to any mean,  
I do pronounce you happy ; I have found,  
By certain rules of art, your matchless wife  
Is to this present hour from all pollution  
Free and untainted.

*Math.* Good.

*Bapt.* In reason, therefore,  
You should fix here, and make no further search  
Of what may fall hereafter.

*Math.* O, Baptista,  
'Tis not in me to master so my passions ;  
I must know further, or you have made good  
But half your promise. While my love stood by,  
Holding her upright, and my presence was  
A watch upon her, her desires being met too  
With equal ardour from me, what one proof  
Could she give of her constancy, being un-  
tempted ?

But when I am absent, and my coming back  
Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women  
Not to be quench'd by lawful means, and she  
The absolute disposer of herself,  
Without control or curb ; nay, more, invited  
By opportunity, and all strong temptations,  
If then she hold out—

*Bapt.* As, no doubt, she will.

*Math.* Those doubts must be made certainties,  
Baptista,

By your assurance ; or your boasted art  
Deserves no admiration. How you trifle,  
And play with my affliction ! I am on  
The rack, till you confirm me.

*Bapt.* Sure, Mathias,

I am no god, nor can I dive into  
 Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are;  
 That is denied to art, and kept conceal'd  
 E'en from the devils themselves: they can but guess,  
 Out of long observation, what is likely;  
 But positively to foretel that<sup>6</sup> shall be,  
 You may conclude impossible. All I can,  
 I will do for you; when you are distant from her  
 A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her,  
 You shall know truly when she is solicited,  
 And how far wrought on.

*Math.* I desire no more.

*Bapt.* Take then this little model of Sophia,  
 With more than human skill limn'd to the life;  
*[Gives him a picture.]*

Each line and lineament of it in the drawing  
 So punctually observed, that, had it motion,  
 In so much 'twere herself.

*Math.* It is, indeed,  
 An admirable piece! but if it have not  
 Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,  
 In what can it advantage me?

*Bapt.* I'll instruct you:  
 Carry it still about you, and as oft  
 As you desire to know how she's affected,  
 With curious eyes peruse it: while it keeps  
 The figure it now has, entire and perfect,  
 She is not only innocent in fact,  
 But unattempted; but if once it vary  
 From the true form, and what's now white and red  
 Incline to yellow,<sup>7</sup> rest most confident

<sup>6</sup> *But positively to foretel that shall be,*] All the copies read, that this shall be, which spoils the verse, and is not, indeed, the language of the age.

She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd;  
 But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance  
 The fort, by composition or surprise,  
 Is forced or with her free consent surrender'd.

*Math.* How much you have engaged me for  
 this favour

The service of my whole life shall make good.

*Bapt.* We will not part so, I'll along with you,  
 And it is needful; with the rising sun  
 The armies meet; yet, ere the fight begin,  
 In spite of opposition, I will place you  
 In the head of the Hungarian general's troop,  
 And near his person.

*Math.* As my better angel,  
 You shall direct and guide me.

*Bapt.* As we ride  
 I'll tell you more.

*Math.* In all things I'll obey you. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Hungary. *A State-room in the Palace.*

*Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.*

*Ric.* When came the post?

*Ubal.* The last night.

*Ric.* From the camp?

*Ubal.* Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter writ and  
 sign'd

By the general, Ferdinand.

*Ric.* Nay, then, sans question,  
 It is of moment.

similar fictions were originally derived from the rabbinical notion, that distant events were signified to the high-priest by changes in the colour of the precious stones which formed the Urim and Thummim.

*Ubal.* It concerns the lives  
Of two great armies.

*Ric.* Was it cheerfully  
Received by the king?

*Ubal.* Yes; for being assured  
The armies were in view of one another,  
Having proclaim'd a publick fast and prayer  
For the good success, he dispatch'd a gentleman  
Of his privy chamber to the general,  
With absolute authority from him  
To try the fortune of a day.

*Ric.* No doubt then  
The general will come on, and fight it bravely.  
Heaven prosper him! This military art  
I grant to be the noblest of professions;  
And yet, I thank my stars for't, I was never  
Inclined to learn it; since this bubble honour,  
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for,)  
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,  
Too dear a purchase.\*

*Ubal.* Give me our court warfare:  
The danger is not great in the encounter  
Of a fair mistress.

*Ric.* Fair and sound together  
Do very well, Ubaldo; but such are  
With difficulty to be found out; and when they  
know  
Their value, prized too high. By thy own report,  
Thou wast at twelve a gamester, and since that,  
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-  
trader

\* ————— since this bubble honour,  
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for,)  
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,  
Too dear a purchase.] In this passage, which has been hitherto  
most absurdly pointed, Massinger, as Coxeter observes, had  
Shakspeare in his thoughts, and principally Falstaff's humorous  
catechism.

I' the street, with certain danger to thy pocket,  
 To the great lady in her cabinet ;  
 That spent upon thee more in cullises,  
 To strengthen thy weak back, than would main-  
 tain

Twelve Flanders mares, and as many running  
 horses :

Besides apothecaries and surgeons' bills,  
 Paid upon all occasions, and those frequent.

*Ubal.* You talk, Ricardo, as if yet you were  
 A novice in those mysteries.

*Ric.* By no means ;  
 My doctor can assure the contrary :  
 I lose no time. I have felt the pain and pleasure,  
 As he that is a gamester, and plays often,  
 Must sometimes be a loser.

*Ubal.* Wherefore, then,  
 Do you envy me ?

*Ric.* It grows not from my want,  
 Nor thy abundance ; but being, as I am,  
 The likelier man, and of much more experience,  
 My good parts are my curses : there's no beauty  
 But yields ere it be summon'd ; and, as nature  
 Had sign'd me the monopoly of maidenheads,  
 There's none can buy till I have made my market.  
 Satiety cloy's me ; as I live, I would part with  
 Half my estate, nay, travel o'er the world,  
 To find that only phoenix in my search,  
 That could hold out against me.

*Ubal.* Be not rapt so ;  
 You may spare that labour. As she is a woman,  
 What think you of the queen ?

*Ric.* I dare not aim at  
 The petticoat royal, that is still excepted :  
 Yet, were she not my king's, being the abstract  
 Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,  
 To write her in my catalogue, having enjoy'd her,



I would venture my neck to a halter—but we  
talk of

Impossibilities: as she hath a beauty  
Would make old Nestor young; such majesty  
Draws forth a sword of terrour to defend it,  
As would fright Paris, though the queen of love  
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

*Ubal.* Have you observed  
The gravity of her language mix'd with sweetness?

*Ric.* Then, at what distance she reserves herself  
When the king himself makes his approaches to  
her—

*Ubal.* As she were still a virgin, and his life  
But one continued wooing.

*Ric.* She well knows  
Her worth, and values it.

*Ubal.* And so far the king is  
Indulgent to her humours, that he forbears  
The duty of a husband, but when she calls for't.

*Ric.* All his imaginations and thoughts  
Are buried in her; the loud noise of war  
Cannot awake him.

*Ubal.* At this very instant,  
When both his life and crown are at the stake,  
He only studies her content, and when  
She's pleased to shew herself, musick and masks  
Are with all care and cost provided for her.

*Ric.* This night she promised to appear.

*Ubal.* You may  
Believe it by the diligence of the king,  
As if he were her harbinger.

*Enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, and Attendants  
with perfumes.*

*Ladis.* These rooms  
Are not perfumed, as we directed.

*Eubu.* Not, sir !  
 I know not what you would have ; I am sure the  
     smoak  
 Cost treble the price of the whole week's provision  
 Spent in your majesty's kitchens.

*Ladis.* How I scorn  
 Thy gross comparison ! When my<sup>9</sup> Honoria,  
 The amazement of the present time, and envy  
 Of all succeeding ages, does descend  
 To sanctify a place, and in her presence  
 Makes it a temple to me, can I be  
 Too curious, much less prodigal, to receive her?  
 But that the splendour of her beams of beauty  
 Hath struck thee blind—

*Eubu.* As dotage hath done you.

*Ladis.* Dotage ? O blasphemy ! is it in me  
 To serve her to her merit ? Is she not  
 The daughter of a king ?

*Eubu.* And you the son  
 Of ours I take it ; by what privilege else  
 Do you reign over us ? for my part, I know not  
 Where the disparity lies.

*Ladis.* Her birth, old man,  
 (Old in the kingdom's service, which protects  
     thee,)

Is the least grace in her : and though her beauties  
 Might make the Thunderer a rival for her,  
 They are but superficial ornaments,  
 And faintly speak her : from her heavenly mind,  
 Were all antiquity and fiction lost,  
 Our modern poets could not, in their fancy,  
 But fashion a Minerva far transcending  
 The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt of,  
 But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus !<sup>a</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *When my Honoria,*] Mr. M. Mason omits *my* ; I know not  
 whether by inadvertence or design ; but it injures the metre.

<sup>a</sup> *But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus !*] Our old

And though she knows one glance from her fair  
eyes

Must make all gazers her idolaters,  
She is so sparing of their influence,  
That, to shun superstition in others,  
She shoots her powerful beams only at me.  
And can I, then, whom she desires to hold  
Her kingly captive above all the world,  
Whose nations and empires, if she pleased,  
She might command as slaves, but gladly pay  
The humble tribute of my love and service,  
Nay, if I said of adoration, to her,  
I did not err?

*Eubu.* Well, since you hug your fetters,  
In Love's name wear them! You are a king, and  
that

Concludes you wise: your will a powerful reason,  
Which we, that are foolish subjects, must not  
argue.

And what in a mean man I should call folly,  
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom:  
But for me, I subscribe.

*Ladis.* Do, and look up,  
Upon this wonder.

writers were very lax in their use of foreign names, Massinger was a scholar, yet he pronounces Eubulus much as Shakspeare would have done it.

<sup>2</sup> ———— *You are a king, and that  
Concludes you wise: &c.*] Massinger appears to me to have several sly thrusts, in various parts of his works, at the slavish doctrines maintained by most of the celebrated writers of his time:

————— “be it one poet's praise,  
“That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways,  
“That flattery even to kings he held a shame,  
“And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.”

*Loud musick. Enter HONORIA in state, under a Canopy; her train born up by SYLVIA and ACANTHE.*

*Ric.* Wonder! It is more, sir.

*Ubal.* A rapture, an astonishment.

*Ric.* What think you, sir?

*Eubu.* As the king thinks, that is the surest guard.

We courtiers ever lie at.<sup>3</sup> Was prince ever  
So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles  
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:  
But yet to admiration look not on her.  
Heaven, how he fawns! and, as it were his duty,  
With what assured gravity she receives it!  
Her hand again! O she at length vouchsafes  
Her lip, and as he had suck'd nectar from it,  
How he's exalted! Women in their natures  
Affect command; but this humility  
In a husband and a king marks her the way  
To absolute tyranny. [*The king seats her on his throne.*] So! Juno's placed  
In Jove's tribunal; and, like Mercury,  
(Forgetting his own greatness,) he attends  
For her employments. She prepares to speak;  
What oracles shall we hear now?

*Hon.* That you please, sir,  
With such assurances of love and favour,  
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours, sir,  
A matchless queen, and one that knows herself so,  
Binds me in retribution to deserve  
The grace conferr'd upon me.

*Ladis.* You transcend

<sup>3</sup> *Eubu. As the king thinks, that is the surest guard We courtiers ever lie at.*] i. e. the surest posture of defence.  
"Thou knowest," says Falstaff, "my old ward; thus I lay."  
Guard and ward are the same word.

In all things excellent ; and it is my glory,  
 Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself  
 From absolute command, surrendering up  
 My will and faculties to your disposeure :  
 And here I vow, not for a day or year,  
 But my whole life, which I wish long to serve you,  
 That whatsoever I in justice may  
 Exact from these my subjects, you from me  
 May boldly challenge : and when you require it,  
 In sign of my subjection, as your vassal,  
 Thus I will pay my homage.

*Hon.* O forbear, sir !

Let not my lips envy my robe ; on them  
 Print your allegiance often : I desire  
 No other fealty.

*Ladis.* Gracious sovereign !  
 Boundless in bounty !

*Eubu.* Is not here fine fooling !  
 He's, questionless, bewitch'd. Would I were gelt,  
 So that would disenchant him ! though I forfeit  
 My life for't, I must speak. By your good leave,  
 sir—

I have no suit to you, nor can you grant one,  
 Having no power : you are like me, a subject,  
 Her more than serene majesty being present.  
 And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,  
 Having deposed yourself, to keep your hat on,  
 And not stand bare, as we do, being no king,  
 But a fellow-subject with us. Gentlemen-ushers,  
 It does belong to your place, see it reform'd ;  
 He has given away his crown, and cannot challenge  
 The privilege of his bonnet.

*Ladis.* Do not tempt me.

*Eubu.* Tempt you ! in what ? in following your  
 example ?

If you are angry, question me hereafter,  
 As Ladislaus should do Eubulus,

On equal terms. You were of late my sovereign  
 But weary of it, I now bend my knee  
 To her divinity, and desire a boon  
 From her more than magnificence.

*Hon.* Take it freely.

Nay, be not moved; for our mirth's sake let us  
 hear him.

*Eubu.* 'Tis but to ask a question: Have you  
 ne'er read

The story of Semiramis and Ninus?

*Hon.* Not as I remember.

*Eubu.* I will then instruct you,  
 And 'tis to the purpose: This Ninus was a king,  
 And such an impotent loving king as this was,  
 But now he's none; this Ninus (pray you ob-  
 serve me)

Doted on this Semiramis, a smith's wife;  
 (I must confess, there the comparison holds not,  
 You are a king's daughter, yet, under your cor-  
 rection,

Like her, a woman;) this Assyrian monarch,  
 Of whom this is a pattern, to express  
 His love and service, seated her, as you are,  
 In his regal throne, and bound by oath his  
 nobles,

Forgetting all allegiance to himself,

One day to be her subjects, and to put

In execution whatever she

Pleased to impose upon them:—pray you command  
 him

To minister the like to us, and then

You shall hear what follow'd.

*Ladis.* Well, sir, to your story.

*Eubu.* You have no warrant, stand by; let me  
 know

Your pleasure, goddess.

*Hon.* Let this nod assure you.

*Eubu.* Goddess-like, indeed ! as I live, a pretty idol !

She knowing her power, wisely made use of it ;  
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance  
Of what he had granted, (as, in reason, madam,  
You may do his,) that he might never have  
Power to recall his grant, or question her  
For her short government, instantly gave order  
To have his head struck off.

*Ladis.* Is't possible ?

*Eubu.* The story says so, and commends her wisdom

For making use of her authority.

And it is worth your imitation, madam :

He loves subjection, and you are no queen,

Unless you make him feel the weight of it.

You are more than all the world to him, and that

He may be so<sup>4</sup> to you, and not seek change,

When his delights are sated, mew him up

In some close prison, (if you let him live,

Which is no policy,) and there diet him

As you think fit, to feed your appetite ;

Since there ends his ambition.

*Ubal.* Devilish counsel !

*Ric.* The king's amazed.

<sup>4</sup> *You are more than all the world to him, and that*

*He may be foe to you,]* This is the reading of all the old copies, but most certainly false. It ought to be  
\_\_\_\_\_ and that

*He may be so to you.* COXETER.

When it is considered that the old way of spelling *so* was *foe*, and that the *f* is frequently mistaken for an *s*, we shall not be inclined to think extraordinarily highly of the editor's sagacity, notwithstanding it is set off by a capital letter, which is not to be found in the original. But now steps in Mr. M. Mason, and, having the scent of an amendment, pronounces *so* to be nonsense! and proposes to read, (nay, actually prints,) *true*, which, saith he, "is evidently the right word." All this thrashing for chaff!

*U bald.* The queen appears, too, full  
Of deep imaginations; Eubulus  
Hath put both to it.

*Ric.* Now she seems resolved:  
I long to know the issue.

[*Honorina descends from the throne.*]

*Hon.* Give me leave,  
Dear sir, to reprehend you for appearing  
Perplex'd with what this old man, out of envy  
Of your unequall'd graces shower'd upon me,  
Hath, in his fabulous story, saucily  
Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish  
One doubt Honorina dares abuse the power  
With which she is invested by your favour;  
Or that she ever can make use of it  
To the injury of you, the great bestower,  
Takes from your judgment. It was your delight  
To seek to<sup>s</sup> me with more obsequiousness  
Than I desired: and stood it with my duty  
Not to receive what you were pleased to offer?  
I do but act the part you put upon me,  
And though you make me personate a queen,  
And you my subject, when the play, your pleasure,  
Is at a period, I am what I was  
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,  
And you my royal sovereign.

*Ric.* Admirable!

*Hon.* I have heard of captains taken more with  
dangers  
Than the rewards; and if, in your approaches  
To those delights which are your own, and freely,  
To heighten your desire, you make the passage  
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you,  
Or blame your fondness? or can that swell me  
Beyond my just proportion?

*U bald.* Above wonder!

<sup>s</sup> To seek to me &c.] See Vol. I. p. 221.



*Ladis.* Heaven make me thankful for such goodness !

*Hon.* Now, sir,  
The state I took to satisfy your pleasure,  
I change to this humility ; and the oath  
You made to me of homage, I thus cancel,  
And seat you in your own.

[*Leads the king to the throne.*]

*Ladis.* I am transported  
Beyond myself.

*Hon.* And now, to your wise lordship :  
Am I proved a Semiramis ? or hath  
My Ninus, as maliciously you made him,  
Cause to repent the excess of favour to me,  
Which you call dotage ?

*Ladis.* Answer, wretch !

*Eubu.* I dare, sir,  
And say, however the event may plead  
In your defence, you had a guilty cause ;  
Nor was it wisdom in you, I repeat it,  
To teach a lady, humble in herself,  
With the ridiculous dotage of a lover,  
To be ambitious.

*Hon.* Eubulus, I am so ;  
'Tis rooted in me ; you mistake my temper.  
I do profess myself to be the most  
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold  
Command over my lord ; such a proud torrent  
Would sink me in my wishes : not that I  
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,  
And may with justice challenge.

*Eubu.* This I look'd for ;  
After this seeming humble ebb, I knew  
A gushing tide would follow.

*Hon.* By my birth,  
And liberal gifts of nature, as of fortune,  
From you, as things beneath me, I expect

What's due to majesty, in which I am  
A sharer with your sovereign.

*Eubu.* Good again !

*Hon.* And as I am most eminent in place,  
In all my actions I would appear so.

*Ladis.* You need not fear a rival,

*Hon.* I hope not ;  
And till I find one, I disdain to know  
What envy is.

*Ladis.* You are above it, madam.

*Hon.* For beauty without art, discourse, and  
free<sup>6</sup>

From affectation, with what graces else  
Can in the wife and daughter of a king  
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself, as——

*Eubu.* I

Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises !<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *For beauty without art, discourse, and free &c.]* These last words are improperly arranged, we should read,

*For beauty without art, and discourse free from affectation.*

M. MASON.

I know not how much Mr. M. Mason had read of his author when he wrote this note ; but must take leave to think, that his acquaintance with him was exceedingly superficial. The mode of expression, which he would change into tame prose by his arrangement, is so frequent in Massinger, as to form one of the characteristic of his style. It is not, indeed, unknown to, or unused by, any of his contemporaries : but in none of them are the recurrences of it so frequent. See Act IV. sc. i. note 8.

<sup>7</sup> *Eubu.* I

*Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises !]* Dodsley reads,  
*As I*

*Blush for you, lady, trumpet not your own praise.*

Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason :

*As I*

*Blush for you, lady, trumpet your own praises——*

And explain it to mean that——“she herself having lost all sense of shame, he undertakes to blush for her ; and therefore ironically bids her proceed.”

I like neither of these readings. Dodsley's is very tame ; and

This spoken by the people had been heard  
 With honour to you. Does the court afford  
 No oil-tongued parasite, that you are forced  
 To be your own gross flatterer?

*Ladis.* Be dumb,  
 Thou spirit of contradiction!

*Hon.* The wolf  
 But barks against the moon, and I condemn it.  
 The mask you promised. [*A horn sounded within.*]  
*Ladis.* Let them enter.

*Enter a Courier.*

How!

*Eubu.* Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.

*Ladis.* From the camp?

*Cour.* The general, victorious in your fortune,  
 Kisses your hand in this, sir. [*Delivers a letter.*]

*Ladis.* That great Power,  
 Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles,  
 Be ever praised for't! Read, sweet, and partake it:  
 The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss  
 Upon our part, in which our joy is doubled.

*Eubu.* But let it not exalt you; bear it, sir,  
 With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

*Ladis.* I understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now  
 Enquire particulars.—[*Exit Courier.*—Our de-  
 lights deferr'd,  
 With reverence to the temples; there we'll tender

Coxeter's at variance with what follows. The old copy points  
 the passage thus:

*Eub. As I*

*Blush for you lady, trumpet your own praises?*

Which leads me to suspect that the queen was interrupted by  
 the impatience of Eubulus; and upon that idea I have regulated  
 the text. This is by far the greatest liberty I have yet taken  
 with my author.

Our souls' devotions to his dread might,  
Who edged our swords, and taught us how to  
fight. [Exeunt.

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

Bohemia. *A Room in Mathias' House.*

*Enter HILARIO and CORISCA.*

*Hil.* You like my speech?

*Coris.* Yes, if you give it action  
In the delivery.

*Hil.* If! I pity you.

I have play'd the fool before; this is not the first  
time,

Nor shall be, I hope, the last.

*Coris.* Nay, I think so too.

*Hil.* And if I put her not out of her dumps with  
laughter,  
I'll make her howl for anger.

*Coris.* Not too much  
Of that, good fellow Hilario: our sad lady  
Hath drank too often of that bitter cup;  
A pleasant one must restore her. With what  
patience

Would she endure to hear of the death of my  
lord;

That, merely out of doubt he may miscarry,  
Afflicts herself thus?

*Hil.* Umph! 'tis a question  
A widow only can resolve. There be some

That in their husbands' sicknesses\* have wept  
 Their pottle of tears a day; but being once cer-  
 tain

At midnight he was dead, have in the morning  
 Dried up their handkerchiefs, and thought no  
 more on't.

*Coris.* Tush, she is none of that race; if her  
 sorrow

Be not true and perfect, I against my sex  
 Will take my oath woman ne'er wept in earnest.  
 She has made herself a prisoner to her chamber,  
 Dark as a dungeon, in which no beam  
 Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;  
 Eats little, and her nightly musick is  
 Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony  
 Of feeling grief, that I, against my nature,  
 Am made one of the consort.<sup>9</sup> This hour only  
 She takes the air, a custom every day  
 She solemnly observes, with greedy hopes,  
 From some that pass by, to receive assurance  
 Of the success and safety of her lord.  
 Now, if that your device will take——

*Hil.* Ne'er fear it:

I am provided cap-à-pié, and have  
 My properties in readiness.

*Soph.* [*within.*] Bring my veil, there.

*Coris.* Be gone, I hear her coming.

*Hil.* If I do not

\* *That in their husbands' sicknesses have wept*] So the quartet:  
 the modern editors read,

*That in their husband's sickness have wept*  
 which utterly destroys the metre. In the next speech, for—  
 woman *ne'er wept*, Mr. M. Mason gives us—women *ne'er wept*!  
 and thus he stumbles and blunders on through the whole work.

<sup>9</sup> *Am made one of the consort.*] Here, as every where else,  
 Mr. M. Mason discharges the genuine word for concert. See *the*  
*Fatal Dowry*.

Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, hiss  
me. [Exit.]

*Enter SOPHIA.*

*Soph.* I was flatter'd once, I was a star, but now  
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and, like one,  
Hang in the air between my hopes and fears;  
And every hour, the little stuff burnt out  
That yields a waning light to dying comfort,  
I do expect my fall, and certain ruin.  
In wretched things more wretched is delay;  
And Hope, a parasite to me, being unmask'd,  
Appears more horrid than Despair, and my  
Distraction worse than madness. Even my prayers,  
When with most zeal sent upward, are pull'd down  
With strong imaginary doubts and fears,  
And in their sudden precipice o'erwhelm me.  
Dreams and fantastick visions walk the round<sup>1</sup>  
About my widow'd bed, and every slumber's  
Broken with loud alarms: can these be then  
But sad presages, girl?

*Coris.* You make them so,  
And antedate a loss shall ne'er fall on you.  
Such pure affection, such mutual love,  
A bed, and undefiled on either part,  
A house without contention, in two bodies  
One will and soul, like to the rod of concord,  
Kissing each other, cannot be short-lived,  
Or end in barrenness.—If all these, dear madam,  
(Sweet in your sadness,) should produce no fruit,  
Or leave the age no models of yourselves,

<sup>1</sup> *Dreams and fantastick visions walk the round*] For—the round, Coxeter would read, *their round*; but he did not understand the phrase. To “walk the round” was technical, and meant to watch, in which sense it often occurs in Massinger, and other writers of his age.

To witness to posterity what you were ;  
 Succeeding times, frighted with the example,  
 But hearing of your story, would instruct  
 Their fairest issue to meet sensually,  
 Like other creatures, and forbear to raise  
 True Love, or Hymen, altars.

*Soph.* O Corisca,  
 I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes ;  
 And they are built upon a weak foundation,  
 To raise me comfort. Ten long days are past,  
 Ten long days, my Corisca, since my lord  
 Embark'd himself upon a sea of danger,  
 In his dear care of me. And if his life  
 Had not been shipwreck'd on the rock of war,  
 His tenderness of me (knowing how much  
 I languish for his absence) had provided  
 Some trusty friend, from whom I might receive  
 Assurance of his safety.

*Coris.* Ill news, madam,  
 Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on  
 crutches :

With patience expect it, and, ere long,  
 No doubt, you shall hear from him.

[*A sowgelder's horn blown.*]

*Soph.* Ha ! What's that ?

*Coris.* The fool has got a sowgelder's horn. A post,  
 As I take it, madam.

*Soph.* It makes this way still ;  
 Nearer and nearer.

*Coris.* From the camp, I hope.

*Enter one disguised as a Courier, with a horn ; fol-  
 lowed by HILARIO, in antick armour, with long  
 white hair and beard.*

*Soph.* The messenger appears, and in strange  
 armour.

Heaven ! if it be thy will—

*Hil.* It is no boot  
To strive; our horses tired, let's walk on foot:  
And that the castle, which is very near us,  
To give us entertainment, may soon hear us,  
Blow lustily, my lad, and drawing nigh-a,<sup>2</sup>  
Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.

*Coris.* He names you, madam.

*Hil.* For to her I bring,  
Thus clad in arms, news of a pretty thing,  
By name Mathias. [Exit Courier.

*Soph.* From my lord? O sir,  
I am Sophia, that Mathias' wife.  
So may Mars favour you in all your battles,  
As you with speed unload me of the burthen  
I labour under, till I am confirm'd  
Both where and how you left him!

*Hil.* If thou art,  
As I believe, the pigney of his heart,  
Know he's in health, and what's more, full of glee;  
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

*Soph.* Have you no letters from him?

*Hil.* No more words.<sup>3</sup>

In the camp we use no pens, but write with swords:  
Yet as I am enjoin'd, by word of mouth  
I will proclaim his deeds from north to south;

<sup>2</sup> *Blow lustily my lad, and drawing nigh-a,*

*Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.]* Coxeter took the *e* from *nigh-a*, and Mr. M. Mason, not to behind hand in the business of improvement, reduced *Sophia* to *Sophy*. He then observes with great self-complacency, "this emendation" (emendation!) "is evidently right; as all the rest of this ridiculous speech is in rhyme, we should *without doubt* read *Sophy* instead of *Sophia*!" After all this confidence, the old copy reads precisely as I have given it.

<sup>3</sup> *Hil.* *No more words.]* Here is another "emendation"! The editors read; *No, mere words.* But Hilario alludes to what he had just said—"so much *I was will'd to say to thee—and therefore question me no further.*" The contradiction which follows, makes the humour, if it may be so styled, of this absurd interlude.



But tremble not, while I relate the wonder,  
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my  
voice thunder.

*Soph.* This is some counterfeit braggart.

*Coris.* Hear him, madam.

*Hil.* The rear march'd first, which follow'd by  
the van,

And wing'd with the battalia,\* no man  
Durst stay to shift a shirt, or louse himself;  
Yet, ere the armies join'd, that hopeful elf,  
Thy dear, thy dainty duckling, bold Mathias,  
Advanced, and stared like Hercules or Goliath.  
A hundred thousand Turks, it is no vaunt,  
Assail'd him; every one a Termagaunt:  
But what did he then? with his keen-edge spear  
He cut and carbonaded them: here and there  
Lay legs and arms; and, as 'tis said trulee  
Of Bevis, some he quarter'd all in three.

*Soph.* This is ridiculous.

*Hil.* I must take breath;

Then, like a nightingale, I'll sing his death.

*Soph.* His death!

*Hil.* I am out.

*Coris.* Recover, dunder-head.

*Hil.* How he escaped, I should have sung, not  
died;

For, though a knight, when I said so, I lied.  
Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,  
And looking round for some courageous knight  
To rescue him, as one perplex'd in woe,  
He call'd to me, Help, help, Hilario!  
My valiant servant, help!

*Coris.* He has spoil'd all.

\* *And wing'd with the battalia,*] Mr. M. Mason reads *battalion*; a needless surcrease of nonsense: by *battalia* our old writers meant what we now call the main body of the army.

*Soph.* Are you the man of arms, then? I'll make bold

To take off your martial beard, you had fool's hair  
Enough without it. Slave! how durst thou make  
Thy sport of what concerns me more than life,  
In such an antick fashion? Am I grown  
Contemptible to those I feed? you, minion,  
Had a hand in it too, as it appears,  
Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.<sup>5</sup>

*Coris.* We did it for your mirth.

*Hil.* For myself, I hope,  
I have spoke like a soldier.

*Soph.* Hence, you rascal!

I never but with reverence name my lord,  
And can I hear it by thy tongue profaned,  
And not correct thy folly? but you are  
Transform'd, and turn'd knight-errant; take your  
course,

And wander where you please; for here I vow  
By my lord's life, (an oath I will not break,)  
Till his return, or certainty of his safety,  
My doors are shut against thee. [*Exit.*]

*Coris.* You have made

A fine piece of work on't! How do you like the  
quality?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.*] *Bases* seem to be some kind of quilted and ornamental covering for the upper part of the legs. That it was considered as defensive in some measure, I have no doubt, (though Steevens maintains the contrary, see *Pericles*, Act II. sc. i.) since it appears, in almost every instance, to have made a part of the military dress of the time:

“*Per.* Now by your furtherance I am clad in steel

“Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided

“Of a pair of bases.

“*Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown

“to make thee a pair.”

<sup>6</sup> *How do you like the quality?*] i. e. the profession of playing.

You had a foolish itch to be an actor,  
And may stroll where you please.

*Hil.* Will you buy my share?

*Coris.* No, certainly; I fear I have already  
Too much of mine own: I'll only, as a damsel,  
(As the books say,<sup>7</sup>) thus far help to disarm you;  
And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my leave,  
I leave you to your fortune. [Exit.]

*Hil.* Have I sweat

My brains out for this quaint and rare invention,  
And am I thus rewarded? I could turn  
Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear  
'Twould get me too great a stomach, having no  
meat

To pacify colon:<sup>8</sup> What will become of me?  
I cannot beg in armour, and steal I dare not:  
My end must be to stand in a corn field,  
And fright away the crows, for bread and cheese;  
Or find some hollow tree in the highway,  
And there, until my lord return, sell switches:  
No more Hilario, but Dolorio now,  
I'll weep my eyes out, and be blind of purpose  
To move compassion; and so I vanish. [Exit.]

See *the Roman Actor*, Vol II. p. 339. In the last line of this speech, the editors have unnecessarily inserted *now* before stroll.

<sup>7</sup> *As the books say,*] i. e. the books of knight-errantry, which were then much read. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have—*As the book says!*

<sup>8</sup> *To pacify colon:*] i. e. the cravings of hunger. See Vol. I. p. 132.

## SCENE II.

Hungary. *An Ante-room in the Palace.*

*Enter EUBULUS, UBALDO, RICARDO, and others.*

*Eubu.* Are the gentlemen sent before, as it  
was order'd  
By the king's direction, to entertain  
The general?

*Ric.* Long since; they by this have met him,  
And given him the bienvenu.

*Eubu.* I hope I need not  
Instruct you in your parts.

*Ubal.* How! us, my lord!  
Fear not; we know our distances and degrees  
To the very inch where we are to salute him.

*Ric.* The state were miserable, if the court  
had none  
Of her own breed, familiar with all garbs  
Gracious in England, Italy, Spain, or France;  
With form and punctuality to receive  
Stranger ambassadours: for the general,  
He's a mere native, and it matters not  
Which way we do accost him.

*Ubal.* 'Tis great pity  
That such as sit at the helm provide no better  
For the training up of the gentry. In my judgment

An academy erected, with large pensions  
To such as in a table could set down  
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,  
Proper to every nation——

*Ric.* O, it were  
An admirable piece of work!

*Ubal.* And yet rich fools  
 Throw away their charity on hospitals  
 For beggars and lame soldiers, and ne'er study  
 The due regard to compliment and courtship,  
 Matters of more import, and are indeed  
 The glories of a monarchy.

*Eubu.* These, no doubt,  
 Are state points, gallants, I confess; but, sure,  
 Our court needs no aids this way, since it is<sup>9</sup>  
 A school of nothing else. There are some of you  
 Whom I forbear to name, whose coining heads  
 Are the mints of all new fashions, that have done  
 More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war,  
 Or a long famine; all the treasure, by  
 This foul excess, is got into the merchant,  
 Embroiderer, silkman, jeweller, tailor's hand,  
 And the third part of the land too, the nobility  
 Engrossing titles only.

*Ric.* My lord, you are bitter. [*A trumpet.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The general is alighted, and now enter'd.

*Ric.* Were he ten generals, I am prepared,  
 And know what I will do.

*Eub.* Pray you what, Ricardo?

*Ric.* I'll fight at compliment with him.

*Ubal.* I'll charge home too.

*Eub.* And that's a desperate service; if you  
 come off well.

<sup>9</sup> *Our court needs no aids this way, since it is &c.*] Mr. M. Mason, in defiance of authority and of grammar, reads: *Our courts need no aids this way since it &c.* indeed, he hath printed the whole of this speech very carelessly, and pointed it still more so.

<sup>1</sup> ————— *by superfluous bravery*] i. e. as I have already observed, finery, costliness of apparel, &c.

*Enter FERDINAND, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, and Captains.*

*Ferd.* Captain, command the officers to keep  
The soldier, as he march'd, in rank and file,  
Till they hear further from me. [*Exeunt Captains.*]

*Eubu.* Here's one speaks  
In another key; this is no canting language  
Taught in your academy.

*Ferd.* Nay, I will present you  
To the king myself.

*Math.* A grace beyond my merit.

*Ferd.* You undervalue what I cannot set  
Too high a price on.

*Eubu.* With a friend's true heart,  
I gratulate your return.

*Ferd.* Next to the favour  
Of the great king, I am happy in your friendship.

*Ubal.* By courtship, coarse on both sides!

*Ferd.* Pray you, receive  
This stranger to your knowledge; on my credit,  
At all parts he deserves it.

*Eubu.* Your report  
Is a strong assurance to me. Sir, most welcome.

*Math.* This said by you, the reverence of your  
age  
Commands me to believe it.

*Ric.* This was pretty;  
But second me now.—I cannot stoop too low  
To do your excellence that due observance  
Your fortune claims.

*Eubu.* He ne'er thinks on his virtue!

*Ric.* For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers,  
And bulwark of Bellona—

*Ubal.* The protection  
Both of the court and king—

*Ric.* And the sole minion  
Of mighty Mars—

*Ubal.* One that with justice may  
Increase the number of the worthies—

*Eubu.* Heyday !

*Ric.* It being impossible in my arms to circle  
Such giant worth—

*Ubal.* At distance we presume  
To kiss your honour'd gauntlet.

*Eubu.* What reply now  
Can he make to this foppery ?

*Ferd.* You have said,  
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,  
That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,  
I must take time to thank you.

*Eubu.* As I live,  
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now !

*Ric.* This was harsh and scurvy.

*Ubal.* We will be revenged  
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at  
him.

*Eubu.* Nay, do your offices, gentlemen, and  
conduct  
The general to the presence.

*Ric.* Keep your order.

*Ubal.* Make way for the general.

[*Exeunt all but Eubulus.*]

*Eubu.* What wise man,  
That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier,  
But must confess that fortune's swing is more  
O'er that profession, than all kinds else  
Of life pursued by man ? They, in a state,  
Are but as surgeons to wounded men,  
E'en desperate in their hopes ; while pain and  
anguish

Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for death :  
Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees,

Promise him mountains, if his saving hand  
 Restore the tortured wretch to former strength.  
 But when grim death, by Æsculapius' art,  
 Is frightened from the house, and health appears  
 In sanguine colours on the sick man's face,  
 All is forgot ; and, asking his reward,  
 He's paid with curses, often receives wounds  
 From him whose wounds he cured. I have ob-  
     served,  
 When horrid Mars,<sup>2</sup> the touch of whose rough  
     hand  
 With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on  
 His dreadful helmet, and with terroure fills  
 The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,  
 Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like  
 The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,  
 And such like scarabs, bred in the dung of peace,  
 In hope of their protection, humbly offer  
 Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their  
     service,  
 And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their  
     scars :

<sup>2</sup> *From him whose wounds he cured. I have observed,  
 When horrid Mars, &c.]* There is both an imperfection and a  
 redundancy in this speech, as it stands in the old edition, which  
 reads,

*From him whose wounds he cured, so soldiers,  
 Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate,  
 As it is too apparent. I have observed  
 In one hue.  
 When horrid Mars, &c.*

From the repetitions, I am inclined to ~~think~~ that this solilo-  
 quy (which is sufficiently long) was abridged in the prompter's  
 book, and that the abridgment and the original were confounded,  
 and unskilfully copied at the press. This is not a circumstance  
 so improbable as it may appear to some readers, for I could  
 give many instances of it. It should be remembered that there  
 is but one edition of this play, so that the evil is without  
 remedy. Coxeter altered the pointing, without improving the  
 sense : and Mr. M. Mason gave the passage unfaithfully.



But when those clouds of war, that menaced  
 A bloody deluge to the affrighted state,  
 Are, by their breath, dispersed, and overblown,  
 And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,  
 Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;<sup>3</sup>  
 Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow,  
 To their own ruin hatch this cuckoo peace,  
 Are straight thought burthensome; since want of  
 means,  
 Growing from<sup>4</sup> want of action, breeds contempt:  
 And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot,  
 Their service, with the danger, soon forgot.

<sup>3</sup> *Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;*] Massinger is here mistaken, for Thrace is upon the continent. COXETER.

Massinger probably knew as well as the editor, that part of Thrace was on the continent; but the Thracian archipelago, which was dedicated to Mars, is composed of islands.

M. MASON.

It is difficult, in the words of Escalus, to say, "which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity." The contrast is not between a continent and an island, but between a state of tranquillity and one of warfare. The ancients comprehended under the name of Thrace much of the north-eastern part of Europe, the savage inhabitants of which were supposed to worship Mars and Bellona; who, in return, made the country the peculiar place of their residence. From thence they are frequently described with great magnificence by the poets, as setting forth to kindle war, "with their pages, famine, blood, and death;" and thither, when the continent was restored to peace, they were supposed to retire again. The same idea, and nearly in the same words, has already occurred in the *Roman Actor*:

Now, the god of war,  
 And famine, blood, and death, Bellone's pages,  
 Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,  
 With justice he may taste the fruits of peace.

<sup>4</sup> *Growing from want of action,*] This is sufficiently clear; yet Mr. M. Mason alters it to—*Growing for want of action!*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The queen, my lord, hath made choice of  
this room,  
To see the mask.

*Eubu.* I'll be a looker on;  
My dancing days are past.

*Loud musick. Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, LADIS-  
CLAUS, FERDINAND, HONORIA, MATHIAS, SYL-  
VIA, ACANTHE, BAPTISTA, Captains, and others,  
As they pass, a Song in the praise of war.*

*Ladis.* This courtesy  
To a stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair rank  
With all your rarities. After your travail,  
Look on our court delights; but first, from your  
Relation, with erected ears I'll hear  
The musick of your war, which must be sweet,  
Ending in victory.

*Ferd.* Not to trouble  
Your majesties with description of a battle  
Too full of horreur for the place, and to  
Avoid particulars, which should I deliver,  
I must trench longer on your patience than  
My manners will give way to;—in a word, sir,  
It was well fought on both sides, and almost  
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtful  
Upon whose bents plumed Victory would take  
Her glorious stand. Impatient of delay,  
With the flower of our prime gentlemen, I charged  
Their main Battalia, and with their assistance  
Brake in; but, when I was almost assured  
That they were routed; by a stratagem,  
Of the subtle Turk, who opening his gross body

And rallying up his troops on either side,  
 I found myself so far engaged, for I  
 Must not conceal my errors, that I knew not  
 Which way with honour to come off.

*Eubu.* I like

A general that tells his faults, and is not  
 Ambitious to engross unto himself  
 All honour, as some have, in which, with justice,  
 They could not claim a share.

*Ferd.* Being thus hemm'd in,  
 Their scimitars raged among us; and, my horse  
 Kill'd under me, I every minute look'd for  
 An honourable end, and that was all  
 My hope could fashion to me: circled thus  
 With death and horror, as one sent from heaven,  
 This man of men, with some choice horse, that  
 follow'd

His brave example, did pursue the track  
 His sword cut for them, and, but that I see him  
 Already blush to hear what he, being present,  
 I know would wish unspoken, I should say, sir,  
 By what he did, we boldly may believe  
 All that is writ of Hector.

*Math.* General,

Pray spare these strange hyperboles.

*Eubu.* Do not blush

To hear a truth; here are a pair of monsieurs,  
 Had they been in your place, would have run away,  
 And ne'er changed countenance.

*Ubal.* We have your good word still.

*Eubu.* And shall, while you deserve it.

*Ladis.* Silence; on.

*Ferd.* He, as I said, like dreadful lightning  
 thrown

From Jupiter's shield, dispersed the armed gire  
 With which I was environed; horse and man

Shrunk under his strong arm: more, with his looks<sup>5</sup>

Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encouraged,  
My soldiers, (like young eaglets preying under  
The wings of their fierce dam,) as if from him  
They took both spirit and fire, bravely came on.  
By him I was remounted, and inspired  
With treble courage; and such as fled before  
Boldly made head again; and, to confirm them,  
It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune  
Of the day was ours; each soldier and commander  
Perform'd his part; but this was the great wheel<sup>6</sup>  
By which the lesser moved; and all rewards  
And signs of honour, as the civick garland,  
The mural wreath, the enemy's prime horse,  
With the general's sword, and armour, (the old  
honours

With which the Romans crown'd their several  
leaders,)

To him alone are proper.

*Ladis.* And they shall

Deservedly fall on him. Sit; 'tis our pleasure.

*Ferd.* Which I must serve, not argue.

<sup>5</sup> ————— more, *with his looks &c.*] i. e. yet more, further, &c.

<sup>6</sup> ————— *but this was the great wheel &c.*] This is the third or fourth time we have had this expression. It is certainly no felony for a man to steal from himself, but it is nevertheless a very awkward way of relieving his necessities. It is surprising how seldom these repetitions occur in Shakspeare. When we consider how much he wrote, the exuberance of his resources will appear truly wonderful.

Massinger seems to be indebted to Daniel for the original idea:

“For this great motion of a state, we see,

“Doth turne on many wheels; and some, though *small*,

“Do yet the *greater move*, who in degree

“Stirre those who likewise turne the great'st of all.”

*Philotas.*

*Hon.* You are a stranger,  
 But, in your service for the king, a native.  
 And, though a free queen, I am bound in duty  
 To cherish virtue wheresoe'er I find it :  
 This place is yours.

*Math.* It were presumption in me  
 To sit so near you.

*Hon.* Not having our warrant.

*Ladis.* Let the maskers enter : by the preparation,  
 'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation  
 Of what you really perform in battle :  
 And Pallas, bound up in a little' volume,  
 Apollo, with his lute, attending on her,  
 Serve for the induction,

*Enter Maskers, APOLLO with his lute, and PALLAS :*  
*A Dance : after which, a Song\* in praise of the*  
*victorious soldier.*

Our thanks to all.  
 To the banquet that's prepared to entertain  
 them:— [*Exeunt Maskers, Apollo, and Pallas.*]  
 What would my best Honoria ?

*Hon.* May it please  
 My king, that I, who, by his suffrage, ever  
 Have had power to command, may now entreat  
 An honour from him.

*Ladis.* Why should you desire

\* *And Pallas, bound up in a little volume,* See Vol. I. p. 263.

I don't think Massinger excels in writing songs ; there are none to be found in these plays that have any degree of merit, and few that are even intelligible. M. MASON.

This song, which is evidently incomplete, I have removed to the end of the play. From the stage direction, it would seem as if the care of these things had been left to the performers. Just before (p. 149) we have " a song in praise of war " and, in the following act, another, " on pleasure."

What is your own? what'er it be, you are  
The mistress of it.

*Hon.* I am happy in  
Your grant: my suit, sir, is, that your com-  
manders,

Especially this stranger, may, as I  
In my discretion shall think good, receive  
What's due to their deserts.

*Ladis.* What you determine  
Shall know no alteration.

*Eubu.* The soldier  
Is like to have good usage, when he depends  
Upon her pleasure! Are all the men so bad,  
That, to give satisfaction, we must have  
A woman treasurer? Heaven help all!

*Hon.* With you, sir, [To *Mathias*.  
I will begin, and, as in my esteem  
You are most eminent, expect to have  
What's fit for me to give, and you to take.  
The favour in the quick dispatch being double,  
Go fetch my casket, and with speed.

[*Exit Acanthe.*

*Eubu.* The kingdom  
Is very bare of money, when rewards  
Issue from the queen's jewel-house. Give him  
gold  
And store,<sup>9</sup> no question the gentleman wants it.  
Good madam, what shall he do with a hoop ring,  
And a spark of diamond in it? though you take it,

*Re-enter ACANTHE with a Casket.*

For the greater honour, from your majesty's  
finger,

<sup>9</sup> *Give him gold*  
[*And more,*] This expression, which is taken from an old  
ballad, frequently occurs in these plays.

'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase

Rich suits, the gay caparison of courtship,  
Revel and feast, which, the war ended, is  
A soldier's glory; and 'tis fit that way  
Your bounty should provide for him.

*Hon.* You are rude,

And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.  
What I will do now shall be worth the envy  
Of Cleopatra. Open it; see here

[*Honoria descends from the state.*

The lapidary's idol! Gold is trash,  
And a poor salary fit for grooms; wear these  
As studded stars in your armour, and make the  
sun

Look dim with jealousy of a greater light  
Than his beams gild the day with: when it is  
Exposed to view, call it Honoria's gift,  
The queen Honoria's gift, that loves a soldier;  
And, to give ornament and lustre to him,

————— *He must purchase*

*Rich suits, the gay comparison of courtship,*] So it is printed in the old copy: the modern editors have reformed the spelling, and it may be they have done well; yet the word occurs so frequently in our old dramatists, that I have many doubts on the subject.

In the *Double Falsehood*, a play which Theobald attributed to Shakspeare, but which Pope, and his little knot of criticks, (without seeing the honour they did him,) affected to believe his own, are these pretty lines:

————— "I must stoop to gain her,

"Throw all my gay *comparisons* aside,

"And turn my proud additions out of service."

*Comparisons* they changed, with great exultation over poor Theobald, into *caparisons*; but had they known, or could he have informed them, that the word was so spelt by every author of that age, it might, perhaps, have moderated the excess of their triumph. *Courtship*, which is found in the same line, signifies the cost and magnificence of a court.

Parts freely with her own! Yet, not to take  
 From the magnificence of the king, I will  
 Dispense his bounty too, but as a page  
 To wait on mine; for other tosses,<sup>2</sup> take  
 A hundred thousand crowns:—your hand, dear  
 sir,— [Takes off the king's signet.  
 And this shall be thy warrant.

*Eubu.* I perceive  
 I was cheated in this woman: now she is  
 In the giving vein to soldiers, let her be proud,  
 And the king dote, so she go on, I care not.

*Hon.* This done, our pleasure is, that all ar-  
 rearages<sup>3</sup>  
 Be paid unto the captains, and their troops;  
 With a large donative, to increase their zeal  
 For the service of the kingdom.

*Eubu.* Better still:  
 Let men of arms be used thus, if they do not  
 Charge desperately upon the cannon's mouth,  
 Though the devil roar'd, and fight like dragons,  
 hang me!

Now they may drink sack; but small beer, with  
 a passport  
 To beg with as they travel, and no money,  
 Turns their red blood to buttermilk.

*Hon.* Are you pleased, sir,  
 With what I have done?

*Ladis.* Yes, and thus confirm it  
 With this addition of mine own: You have, sir,

<sup>2</sup> ————— for other tosses, take &c.] Meaning, perhaps, in the slight manner in which she notices this part of her bounty, for trash to fling away. Coxeter having negligently printed *losses*, observes on his own blunder, "this, I am apt to think should be, for other uses take," and nothing more was wanted to induce Mr. M. Mason to thrust it into the text!

<sup>3</sup> ————— that all arrearages] This word, I know not why, the modern editors discard for *arrears*.



From our loved queen received some recompense

For your life hazarded in the late action;  
And, that we may follow her great example  
In cherishing valour, without limit ask  
What you from us can wish.

*Math.* If it be true,  
Dread sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every soil,  
Where he is well, is to a valiant man:  
His natural country, reason may assure me  
I should fix here, where blessings beyond hope,  
From you, the spring, like rivers, flow unto me.  
If wealth were my ambition, by the queen  
I am made rich already, to the amazement  
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read  
The story of her bounty; if to spend  
The remnant of my life in deeds of arms,  
No region is more fertile of good knights,  
From whom my knowledge that way may be  
better'd,

Than this your warlike Hungary; if favour,  
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant,  
Far, far beyond my merit, I may make  
In yours a free election; but, alas! sir,  
I am not mine own, but by my destiny  
(Which I cannot resist) forced to prefer  
My country's smoke, before the glorious fire  
With which your bounties warm me. All I ask,  
sir,

Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish  
Of foul ingratitude, is your gracious license  
For my departure.

*Ladis.* Whither?

*Math.* To my own home, sir,  
My own poor home; which will, at my return,  
Grow rich by your magnificence. I am here  
But a body without a soul; and, till I find it

In the embraces of my constant wife,  
And, to set off that constancy, in her beauty  
And matchless excellencies without a rival,  
I am but half myself.

*Hon.* And is she then

So chaste and fair as you infer?

*Math.* O, madam,

Though it must argue weakness in a rich man,  
To shew his gold before an armed thief,  
And I, in praising of my wife, but feed  
The fire of lust in others to attempt her;  
Such is my full-sail'd confidence in her virtue,  
Though in my absence she were now besieged  
By a strong army of lascivious wooers,  
And every one more expert in his art,  
Than those that tempted chaste Penelope;  
Though they raised batteries by prodigal gifts,  
By amorous letters, vows made for her service,  
With all the engines wanton appetite  
Could mount to shake the fortress of her honour,  
Here, here is my assurance she holds out,

*[Kisses the picture.]*

And is impregnable.

*Hon.* What's that?

*Math.* Her fair figure.

*Ladis.* As I live, an excellent face!

*Hon.* You have seen a better.

*Ladis.* I ever except yours:—nay, frown not,  
sweetest,

The Cyprian queen, compared to you, in my

<sup>4</sup> *Ladis.* I ever except yours:—nay, frown not, sweetest,] This line stands thus in the modern editions:

*Ladis.* I! ne'er, except yours; nay, frown not, sweetest; which is the perfection of taste and harmony: the old copy reads as I have given it.

Opinion, is a negro. As you order'd,  
 I'll see the soldiers paid ; and, in my absence,  
 Pray you use your powerful arguments, to stay  
 This gentleman in our service.

*Hon.* I will do

My parts.

*Ladis.* On to the camp.

[*Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus,  
 Baptista, Captains, and others.*]

*Hon.* I am full of thoughts.

And something there is here I must give form  
 to,

Though yet an embryo : you, signiors,  
 Have no business with the soldier, as I take it,  
 You are for other warfare ; quit the place,  
 But be within call.

*Ric.* Employment, on my life, boy !

*Ubal.* If it lie in our road, we are made for ever.

[*Exeunt Ubaldo and Ricardo.*]

*Hon.* You may perceive the king is no way  
 tainted

With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves me  
 Thus private with you.

*Math.* It were in him, madam,  
 A sin unpardonable to distrust such pureness,  
 Though I were an Adonis.

*Hon.* I presume

He neither does nor dares : and yet the story  
 Delivered of you by the general,  
 With your heroick courage, which sinks deeply  
 Into a knowing woman's heart, besides  
 Your promising presence, might beget some  
 scruple

In a meaner man ; but more of this hereafter.  
 I'll take another theme now, and conjure you  
 By the honours you have won, and by the love

Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly  
To what I shall demand.

*Math.* You need not use  
Charms to this purpose, madam.

*Hon.* Tell me, then,  
Being yourself assured 'tis not in man  
To sully with one spot th' immaculate whiteness  
Of your wife's honour, if you have not, since  
The Gordian of your love was tied by marriage,  
Play'd false with her?

*Math.* By the hopes of mercy, never.

*Hon.* It may be, not frequenting the converse  
Of handsome ladies, you were never tempted,  
And so your faith's untried yet.

*Math.* Surely, madam,  
I am no woman-hater; I have been  
Received to the society of the best  
And fairest of our climate, and have met with  
No common entertainment, yet ne'er felt  
The least heat that way.

*Hon.* Strange! and do you think still,  
The earth can shew no beauty that can drench  
In Lethe all remembrance of the favour  
You now bear to your own?

*Math.* Nature must find out  
Some other mould to fashion a new creature  
Fairer than her Pandora, ere I prove  
Guilty, or in my wishes or my thoughts,  
To my Sophia.

*Hon.* Sir, consider better;  
Not one in our whole sex?

*Math.* I am constant to  
My resolution.

*Hon.* But dare you stand  
The opposition, and bind yourself  
By oath for the performance?

*Math.* My faith else  
Had but a weak foundation.

*Hon.* I take hold  
Upon your promise, and enjoin your stay  
For one month here.

*Math.* I am caught.

*Hon.* And if I do not  
Produce a lady, in that time, that shall  
Make you confess your error, I submit  
Myself to any penalty you shall please  
To impose upon me : in the mean space, write  
To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your fortune :

The jewels that were mine you may send to her,  
For better confirmation : I'll provide you  
Of trusty messengers ; but how far distant is she ?

*Math.* A day's hard riding.

*Hon.* There is no retiring ;  
I'll bind you to your word.

*Math.* Well, since there is  
No way to shun it, I will stand the hazard,  
And instantly make ready my dispatch :  
Till then, I'll leave your majesty. [Exit.]

*Hon.* How I burst  
With envy, that there lives, besides myself,  
One fair and loyal woman ! 'twas the end  
Of my ambition to be recorded  
The only wonder of the age, and shall I  
Give way to a competitor ? Nay more,  
To add to my affliction, the assurances  
That I placed in my beauty have deceived me :  
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring  
All hearts to my subjection ; but this stranger,  
Unmoved as rocks, contemns me. But I cannot  
Sit down so with mine honour : I will gain  
A double victory, by working him  
To my desire, and taint her in her honour,

Or lose myself: I have read, that sometime poison  
 Is useful.—To supplant her, I'll employ  
 With any cost Ubaldo, and Ricardo,  
 Two noted courtiers, of approved cunning  
 In all the windings of lust's labyrinth;  
 And in corrupting him, I will outgo  
 Nero's Poppæa; if he shut his ears  
 Against my Syren notes, I'll boldly swear  
 Ulysses lives again; or that I have found  
 A frozen cynick, cold in spite of all  
 Allurements; one whom beauty cannot move,  
 Nor softest blandishments entice to love. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Bohemia. *A Space near the Entrance of Mathias' House.*

*Enter HILARIO, with a pitcher of water, and a wallet.*

*Hil.* Thin, thin provision! I am dieted  
 Like one set to watch hawks; and, to keep me  
 waking;  
 My croaking guts make a perpetual larum.  
 Here I stand sentinel; and, though I fright  
 Beggars from my lady's gate, in hope to have

— or that I have found

*A frozen cynick, &c.]* I doubt whether the queen was well read in the characteristics of the different sects. The cynicks wanted little allurements; the modestest of them would have met her advances more than half way: but perhaps her majesty meant to say *Stoick*. This lady is of a most unamiable character. Her vanity, which she mistakes for ambition, is excessive; and her eagerness to gratify it, detestable in the extreme. She is chaste from temperament, but licentious from indulgence.

A greater share, I find my commons mend not.  
 I look'd this morning in my glass, the river,  
 And there appear'd a fish call'd a poor John,<sup>6</sup>  
 Cut with a lenten face, in my own likeness;  
 And it seem'd to speak, and say, Good-morrow,  
                   cousin !

No man comes this way but has a fling at me :  
 A surgeon passing by, ask'd at what rate  
 I would sell myself; I answer'd, For what use ?  
 To make, said he, a living anatomy,  
 And set thee up in our hall, for thou art trans-  
                   parent

Without dissection; and, indeed, he had reason;  
 For I am scour'd with this poor purge' to nothing.  
 They say that hunger dwells in the camp; but till  
 My lord returns, or certain tidings of him,  
 He will not part with me:—but sorrow's dry,  
 And I must drink howsoever.

*Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, and a Guide.*

*Guide.* That's her castle,  
 Upon my certain knowledge.

*Ubaldo.* Our horses held out  
 To my desire. I am asfire to be at it.

*Ric.* Take the jades for thy reward; before I  
       part hence,  
 I hope to be better carried. Give me the cabinet:  
 So; leave us now.

*Guide.* Good fortune to you, gallants ! [*Exit.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— a fish call'd a poor John,] i. e. dried  
 hake. See Vol. II. p. 124. It occurs again in the *Guardian* :

“ Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John.”

<sup>7</sup> For I am scour'd with this poor purge to nothing.] So the  
 old copies; the modern editors read, with this poor porridge;  
 but whether out of delicacy, or to improve the metre, I cannot  
 say.

*Ubold.* Being joint agents, in a design of trust too,

For the service of the queen, and our own pleasure,  
Let us proceed with judgment.

*Ric.* If I take not  
This fort at the first assault, make me an eunuch,  
So I may have precedence.

*Ubold.* On no terms.  
We are both to play one prize; he that works best  
In the searching of this mine, shall carry it  
Without contention.

*Ric.* Make you your approaches  
As I directed.

*Ubold.* I need no instruction;  
I work not on your anvil. I'll give fire  
With mine own linstock; if the powder be dank,  
The devil rend the touch-hole! Who have we  
here?

What skeleton's this?

*Ric.* A ghost! or the image of famine!  
Where dost thou dwell?

*Hil.* Dwell, sir! my dwelling is  
In the highway: that goodly house was once  
My habitation, but I am banish'd,  
And cannot be call'd home till news arrive  
Of the good knight Mathias.

*Ric.* If that will  
Restore thee, thou art safe.

*Ubold.* We come from him,  
With presents to his lady.

*Hil.* But, are you sure  
He is in health?

*Ric.* Never so well: conduct us  
To the lady.

*Hil.* Though a poor snake, I will leap  
Out of my skin for joy. Break, pitcher, break!  
And wallet, late my cupboard, I bequeath thee



To the next beggar; thou, red herring, swim  
 To the Red Sea again: methinks I am already  
 Knuckle deep in the fleshpots; and, though  
     waking, dream  
 Of wine and plenty!

*Ric.* What's the mystery  
 Of this strange passion?

*Hil.* My belly, gentlemen,  
 Will not give me leave to tell you; when I have  
     brought you

To my lady's presence, I am disenchanted:  
 There you shall know all. Follow; if I outstrip  
     you,

Know I run for my belly.

*Ubal.* A mad fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Mathias' House.*

*Enter SOPHIA and CORISCA.*

*Soph.* Do not again delude me.

*Coris.* If I do,

Send me a grazing with my fellow Hilario.\*

I stood, as you commanded, in the turret,

Observing all that pass'd by; and even now

I did discern a pair of cavaliers,

For such their outside spoke them, with their  
     guide,

Dismounting from their horses; they said some-  
     thing

\* *Send me a grazing with my fellow Hilario.*] i. e. my fellow-servant. Even this simple expression cannot escape the ever-meddling delicacy of Mr. M. Mason: he alters it to—*my friend Hilario!*

To our hungry centinel, that made him caper  
And frisk in the air for joy: and, to confirm this,  
See, madam, they're in view.

*Enter* HILARIO, UBALDO, and RICARDO,

*Hil.* News from my lord !  
Tidings of joy ! these are no counterfeits,  
But knights indeed. Dear madam, sign my pardon,  
That I may feed again, and pick up my crumbs;  
I have had a long fast of it.

*Soph.* Eat, I forgive thee.

*Hil.* O comfortable words ! *Eat, I forgive thee !*  
And if in this I do not soon obey you,  
And ram in to the purpose, billet me again  
In the highway. Butler and cook, be ready,  
For I enter like a tyrant. *[Exit.*

*Ubal.* Since mine eyes  
Were never happy in so sweet an object,  
Without inquiry, I presume you are  
The lady of the house, and so salute you.\*

*Ric.* This letter, with these jewels, from your  
lord,  
Warrant my boldness, madam,

*[Delivers a letter and a casket.*

*Ubal.* In being a servant  
To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve  
This courtesy from a stranger. *[Salutes Corisca.*

*Ric.* You are still  
Beforehand with me. Pretty one, I descend

\* *The lady of the house, and so salute you.* ] i. e. as such : Mr. M. Mason, not satisfied with this, reforms the text, and prints—  
*and do salute you.* The reader cannot be more weary of these  
eternal corrections, than myself. I lament that it is necessary,  
for both our sakes, to notice a certain portion of them in this  
way, (all, is impossible,) lest I should be suspected of caprici-  
ously deviating from the text of my predecessors.

To take the height of your lip; and, if I miss  
In the altitude, hereafter, if you please,  
I will make use of my Jacob's staff. [*Salutes Corisca.*]

*Coris.* These gentlemen

Have certainly had good breeding, as it appears  
By their neat kissing, they hit me so pat on the  
lips

At the first sight.

[*In the interim, Sophia reads the letter, and  
opens the casket.*]

*Soph.* Heaven, in thy mercy, make me  
Thy thankful handmaid for this boundless blessing,

In thy goodness shower'd upon me!

*Ubal.* I do not like

This simple devotion in her; it is seldom  
Practised among my mistresses.

*Ric.* Or mine.

Would they kneel to I know not who, for the  
possession

Of such inestimable wealth, before  
They thank'd the bringers of it? the poor lady  
Does want instruction, but I'll be her tutor,  
And read her another lesson.

*Soph.* If I have

Shewn want of manners, gentlemen, in my  
slowness

To pay the thanks I owe you for your travail,  
To do my lord and me, howe'er unworthy  
Of such a benefit, this noble favour,  
Impute it, in your clemency, to the excess  
Of joy that overwhelm'd me.

*Ric.* She speaks well.

*Ubal.* Polite and courtly.

*Soph.* And howe'er it may

Increase the offence, to trouble you with more  
Demands touching my lord, before I have

Invited you to taste such as the coarseness  
Of my poor house can offer; pray you connive  
On my weak tenderness, though I entreat  
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,  
In his letter left unmention'd.

*Ric.* I can only  
Give you assurance that he is in health,  
Graced by the king and queen.

*Ubal.* And in the court  
With admiration look'd on.

*Ric.* You must therefore  
Put off these widow's garments, and appear  
Like to yourself.

*Ubal.* And entertain all pleasures  
Your fortune marks out for you.

*Ric.* There are other  
Particular privacies, which on occasion  
I will deliver to you.

*Soph.* You oblige me  
To your service ever.

*Ric.* Good! *your service*; mark that.

*Soph.* In the mean time, by your good accept-  
ance make

My rustick entertainment relish of  
The curiousness of the court.

*Ubal.* Your looks, sweet madam,  
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

*Soph.* It shall be  
Such, in the freedom of my will to please you.  
I'll shew you the way: this is too great an honour,  
From such brave guests, to me so mean an hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

Hungary. *An Outer-room in the Palace.*

*Enter ACANTHE, and four or five Servants in visors.\**

*Acan.* You know your charge; give it action,  
and expect  
Rewards beyond your hopes.

*1 Serv.* If we but eye them,  
They are ours, I warrant you.

*2 Serv.* May we not ask why  
We are put upon this?

*Acan.* Let that stop your mouth;

*[Gives them money.*

And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon the  
hour

In which they use to walk here: when you have  
them

In your power, with violence carry them to the  
place

Where I appointed; there I will expect you:

Be bold and and careful. *[Exit.*

*Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.*

*1 Serv.* These are they.

*2 Serv.* Are you sure?

*1 Serv.* Am I sure I am myself?

\* *Enter ACANTHE, and four or five Servants in visors.* ] The old stage direction is, *Enter Acanthe, two, four or five with vizards ;* i. e. such a number as the stage could conveniently supply. The editors not seeing this, have printed, *Enter Acanthe to four or five &c.* but this is wrong, for they all appear together.

2 *Serv.* Seize on him strongly; if he have but means

To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't:  
Take all advantages.

*Math.* I cannot guess  
What her intents are; but her carriage was  
As I but now related.

*Bapt.* Your assurance  
In the constancy of your lady is the armour  
That must defend you. Where's the picture?

*Math.* Here,  
And no way alter'd.

*Bapt.* If she be not perfect,  
There is no truth in art.

*Math.* By this, I hope,  
She hath received my letters.

*Bapt.* Without question:  
These courtiers are rank riders, when they are  
To visit a handsome lady.

*Math.* Lend me your ear.  
One piece of her entertainment will require  
Your dearest privacy.

1 *Serv.* Now they stand fair;  
Upon them. *[They rush forward.]*

*Math.* Villains!

1 *Serv.* Stop their mouths. We come not  
To try your valours: kill him, if he offer  
To ope his mouth. We have you: 'tis in vain  
To make resistance. Mount them, and away.

*[Exeunt with Mathias and Baptista.]*

## SCENE IV.

*An Inner-room in the same.*

*Enter Servants with lights, LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, and EUBULUS,*

*Ladis.* 'Tis late. Go to your rest; but do not  
envy

The happiness I draw near to.

*Eubu.* If you enjoy it

The moderate way, the sport yields, I confess,

A pretty titillation; but too much of't

Will bring you on your knees. In my younger  
days

I was myself a gamester; and I found

By sad experience, there is no such soaker

As a young spongy wife; she keeps a thousand  
Horse-leeches in her box, and the thieves will  
suck out

Both blood and marrow! I feel a kind of cramp  
In my joints, when I think on't: but it may be  
queens,

And such a queen as yours is, has the art——

*Ferd.* You take leave

To talk, my lord.

*Ladis.* He may, since he can do nothing.

*Eubu.* If you spend this way too much of your  
royal stock,

Ere long we may be puefellows.

*Ladis.* The door shut!

Knock gently; harder. So, here comes her woman.  
Take off my gown.

*Enter ACANTHE.*

*Acan.* My lord, the queen by me  
This night desires your pardon.

*Ladis.* How, Acanthe!  
I come by her appointment; 'twas her grant;  
The motion was her own.

*Acan.* It may be, sir;  
But by her doctors she is since advised,  
For her health's sake, to forbear.

*Eubu.* I do not like  
This physical lechery, the old downright way  
Is worth a thousand on't.

*Ladis.* Prithee, Acanthe,  
Mediate for me.

*Eubu.* O the fiends of hell!  
Would any man bribe his servant, to make way  
To his own wife? if this be the court state,  
Shame fall on such as use it!

*Acan.* By this jewel,  
This night I dare not move her, but to morrow  
I will watch all occasions.

*Ladis.* Take this,  
To be mindful of me. *[Exit Acanthe.]*

*Eubu.* 'Slight, I thought a king  
Might have ta'en up any woman at the king's  
price.

And must he buy his own, at a dearer rate  
Than a stranger in a brothel?

*Ladis.* What is that  
You mutter, sir?

*Eubu.* No treason to your honour:  
I'll speak it out, though it anger you; if you  
pay for  
Your lawful pleasure in some kind, great sir,  
What do you make the queen? cannot you clicket



Without a fee, or when she has a suit  
For you to grant ?

*Ferd.* O hold, sir !

*Ladis.* Off with his head !

*Eubu.* Do, when you please ; you but blow out  
a taper

That would light your understanding, and, in care  
of't,

Is burnt down to the socket. Be as you are, sir,  
An absolute monarch : it did shew more king-like  
In those libidinous Cæsars, that compell'd  
Matrons and virgins of all ranks to bow  
Unto their ravenous lusts ; and did admit  
Of more excuse than I can urge for you,  
That slave yourself to the imperious humour  
Of a proud beauty.

*Ladis.* Out of my sight !

*Eubu.* I will, sir,

Give way to your furious passion ; but when reason  
Hath got the better of it, I much hope  
The counsel that offends now will deserve  
Your royal thanks. Tranquillity of mind  
Stay with you, sir !——I do begin to doubt  
There's something more in the queen's strange-  
ness than

Is yet disclosed ; and I will find it out,  
Or lose myself in the search.

[*Exit.*

*Ferd.* Sure he is honest,

And from your infancy hath truly served you :  
Let that plead for him ; and impute this harshness  
To the frowardness of his age.

*Ladis.* I am much troubled,

And do begin to stagger. Ferdinand, good night !  
To morrow visit us. Back to our own lodgings.

[*Excunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ACANTHE and the visored Servants, with MATHIAS and BAPTISTA blindfolded.*

*Acan.* You have done bravely. Lock this in that room,

There let him ruminate; I'll anon unhood him:  
*[They carry off Buptista.]*

The other must stay here. As soon as I  
 Have quit the place, give him the liberty  
 And use of his eyes; that done, disperse yourselves

As privately as you can: but, on your lives,  
 No word of what hath pass'd. *[Exit.]*

*1 Serv.* If I do, sell  
 My tongue to a tripe-wife. Come, unbind his arms:

You are now at your own dispose; and however  
 We used you roughly, I hope you will find here  
 Such entertainment as will give you cause  
 To thank us for the service: and so I leave you.<sup>2</sup>  
*[Exeunt.]*

*Math.* If I am in a prison, 'tis a neat one.  
 What Œdipus can resolve this riddle? Ha!  
 I never gave just cause to any man  
 Basely to plot against my life:—but what is  
 Become of my true friend? for him I suffer  
 More than myself.

*Acan.* *[within.]* Remove that idle fear;  
 He's safe as you are.

<sup>2</sup> ———— *and so I leave you.* ] Thus the quarto  
 the modern editors, but less properly, *and so we leave you.*

*Math* Whosoe'er thou art,  
 For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine  
 Where I should be: though I have read the tables  
 Of errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the relations  
 Of magical enchantments; yet I am not  
 So sottishly credulous to believe the devil  
 Hath that way power. [*Musick above.*] Ha! musick!

*The blushing rose, and purple flower,  
 Let grow too long, are soonest blasted;  
 Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,  
 And rot in ripeness, left untasted.  
 Yet here is one more sweet than these:  
 The more you taste the more she'll please.*

*Beauty that's enclosed with ice,  
 Is a shadow chaste as rare;  
 Then how much those sweets entice,  
 That have issue full as fair!  
 Earth cannot yield from all her powers  
 One equal for dame Venus' bowers.\**

A song too! certainly, be it he or she  
 That owes this voice, it hath not been acquainted

\* This song puts me in mind of Swift's love-song,  
 "Cupid, spread thy purple pinions,  
 "Sweetly waving o'er my head," &c.  
 and seems to have as little meaning in it. M. MASON.

Truly there is "no great matter in the song," as the Clown says; yet it is not altogether so devoid of meaning as that which Mr. M. Mason has quoted with such laudable correctness; nor absolutely foreign to the design in agitation. In the first line of the second stanza, the editors read *though* for *that*; the word is misprinted in the quarto, and I have been reduced to guess at it. The stage direction here is, *Musick above, a song of pleasure*: from which it seems that no song was originally provided by the author. See p. 152. Indeed, it is a doubt with me, whether most of these things were not supplied by the poet in waiting.

With much affliction. Whoso'er you are  
That do inhabit here, if you have bodies,  
And are not mere aërial forms, appear,

*Enter HONORIA, masked.*

And make me know your end with me. Most  
strange!

What have I conjured up? sure, if this be  
A spirit, it is no damn'd one. What a shape's here!  
Then, with what majesty it moves! If Juno  
Were now to keep her state among the gods,  
And Hercules to be made again her guest,  
She could not put on a more glorious habit,  
Though her handmaid, Iris, lent her various  
colours,

Or old Oceanus ravish'd from the deep  
All jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have  
Thus far made known yourself, if that your face  
Have not too much divinity about it  
For mortal eyes to gaze on, perfect what  
You have begun, with wonder and amazement  
To my astonish'd senses. [*Honoria unmasks.*]  
How! the queen! [*Kneels.*]

*Hon.* Rise, sir, and hear my reasons, in defence  
Of the rape (for so you may conceive) which I,  
By my instruments, made upon you. You, perhaps,  
May think what you have suffer'd for my lust  
Is a common practice with me; but I call  
Those ever-shining lamps, and their great Maker,  
As witnesses of my innocence: I ne'er look'd on  
A man but your best self, on whom I ever  
(Except the king) vouchsafed an eye of favour.

*Math.* The king, indeed, and only such a king,  
Deserves your rarities, madam; and, but he,

'Twere giant-like ambition in any,  
In his wishes only, to presume to taste  
The nectar of your kisses; or to feed  
His appetite with that ambrosia, due  
And proper to a prince; and, what binds more,  
A lawful husband. For myself, great queen,  
I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of  
All merit, that can raise me higher than,  
In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty,  
To hazard my life for you; and that way  
I am most ambitious.

*Hon.* I desire no more  
Than what you promise. If you dare expose  
Your life, as you profess, to do me service,  
How can it better be employ'd than in  
Preserving mine? which only you can do,  
And must do, with the danger of your own;  
A desperate danger too! If private men  
Can brook no rivals in what they affect,  
But to the death pursue such as invade  
What law makes their inheritance; the king,  
To whom you know I am dearer than his crown,  
His health, his eyes, his after hopes, with all  
His present blessings, must fall on that man,  
Like dreadful lightning, that is won by prayers,  
Threats, or rewards, to stain his bed, or make  
His hoped-for issue doubtful!

*Math.* If you aim  
At what I more than fear you do, the reasons  
Which you deliver should, in judgment, rather  
Deter me, than invite a grant, with my  
Assured ruin.

*Hon.* True; if that you were  
Of a cold temper, one whom doubt, or fear,  
In the most horrid forms they could put on,  
Might teach to be ingrateful. Your denial

To me, that have deserved so much, is more,  
If it can have addition.

*Math.* I know not  
What your commands are.

*Hon.* Have you fought so well  
Among arm'd men, yet cannot guess what lists  
You are to enter, when you are in private  
With a willing lady: one, that, to enjoy  
Your company this night, denied the king  
Access to what's his own? If you will press me  
To speak in plainer language——

*Math.* Pray you, forbear;  
I would I did not understand too much!  
Already, by your words, I am instructed  
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,  
Had bred suspicion in me of untruth,  
Though an angel had affirm'd it. But suppose  
That, cloy'd with happiness, which is ever built  
On virtuous chastity, in the wantonness  
Of appetite, you desire to make trial  
Of the false delights proposed by vicious lust;  
Among ten thousand, every way more able  
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you  
Obedience, being your subjects, why should  
you

Make choice of me, a stranger?

*Hon.* Though yet reason  
Was ne'er admitted in the court of love,  
I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urged,  
In our last private<sup>4</sup> conference, you have  
A pretty promising presence; but there are  
Many, in limbs and feature, who may take,  
That way, the right-hand file of you: besides,  
Your May of youth is past, and the blood spent

<sup>4</sup> *In our last, private conference, you have*] Mr. M. Mason  
omits *private*, though absolutely necessary to the measure.

By wounds,<sup>s</sup> though bravely taken, renders you  
 Disabled for love's service: and that valour  
 Set off with better fortune, which, it may be,  
 Swells you above your bounds, is not the hook  
 That hath caught me, good sir. I need no  
 champion

With his sword, to guard my honour or my beauty;  
 In both I can defend myself, and live  
 My own protection.

*Math.* If these advocates,  
 The best that can plead for me, have no power,  
 What can you find in me else, that may tempt you,  
 With irrecoverable loss unto yourself,  
 To be a gainer from me?

*Hon.* You have, sir,  
 A jewel of such matchless worth and lustre,  
 As does disdain comparison, and darkens  
 All that is rare in other men; and that  
 I must or win or lessen.

*Math.* You heap more  
 Amazement on me: What am I possess'd of  
 That you can covet? make me understand it,  
 If it have a name.

*Hon.* Yes, an imagined one;  
 But is, in substance, nothing; being a garment  
 Worn out of fashion, and long since given o'er  
 By the court and country; 'tis your loyalty  
 And constancy to your wife; 'tis that I dote on,  
 And does deserve my envy; and that jewel,  
 Or by fair play or foul, I must win from you.

<sup>s</sup> ————— and the blood spent

*By wounds, &c.]* We have already had this conceit in the  
*Parliament of Love:*

"Though honour'd in our manly wounds, well taken,

"You say they do deform us, and the loss

"Of much blood that way, renders us unfit

"To please you in your chambers."

Act I. sc. v.

*Math.* These are mere contraries. If you love me, madam,

For my constancy, why seek you to destroy it?  
In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour.\*

Or, if it be a jewel of that value,  
As you with labour'd rhetorick would persuade me,

What can you stake against it?

*Hon.* A queen's fame,  
And equal honour.

*Math.* So, whoever wins,  
Both shall be losers.

*Hon.* That is that' I aim at.  
Yet on the die I lay my youth, my beauty,  
This moist palm, this soft lip, and those delights  
Darkness should only judge of. Do you find them  
Infectious in the trial, that you start,  
As frightened with their touch?

*Math.* Is it in man  
To resist such strong temptations?

*Hon.* He begins  
To waver.

*Math.* Madam, as you are gracious,

<sup>6</sup> *In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour.*] So the old copy, and surely rightly: "If you love me for my constancy, why do you seek to destroy it? Why not rather, in allowing me to keep it, suffer me to remain a proper object of your kindness?" This seems to be the drift of the argument. Coxeter not adverting to this, reads,

*In my keeping, it preserves me worth your favour!*  
And Mr. M. Mason, improving upon him, alters *In* to *If*, removes the point, and runs the line into the next sentence:

*If my keeping it preserves me worth your favour,  
Or, if it be &c.*

But where is Massinger all this while?

<sup>7</sup> *Hon.* *That is that I aim at.*] Every where the modern editors labour to destroy all traces of the phraseology of Massinger's age. They read, *That is what I aim at.*



Grant this short night's deliberation to me;  
And, with the rising sun, from me you shall  
Receive full satisfaction.

*Hon.* Though extremes  
Hate all delay, I will deny you nothing;  
This key will bring you to your friend; you are  
safe both;

And all things useful that could be prepared  
For one I love and honour, wait upon you.  
Take counsel of your pillow, such a fortune  
As with affection's swiftest wings flies to you,  
Will not be often tender'd. [Exit.

*Math.* How my blood  
Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet  
There's something stays me: if the king had  
tender'd

Such favours to my wife, 'tis to be doubted  
They had not been refused: but, being a man,  
I should not yield first, or prove an example  
For her defence of frailty. By this, sans question,  
She's tempted too; and here I may examine  
[Looks on the picture.

How she holds out. She's still the same, the same  
Pure crystal rock of chastity. Perish all  
Allurements that may alter me! The snow  
Of her sweet coldness hath extinguish'd quite  
The fire that but even now began to flame:  
And I by her confirm'd,—rewards nor titles,  
Nor certain death from the refused queen,  
Shall shake my faith; since I resolve to be  
Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [Exit,

## SCENE VI.\*

Bohemia. *A Room in Mathias' House.*

*Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.*

*Ubald.* What we spake on the voley<sup>8</sup> begins to work;

We have laid a good foundation.

*Ric.* Build it up,  
Or else 'tis nothing: you have by lot the honour  
Of the first assault, but, as it is condition'd,  
Observe the time proportion'd: I'll not part with  
My share in the achievement; when I whistle,  
Or hem, fall off.

*Enter SOPHIA.*

*Ubald.* She comes. Stand by, I'll watch  
My opportunity. *[They walk aside.]*

*Soph.* I find myself  
Strangely distracted with the various stories,  
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my guests  
Deliver'd of my lord: and, like poor beggars  
That in their dreams find treasure, by reflection  
Of a wounded fancy, make it questionable  
Whether they sleep or not; yet, tickled with

\* SCENE VI.] Mr. M. Mason, deserting his old guide, does not make this a new scene; though the change of place is from the palace of Ladislaus to the distant residence of Sophia!

<sup>9</sup> *Ubald.* *What we spake on the voley*] A literal translation of the French phrase *à la volée*, which signifies *at random*, or *inconsiderately*. M. MASON.

Thus in *the New Inn*:

"——— you must not give credit

"To all that ladies publicly profess,

"Or talk o' the *voley* unto their servants."

Such a fantastick hope of happiness,  
 Wish they may never wake. In some such measure,  
 Incredulous of what I see and touch,  
 As 'twere a fading apparition, I  
 Am still perplex'd, and troubled ; and when most  
 Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious jealousy  
 To be assured, by what means, and from whom,  
 Such a mass of wealth was first deserved, then  
 gotten,

Cunningly steals into me. I have practised,  
 For my certain resolution, with these courtiers,  
 Promising private conference to either,  
 And, at this hour :—if in search of the truth,  
 I hear, or say, more than becomes my virtue,  
 Forgive me, my Mathias.

*Ubal.* Now I make in.— [*Comes forward.*  
 Madam, as you commanded, I attend  
 Your pleasure.

*Soph.* I must thank you for the favour.

*Ubal.* I am no ghostly father; yet, if you have  
 Some scruples touching your lord, you would be  
 resolved of,

I am prepared.

*Soph.* But will you take your oath,  
 To answer truly?

*Ubal.* On the hem of your smock, if you please :  
 A vow I dare not break, it being a book  
 I would gladly swear on.

*Soph.* To spare, sir, that trouble,  
 I'll take your word, which, in a gentleman,  
 Should be of equal value. Is my lord, then,  
 In such grace with the queen?

*Ubal.* You should best know,  
 By what you have found from him, whether he can  
 Deserve a<sup>1</sup> grace or no.

<sup>1</sup> *Deserve a grace or no.*] The article is omitted by both the editors, though the metre is imperfect without it.

*Soph.* What grace do you mean?

*Ubal.* That special grace, if you will have it,  
he

Labour'd so hard for between a pair of sheets,  
Upon your wedding night, when your ladyship  
Lost you know what.

*Soph.* Fie! be more modest,  
Or I must leave you.

*Ubal.* I would tell a truth  
As cleanly as I could, and yet the subject  
Makes me run out a little.

*Soph.* You would put, now,  
A foolish jealousy in my head, my lord  
Hath gotten a new mistress.

*Ubal.* One! a hundred;  
But under seal I speak it: I presume  
Upon your silence, it being for your profit.  
They talk of Hercules' fifty in a night,<sup>2</sup>  
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a piddler:  
Such a soldier and a courtier never came  
To Alba's regalis; the ladies run mad for him,  
And there is such contention among them,  
Who shall engross him wholly, that the like  
Was never heard of.

*Soph.* Are they handsome women?

*Ubal.* Fie! no; coarse mammetts, and what's  
worse, they are old too,  
Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear  
for't,  
Believing that he carries a powder in his breeches

<sup>2</sup> *They talk &c.*] I have omitted two superfluous words, which appear evidently interpolated, as they destroy at once the construction and the measure.

<sup>3</sup> *To Alba regalis;*] Mr. M. Mason reads *Aula regalis*. Why this change should be thought necessary, I cannot tell; *Alba regalis* was no uncommon expression at the time; and, indeed, it is used, by more than one writer, for the English court.

Will make them young again; and these suck  
shrewdly.

*Ric.* [*whistles.*] Sir, I must fetch you off.

*Ubal.* I could tell you wonders  
Of the cures he has done, but a business of import  
Calls me away; but, that dispatch'd, I will  
Be with you presently. [*Walks aside.*]

*Soph.* There is something more  
In this than bare suspicion.

*Ric.* [*comes forward.*] Save you, lady;  
Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd  
on

A lady more complete, yet have seen a madam  
Wear a garment of this fashion, of the same stuff  
too,

One just of your dimensions: sat the wind there,  
boy!

*Soph.* What lady, sir?

*Ric.* Nay, nothing; and methinks  
I should know this ruby: very good! 'tis the  
same.

This chain of orient pearl, and this diamond too,  
Have been worn before; but much good may they  
do you!

Strength to the gentleman's back! he toil'd hard  
for them,  
Before he got them.

*Soph.* Why, how were they gotten?

*Ric.* Not in the field with his sword, upon my  
life,

He may thank his close stiletto.\*—[*Ubaldo hems.*]  
—Plague upon it!

Run the minutes so fast?—Pray you, excuse my  
manners;

I left a letter in my chamber window,

\* *He may thank his close stiletto.*] So the old copy. Coxeter  
and Mr. M. Mason read, *his close stillet* too!

Which I would not have seen on any terms; fie  
on it,

Forgetful as I am! but I'll straight attend you.

*[Walks aside.]*

*Soph.* This is strange. His letters said these  
jewels were

Presented him by the queen, as a reward

For his good service, and the trunks of clothes

That followed them this last night, with haste  
made up

By his direction.

*Ubalde.* *[comes forward.]* I was telling you  
Of wonders, madam.

*Soph.* If you are so skilful,

Without premeditation answer me;

Know you this gown, and these rich jewels?

*Ubalde.* Heaven,

How things will come out! But that I should  
offend you,

And wrong my more than noble friend, your  
husband,

(For we are sworn brothers,) in the discovery  
Of his nearest secrets, I could——

*Soph.* By the hope of favour

That you have from me, out with it.

*Ubalde.* 'Tis a potent spell

I cannot resist; why I will tell you, madam,

And to how many several women you are

Beholding for your bravery. This was

The wedding gown of Paulina, a rich strumpet,

Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga,

And left off trading.

*Soph.* O my heart!

*Ubalde.* This chain

Of pearl was a great widow's, that invited

Your lord to a mask, and the weather proving  
foul,

He lodged in her house all night, and merry they  
were;

But how he came by it, I know not.

*Soph.* Perjured man!

*Ubold.* This ring was Jùlietta's, a fine piece.  
But very good at the sport: this diamond  
Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a song  
Prick'd in a private arbour, as she said,  
When the queen ask'd for't; and she heard him  
sing too,

And danced to his hornpipe, or there are liars  
abroad.

There are other toys about you the same way  
purchased;

But, parallell'd with these, not worth the relation.  
You are happy in a husband, never man  
Made better use of his strength: would you have  
him waste

His body away for nothing? if he holds out,  
There's not an embroidered petticoat in the court  
But shall be at your service.

*Soph.* I commend him,  
It is a thriving trade; but pray you leave me  
A little to myself.

*Ubold.* You may command  
Your servant, madam.— [*Walks aside.*]—She's  
stung unto the quick, lad.

*Ric.* I did my part; if this potion<sup>s</sup> work not,  
hang me!

Let her sleep as well as she can to night, to  
morrow

We'll mount new batteries.

<sup>s</sup> ——— if this potion work not,] Both the editors  
omit *potion*: but, indeed, nothing can be more shamefully printed  
than the whole of this scene; if I said the whole of this play, I  
should not wrong the truth.

*Ubald.* And till then leave her.

[*Exeunt Ubaldo and Ricardo.*]

*Soph.* You Powers, that take into your care the guard

Of innocence, aid me ! for I am a creature  
So forfeited to despair, hope cannot fancy  
A ransome to redeem me. I begin  
To waver in my faith, and make it doubtful,  
Whether the saints, that were canonized for  
Their holiness of life, sinn'd not in secret ;  
Since my Mathias is fallen from his virtue  
In such an open fashion. Could it be, else,  
That such a husband, so devoted to me,  
So vow'd to temperance, for lascivious hire  
Should prostitute himself to common harlots !  
Old and deform'd too ! Was't for this he left me,  
And on a feign'd pretence for want of means  
To give me ornament ?—or to bring home  
Diseases to me ? Suppose these are false  
And lustful goats, if he were true and right,  
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,  
And that the only reason why he left me ?  
No, he is lost ; and shall I wear the spoils  
And salaries of lust ! they cleave unto me  
Like Nessus' poison'd shirt : no, in my rage  
I'll tear them off, and from my body wash  
The venom with my tears. Have I no spleen,  
Nor anger of a woman ? shall he build  
Upon my ruins, and, I, unrevenged,  
Deplore his falsehood ? no ; with the same trash  
For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase  
A just revenge : I am not yet so much  
In debt to years, nor so mis-shaped, that all  
Should fly from my embraces : Chastity,  
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee !  
I am now a servant to voluptuousness.  
Wantons of all degrees and fashions, welcome !



You shall be entertain'd ; and, if I stray,  
Let him condemn himself, that led the way.  
[Exit.]

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Hungary. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.*

*Bapt.* We are in a desperate strait ; there's no evasion,  
Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding  
To the necessity ; you must feign a grant  
To her violent passion, or——

*Math.* What, my Baptista ?

*Bapt.* We are but dead else.

*Math.* Were the sword now heaved up,  
And my neck upon the block, I would not buy  
An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and  
virtue,

To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar,  
Nay, almost without parallel, and yet fear  
To die, which is inevitable ! You may urge  
The many years that, by the course of nature,  
We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,  
And hold it as a blessing ; as it is,  
When innocence is our guide : yet know, Bap-  
tista,

Our virtues are preferr'd before our years,  
By the great Judge : to die untainted in  
Our fame and reputation is the greatest ;

And to lose that, can we desire to live?<sup>6</sup>  
 Or shall I, for a momentary pleasure,  
 Which soon comes to a period, to all times  
 Have breach of faith and perjury remembered  
 In a still-living epitaph? no, Baptista,  
 Since my Sophia will go to her grave  
 Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her  
 With equal loyalty:—But look on this,  
 Your own great work, your masterpiece, and then,  
 She being still the same, teach me to alter!——  
 Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,  
 This is a terrible vision! I will clear  
 My eyesight; perhaps melancholy makes me  
 See that which is not.

*Bapt.* It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't; besides the yellow,  
 That does assure she's tempted, there are lines  
 Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves  
 O'er every miniature of her face, and those  
 Confirm——

*Math.* She is turn'd whore!

*Bapt.* I must not say so.

Yet, as a friend to truth, if you will have me  
 Interpret it, in her consent and wishes  
 She's false, but not in fact yet.

*Math.* Fact, Baptista!

Make not yourself a pander to her looseness,  
 In labouring to palliate what a visor  
 Of impudence cannot cover. Did e'er woman  
 In her will decline from chastity, but found means  
 To give her hot lust fuel?<sup>7</sup> It is more  
 Impossible in nature for gross bodies,

<sup>6</sup> *And to lose that, can we desire to live?*] This is from Juvenal:  
*Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.* Sat. viii.

<sup>7</sup> *To give her hot lust fuel?*] This has been wantonly corrupted  
 by the modern editors into—*give her hot lust full scope?* Metre  
 and sense destroyed at a stroke!

Descending of themselves, to hang in the air ;  
Or with my single arm to underprop  
A falling tower ; nay, in its violent course  
To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman  
Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,  
In her full career to wickedness !

*Bapt.* Pray you, temper  
The violence of your passion.

*Math.* In extremes  
Of this condition, can it be in man  
To use a moderation ? I am thrown  
From a steep rock headlong into a gulph  
Of misery, and find myself past hope,  
In the same moment that I apprehend  
That I am falling : and this, the figure of  
My idol, few hours since, while she continued  
In her perfection, that was late a mirror,  
In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,  
Staid manners, with all excellency a husband  
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden  
Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present  
Nothing but horns and horror.

*Bapt.* You may yet,  
And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort  
On your own goodness.

*Math.* No, that hath undone me ;  
For now I hold my temperance a sin  
Worse than excess, and what was vice, a virtue.  
Have I refused a queen, and such a queen,  
Whose ravishing beauties at the first sight had  
tempted

A hermit from his beads, and changed his prayers  
To amorous sonnets, to preserve my faith  
Inviolatè to thee, with the hazard of  
My death with torture, since she could inflict  
No less for my contempt ; and have I met  
Such a return from thee ! I will not curse thee,

Nor, for thy falsehood, rail against the sex ;  
'Tis poor, and common : I'll only, with wise men,  
Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,  
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come,  
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall,  
Produce one constant woman.

*Bapt.* This is more  
Than the satirists wrote against them.

*Math.* There's no language  
That can express the poison of these aspicks,  
These weeping crocodiles, and all too little  
That hath been said against them. But I'll mould  
My thoughts into another form ; and, if  
She can outlive the report of what I have done,  
This hand, when next she comes within my reach,  
Shall be her executioner.

*Enter HONORIA and ACANTHE.*

*Bapt.* The queen, sir.

*Hon.* Wait our command at distance :— [*Exit*

*Acanthe.* ]—Sir, you too have  
Free liberty to depart.

*Bapt.* I know my manners,  
And thank you for the favour. [*Exit.*

*Hon.* Have you taken  
Good rest in your new lodgings ? I expect now  
Your resolute answer ; but advise maturely,  
Before I hear it.

*Math.* Let my actions, madam,  
For no words can dilate my joy, in all  
You can command, with cheerfulness to serve  
you,

Assure your highness ; and, in sign of my  
Submission and contrition for my error,  
My lips, that but the last night shunn'd the touch  
Of yours as poison, taught humility now,

Thus on your foot, and that too great an honour  
For such an undeserver, seal my duty.

A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to  
Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see; then,  
What now, with adoration and wonder,  
With reverence I look up to: but those fogs  
Dispersed and scatter'd by the powerful beams  
With which yourself, the sun of all perfection,  
Vouchsafe to cure my blindness; like a suppliant,  
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg  
What you once pleased to tender.

*Hon.* This is more  
Than I could hope!—What find you so attractive  
Upon my face, in so short time to make  
This sudden metamorphosis? pray you, rise;  
I, for your late neglect, thus sign your pardon.  
Ay, now you kiss like a lover, and not as brothers  
Coldly salute their sisters.

*Math.* I am turn'd  
All spirit and fire.

*Hon.* Yet, to give some allay  
To this hot fervour, 'twere good to remember  
The king, whose eyes and ears are every where;  
With the danger too that follows, this discover'd.

*Math.* Danger! a bugbear, madam; let me  
ride once

Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour,  
And I condemn Jove's thunder: though the king,  
In our embraces stood a looker on,  
His hangman, and with studied cruelty, ready  
To drag me from your arms, it should not fright  
me

From the enjoying that a single life is  
Too poor a price for. O, that now all vigour

\* *His hangman, and with studied cruelty, ready*] Here again these eternal enemies of the author's idiomatick style read, *His hangman too, with studied cruelty, &c.* See p. 133.

Of my youth were re-collected for an hour,  
That my desire might meet with yours, and draw  
The envy of all men, in the encounter,  
Upon my head! I should—but we lose time;  
Be gracious, mighty queen.

*Hon.* Pause yet a little:

The bounties of the king, and, what weighs more,  
Your boasted constancy to your matchless wife,  
Should not so soon be shaken.

*Math.* The whole fabrick,  
When I but look on you, is in a moment  
O'erturn'd and ruin'd; and, as rivers lose  
Their names when they are swallow'd by the  
ocean,

In you alone all faculties of my soul  
Are wholly taken up; my wife and king,  
At the best, as things forgotten.

*Hon.* Can this be?

I have gain'd my end now.

[*Aside.*

*Math.* Wherefore stay you, madam?

*Hon.* In my consideration what a nothing  
Man's constancy is.

*Math.* Your beauties make it so  
In me, sweet lady.

*Hon.* And it is my glory:

I could be coy now, as you were, but I  
Am of a gentler temper; howsoever,  
And in a just return of what I have suffer'd  
In your disdain, with the same measure grant me  
Equal deliberation: I ere long  
Will visit you again; and when I next  
Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait  
On my triumphant beauty.

[*Exit.*

*Math.* What a change

Is here beyond my fear! but by thy falsehood,  
Sophia, not her beauty, is't denied me  
To sin but in my wishes? what a frown,

In scorn, at her departure, she threw on me!  
I am both ways lost; storms of contempt and  
scorn

Are ready to break on me, and all hope  
Of shelter doubtful: I can neither be  
Disloyal, nor yet honest; I stand guilty  
On either part; at the worst, Death will end all;  
And he must be my judge to right my wrong,  
Since I have loved too much, and lived too long.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

Bohemia. *A Room in Mathias' House.*

*Enter SOPHIA, with a book and a paper.*

*Soph.* Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers

Of such as do offend, make less the sin:  
For each particular crime a strict account  
Will be exacted; and that comfort which  
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,  
Takes nothing from their torments: every one  
Must suffer in himself the measure of  
His wickedness. If so, as I must grant,  
It being unrefutable in reason,  
Howe'er my lord offend, it is no warrant  
For me to walk in his forbidden paths:  
What penance then can expiate my guilt,  
For my consent (transported then with passion)  
To wantonness? the wounds I give my fame  
Cannot recover his; and, though I have fed  
These courtiers with promises and hopes,  
I am yet in fact untainted, and I trust  
My sorrow for it, with my purity,  
And love to goodness for itself, made powerful,

Though all they have alleged prove true or false,  
Will be such exorcisms as shall command  
This Fury, jealousy, from me. What I have  
Determined touching them, I am resolved  
To put in execution. Within, there !

*Enter* HILARIO, CORISCA, *with other Servants.*

Where are my noble guests ?

*Hil.* The elder, madam,  
Is drinking by himself to your ladyship's health,  
In muskadine and eggs; and, for a rasher  
To draw his liquor down, he hath got a pie  
Of marrowbones, potatoes, and eringos,  
With many such ingredients; and 'tis said  
He hath sent his man in post to the next town,  
For a pound of ambergris, and half a peck  
Of fishes call'd cantharides.

*Coris.* The younger  
Prunes up himself, as if this night he were  
To act a bridegroom's part; but to what purpose,  
I am ignorance itself.

*Soph.* Continue so. *[Gives the paper.]*  
Let those lodgings be prepared as this directs you.  
And fail not in a circumstance, as you  
Respect my favour.

1 *Serv.* We have our instructions.

2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow them.

*[Exeunt Servants.]*

*Enter* UBALDO.

*Hil.* Here comes, madam,  
The lord Ubaldo.

*Ubald.* Pretty one, there's gold  
To buy thee a new gown, and there's for three:  
Grow fat, and fit for service. I am now,



As I should be, at the height, and able to  
 Beget a giant. O my better angel!  
 In this you shew your wisdom, when you pay  
 The letcher in his own coin; shall you sit puling,  
 Like a Patient Grizzle, and be laugh'd at? no:  
 This is a fair revenge. Shall we to't?

*Soph.* To what, sir?

*Ubal.* The sport you promised.

*Soph.* Could it be done with safety?

*Ubal.* I warrant you; I am sound as a bell, a  
 tough

Old blade, and steel to the back, as you shall find  
 me

In the trial on your anvil.

*Soph.* So; but how, sir,  
 Shall I satisfy your friend, to whom, by promise,  
 I am equally engaged?

*Ubal.* I must confess,  
 The more the merrier; but, of all men living,  
 Take heed of him; you may safer run upon  
 The mouth of a cannon when it is unlading,  
 And come off colder.

*Soph.* How! is he not wholesome?

*Ubal.* Wholesome! I'll tell you, for your good:  
 he is

A spittle of diseases,<sup>9</sup> and, indeed,  
 More loathsome and infectious; the tub is  
 His weekly bath: he hath not drank this seven  
 years,

Before he came to your house, but compositions  
 Of sassafras and guaicum; and dry mutton  
 His daily portion; name what scratch soever

<sup>9</sup> ————— he is

*A spittle of diseases,]* So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr.  
 M. Mason read, *A spital of diseases*, which is scarcely sense.  
 See *the City Madam*.

Can be got by women, and the surgeons will  
resolve you,

At this time or at that Ricardo had it.

*Soph.* Bless me from him!

*Ubaldo.* 'Tis a good prayer, lady.

It being a degree unto the pox

Only to mention him; if my tongue burn not,  
hang me,

When I but name Ricardo.

*Soph.* Sir, this caution

Must be rewarded.

*Ubaldo.* I hope I have marr'd his market.——

But when?

*Soph.* Why, presently; follow my woman,  
She knows where to conduct you, and will serve  
To night for a page. Let the waistcoat I ap-  
pointed,

With the cambrick shirt perfumed, and the rich  
cap,

Be brought into his chamber.

*Ubaldo.* Excellent lady!

And a caudle too in the morning.

*Coris.* I will fit you. [*Exeunt Ubaldo and Corisca.*]

*Enter RICARDO.*

*Soph.* So hot on the scent! Here comes the  
other beagle.

*Ric.* Take purse and all.

*Hil.* If this company would come often,  
I should make a pretty term on't.

*Soph.* For your sake  
I have put him off; he only begg'd a kiss,  
I gave it, and so parted.

*Ric.* I hope better;  
He did not touch your lips?

*Soph.* Yes, I assure you;  
There was no danger in it?

*Ric.* No! eat presently  
These lozenges of forty crowns an ounce,  
Or you are undone.

*Soph.* What is the virtue of them?

*Ric.* They are preservatives against stinking  
breath,

Rising from rotten lungs.

*Soph.* If so, your carriage  
Of such dear antidotes, in my opinion,  
May render yours suspected.

*Ric.* Fie! no; I use them  
When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.  
But I'll be free with you: he was once a creature,  
It may be, of God's making, but long since  
He is turn'd to a druggist's shop; the spring and fall  
Hold all the year with him; that he lives, he owes  
To art, not nature; she has given him o'er.  
He moves like the fairy king, on screws and wheels  
Made by his doctor's recipes, and yet still  
They are out of joint, and every day repairing.  
He has a regiment of whores he keeps  
At his own charge in a lazaret-house, but the  
best is,

There's not a nose among them. He's acquainted  
With the green water, and the spitting pill's  
Familiar to him: in a frosty morning  
You may thrust him in a pottle-pot; his bones  
Rattle in his skin, like beans toss'd in a bladder.  
If he but hear a coach, the fomentation,  
The friction with fumigation, cannot save him  
From the chine-evil.<sup>1</sup> In a word, he is  
Not one disease, but all; yet, being my friend,  
I will forbear his character, for I would not  
Wrong him in your opinion.

<sup>1</sup> *From the chine-evil.*] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr.  
M. Mason read, *from the chin-evil.* Whether they understood

*Soph.* The best is,  
The virtues you bestow on him, to me  
Are mysteries I know not; but, however,  
I am at your service. Sirrah, let it be your care  
To unclothe the gentleman, and with speed; delay  
Takes from delight.

*Ric.* Good! there's my hat, sword, cloak:  
A vengeance on these buttons! off with my  
doublet,  
I dare shew my skin; in the touch you will like  
it better.

Prithee cut my codpiece-points, and, for this  
service,  
When I leave them off they are thine.

*Hil.* I'll take your word, sir.

*Ric.* Dear lady, stay not long.

*Soph.* I may come too soon, sir.

*Ric.* No, no, I am ready now.

*Hil.* This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt Hilario and Ricardo.*]

*Soph.* I was much to blame to credit their  
reports

Touching my lord, that so traduce each other,  
And with such virulent malice, though I presume  
They are bad enough: but I have studied for  
them

A way for their recovery.

[*A noise of clapping a door; Ubaldo appears  
above, in his shirt.*]

it or not, I cannot say, nor is it indeed of much consequence.  
It would not be a matter of regret if every reader of this strong  
but indelicate humour could say with Sophia,

“The best is,

“The virtues you bestow on him, to me

“Are mysteries I know not;”

The reciprocal criminations of the two courtiers is imitated with  
some humour by Cartwright in *Love's Convert*, Act IV. sc. i.  
and by Cowley, but less successfully, in *the Guardian*.

*Ubold.* What dost thou mean, wench?  
 Why dost thou shut the door upon me? Ha!  
 My clothes are ta'en away too! shall I starve here?  
 Is this my lodging? I am sure the lady talk'd of  
 A rich cap, a perfumed shirt, and a waistcoat;  
 But here is nothing but a little fresh straw,  
 A petticoat for a coverlet, and that torn too,  
 And an old woman's biggin for a nightcap.

*Re-enter CORISCA below.*

'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty. Ha!  
 The windows grated with iron! I cannot force  
 them,  
 And if I leap down here, I break my neck:  
 I am betray'd. Rogues! Villains! let me out;  
 I am a lord, and that's no common title,  
 And shall I be used thus?

*Soph.* Let him rave, he's fast;  
 I'll parley with him at leisure.

*RICARDO entering with a great noise above, as fallen.\**

*Ric.* Zounds! have you trapdoors?

*Soph.* The other bird's i'the cage too, let him  
 flutter.

*Ric.* Whither am I fallen? into hell!

*Ubold.* Who makes that noise, there?

Help me, if thou art a friend.

*Ric.* A friend! I am where

I cannot help myself; let me see thy face.

*Ubold.* How, Ricardo! Prithee, throw me

\* *Ricardo entering with a great noise above, as fallen.*] So the old copy. The modern editors read, *with a great noise below*. It is evident, however, that the prisoners were near each other, and so they are represented in the old story, which places them in two contiguous chambers of the tower or keep of the castle.

Thy cloak, if thou canst, to cover me; I am almost Frozen to death.

*Ric.* My cloak! I have no breeches; I am in my shirt, as thou art; and here's nothing For myself but a clown's cast<sup>3</sup> suit.

*Ubal.* We are both undone.  
Prithee, roar a little—Madam!

*Re-enter HILARIO below, in RICARDO's clothes.*

*Ric.* Lady of the house!

*Ubal.* Grooms of the chamber!

*Ric.* Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!

*Ubal.* Shall we be murder'd?

*Soph.* No, but soundly punish'd,  
To your deserts.

*Ric.* You are not in earnest, madam?

*Soph.* Judge as you find, and feel it; and now hear

What I irrevocably purpose to you.  
Being received as guests into my house,  
And with all it afforded entertain'd,  
You have forgot all hospitable duties;  
And, with the defamation of my lord,  
Wrought on my woman weakness, in revenge  
Of his injuries, as you fashion'd them to me,  
To yield my honour to your lawless lust.

*Hil.* Mark that, poor fellows.

*Soph.* And so far you have  
Transgress'd against the dignity of men,  
Who should, bound to it by virtue, still defend  
Chaste ladies' honours, that it was your trade

3

*and here's nothing*

*For myself, but a clown's cast suit.*] The caution of the modern editors is admirable: lest *cast suit* should not be intelligible, they alter it into *cast off suit*, at little more than the expense of the metre!

To make them infamous : but you are caught  
 In your own toils, like lustful beasts, and therefore  
 Hope not to find the usage of men from me :  
 Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer  
 Like the most slavish women.

*U bald.* How will you use us ?

*Soph.* Ease, and excess in feeding, made you  
 wanton.

A pluriſy of ill blood you muſt let out,  
 By labour, and ſpare diet that way got too,  
 Or periſh for hunger. Reach him up that diſtaff  
 With the flax upon it ; though no Omphale,  
 Nor you a ſecond Hercules, as I take it,  
 As you ſpin well at my command, and pleaſe me,  
 Your wages, in the coarſeſt bread and water,  
 Shall be proportionable.

*U bald.* I will ſtarve firſt.

*Soph.* That's as you pleaſe.

*Ric.* What will become of me now ?

*Soph.* You ſhall have gentler work ; I have oft  
 obſerved

You were proud to ſhew the fineneſs of your  
 hands,

And ſoftneſs of your fingers ; you ſhould reel  
 well

What he ſpins, if you give your mind to it, as  
 I'll force you.

Deliver him his materials. Now you know  
 Your penance, fall to work ; hunger will teach  
 you :

And ſo, as ſlaves to your luſt, not me, I leave you.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Coriſca.*]

*U bald.* I ſhall ſpin a fine thread out now.

*Ric.* I cannot look

On theſe devices, but they put me in mind  
 Of rope-makers.

*Hil.* Fellow, think of thy taſk.

Forget such vanities, my livery there  
Will serve thee to work in.

*Ric.* Let me have my clothes yet ;  
I was bountiful to thee.

*Hil.* They are past your wearing,  
And mine by promise, as all these can witness.  
You have no holidays coming, nor will I work  
While these and this lasts; and so when you please  
You may shut up your shop windows. [*Exit.*

*Ubold.* I am faint,  
And must lie down.

*Ric.* I am hungry too, and cold.  
O cursed women !

*Ubold.* This comes of our whoring.  
But let us rest as well as we can to night,  
But not o'ersleep ourselves, lest we fast to  
morrow. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Hungary. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* LADISLAUS, HONORIA, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE, and *Attendants.*

*Hon.* Now you know all, sir, with the motives  
why  
I forced him to my lodging.

*Ladis.* I desire  
No more such trials, lady.

*Hon.* I presume, sir,  
You do not doubt my chastity.

*Ladis.* I would not;  
But these are strange inducements.

*Eubu.* By no means, sir.  
Why, though he were with violence seized upon,



And still detain'd; the man, sir, being no soldier,  
Nor used to charge his pike when the breach is  
open,

There was no danger in't! You must conceive, sir,  
Being religious, she chose him for a chaplain,  
To read old homilies to her in the dark;  
She's bound to it by her canons.

*Ladis.* Still tormented.

With thy impertinence!

*Hon.* By yourself, dear sir,  
I was ambitious only to o'erthrow  
His boasted constancy in his consent;  
But for fact, I condemn him: I was never  
Unchaste in thought, I laboured to give proof  
What power dwells in this beauty you admire so;  
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd  
him,

And with what superstition he adores it,  
Determine as you please.

*Ladis.* I will look on  
This pageant, but——

*Hon.* When you have seen and heard, sir,  
The passages which I myself discover'd,  
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant  
basely,

Judge as you please.

*Ladis.* Well, I'll observe the issue.

*Eubu.* How had you ta'en this, general, in your  
wife?

*Ferd.* As a strange curiosity; but queens  
Are privileged above subjects, and 'tis fit, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.*

*Bapt.* You are much alter'd, sir, since the last night,  
When the queen left you, and look cheerfully,  
Your dulness quite blown over.

*Math.* I have seen a vision  
This morning makes it good,\* and never was  
In such security as at this instant,  
Fall what can fall: and when the queen appears,  
Whose shortest absence now is tedious to me,  
Observe the encounter.

*Enter HONORIA. LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, and ACANTHE, with others, appear above.*

*Bapt.* She already is  
Enter'd the lists.

*Math.* And I prepared to meet her.

*Bapt.* I know my duty.

*Hon.* Not so, you may stay now,  
As a witness of our contract.

*Bapt.* I obey  
In all things, madam.

*Hon.* Where's that reverence,  
Or rather superstitious adoration,  
Which, captive-like, to my triumphant beauty

\* *Math.* I have seen a vision

*This morning makes it good,]* Meaning that the picture had recovered its natural colour. This short scene is inimitably beautiful.

You paid last night? No humble knee, nor sign  
Of vassal duty! Sure this is the foot  
To whose proud cover, and then, happy in it,  
Your lips were glued; and that the neck then  
offer'd,

To witness your subjection, to be trod on:  
Your certain loss of life in the king's anger  
Was then too mean a price to buy my favour;  
And that false glow-worm fire of constancy  
To your wife, extinguish'd by a greater light  
Shot from our eyes;—and that, it may be, (being  
Too glorious to be look'd on,) hath deprived you  
Of speech and motion: but I will take off  
A little from the splendour, and descend  
From my own height, and in your lowness hear you  
Plead as a suppliant.

*Math.* I do remember  
I once saw such a woman.

*Hon.* How!

*Math.* And then  
She did appear a most magnificent queen,  
And, what's more, virtuous, though somewhat  
darken'd  
With pride, and self-opinion.

*Eubu.* Call you this courtship?

*Math.* And she was happy in a royal husband,  
Whom envy could not tax, unless it were  
For his too much indulgence to her humours.

*Eubu.* Pray you, sir, observe that touch, 'tis  
to the purpose;

I like the play the better for't.

*Math.* And she lived  
Worthy her birth and fortune: you retain yet  
Some part of her angelical form; but when  
Envy to the beauty of another woman,  
Inferiour to hers, one that she never  
Had seen, but in her picture, had dispersed.

Infection through her veins, and loyalty,  
Which a great queen, as she was, should have  
nourish'd,

Grew odious to her——

*Hon.* I am thunderstruck.

*Math.* And lust, in all the bravery it could  
borrow

From majesty, howe'er disguised, had ta'en  
Sure footing in the kingdom of her heart,  
The throne of chastity once, how, in a moment,  
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,  
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows  
Wanting true substance, vanish'd!

*Hon.* How his reasons  
Work on my soul!

*Math.* Retire into yourself;  
Your own strengths, madam, strongly mann'd  
with virtue,

And be but as you were, and there's no office  
So base, beneath the slavery that men  
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.  
But as you play and juggle with a stranger,  
Varying your shapes like Thetis, though the  
beauties

Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted<sup>s</sup>  
Were now in you united, you should pass  
Pitied by me, perhaps, but not regarded.

*Eubu.* If this take not, I am cheated.

*Math.* To slip once,  
Is incident, and excused by human frailty;  
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both

<sup>s</sup> *Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted*] The modern editors, trembling for the daring flights of Massinger, have kindly brought him down to the ordinary level: they read,

*Of all that are by poets' raptures painted!*

The change is the more to be admired, as the old copy, to shew the expression was a strong one, gave it with a capital letter.

Guilty, I grant, in tendering our affection ;  
 But, as I hope you will do, I repented.  
 When we are grown up to ripeness, our life is  
 Like to this - - - - picture.<sup>6</sup> While we run  
 A constant race in goodness, it retains  
 The just proportion ; but the journey being  
 Tedious, and sweet temptation in the way,  
 That may in some degree divert us from  
 The road that we put forth in, ere we end  
 Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow,  
 Or be with blackness clouded : but when we  
 Find we have gone astray, and labour to  
 Return unto our never-failing guide,  
 Virtue, contrition, with unfeigned tears,  
 The spots of vice wash'd off, will soon restore  
 it

To the first pureness.

*Hon.* I am disenchanted :

Mercy, O mercy, heavens ! [Kneels.

*Ladis.* I am ravish'd

With what I have seen and heard.

*Ferd.* Let us descend,

And hear the rest below.

*Eubu.* This hath fallen out

Beyond my expectation. [They retire.

*Hon.* How have I wander'd

Out of the track of piety ! and misled

By overweening pride, and flattery

Of fawning sycophants, (the bane of greatness,)

Could never meet till now a passenger,

That in his charity would set me right,

Or stay me in my precipice to ruin.

How ill have I return'd your goodness to me !

<sup>6</sup> ————— our life is

Like to this - - - - picture.] A word has dropt out at the press, or been omitted by the transcriber. I could wish to insert *magick*, but leave it to the reader's consideration.

The horror, in my thought of't, turns me marble:  
But if it may be yet prevented——

*Re-enter* LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND,  
ACANTHE, and others, below.

O sir,

What can I do to shew my sorrow, or  
With what brow ask your pardon?

*Ladis.* Pray you, rise.

*Hon.* Never, till you forgive me, and receive  
Unto your love and favour a changed woman:  
My state and pride turn'd to humility, henceforth  
Shall wait on your commands, and my obedience  
Steer'd only by your will.

*Ladis.* And that will prove  
A second and a better marriage to me.  
All is forgotten.

*Hon.* Sir, I must not rise yet,  
Till, with a free confession of a crime  
Unknown to you yet, and a following suit,  
Which thus I beg, be granted.

*Ladis.* I melt with you:  
'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus. [*Raises her.*]

*Hon.* Know then, sir,  
In malice to this good knight's wife, I practised  
Ubaldo and Ricardo to corrupt her.

*Bapt.* Thence grew the change of the picture.

*Hon.* And how far  
They have prevail'd, I am ignorant: now, if you,  
sir,

For the honour of this good man, may be entreated  
To travel thither, it being but a day's journey,  
To fetch them off——

*Ladis.* We will put on to night.

*Bapt.* I, if you please, your harbinger.

*Ladis.* I thank you.

Let me embrace you in my arms ; your service  
Done on the Turk, compared with this, weighs  
nothing.

*Math.* I am still your humble creature.

*Ladis.* My true friend.

*Ferd.* And so you are bound to hold him.

*Eubu.* Such a plant

Imported to your kingdom, and here grafted,  
Would yield more fruit than all the idle weeds  
That suck up your rain of favour.

*Ladis.* In my will  
I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our journey.  
In act be my Honoria now, not name,  
And to all aftertimes preserve thy fame. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Bohemia. *A Hall in Mathias' House.*

*Enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO.*

*Soph.* Are they then so humble?

*Hil.* Hunger and hard labour  
Have tamed them, madam ; at the' first they  
bellow'd  
Like stags ta'en in a toil, and would not work  
For sullenness ; but when they found, without it  
There was no eating, and that to starve to death  
Was much against their stomachs ; by degrees,  
Against their wills, they fell to it.

<sup>7</sup> ——— at the first they bellow'd] I have restored  
the article, which completes the verse, from the old copy.

*Coris.* And now feed on  
The little pittance you allow, with gladness.

*Hil.* I do remember that they stopp'd their  
noses  
At the sight of beef and mutton, as coarse feeding  
For their fine palates ; but now, their work being  
ended,  
They leap at a barley crust, and hold cheese-  
parings,  
With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their  
water,  
For festival-exceedings.\*

*Coris.* When I examine  
My spinster's work, he trembles like a prentice,  
And takes a box on the ear, when I spy faults  
And botches in his labour, as a favour  
From a curst mistress.

*Hil.* The other, too, reels well  
For his time ; and if your ladyship would please  
To see them for your sport, since they want  
airing,  
It would do well, in my judgment ; you shall hear  
Such a hungry dialogue from them !

*Soph.* But suppose,  
When they are out of prison, they should grow  
Rebellious ?

*Hil.* Never fear't ; I'll undertake  
To lead them out by the nose with a coarse thread  
Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel  
after,

\* For festival-exceedings.] " At the Middle Temple an additional dish to the regular dinner is still called "exceedings," to which appellation Massinger alludes in *the Picture*, by the expression of *festival-exceedings*: but his editor, Coxeter, not knowing the origin of the phrase, thinks "*exceeding festivals* had been better." Hocclive's *Poems*, by Mason, 4to. 1795, p. 67. For this extract I am indebted to Mr. Waldron, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.



And without grumbling; and when you are  
weary of

Their company, as easily return them.

*Coris.* Dear madam, it will help to drive away  
Your melancholy.

*Soph.* Well, on this assurance,  
I am content; bring them hither.

*Hil.* I will do it

In stately equipage.

[*Exit.*

*Soph.* They have confess'd, then,  
They were set on by the queen, to taint me in  
My loyalty to my lord?

*Coris.* 'Twas the main cause  
That brought them hither.

*Soph.* I am glad I know it;  
And as I have begun, before I end  
I'll at the height revenge it; let us step aside,  
They come: the object's so ridiculous,  
In spite of my sad thoughts I cannot but  
Lend a forced smile to grace it.

*Re-enter HILARIO, with UBALDO spinning, and  
RICARDO reeling.*

*Hil.* Come away:

Work as you go, and lose no time, 'tis precious;  
You'll find it in your commons.

*Ric.* Commons, call you it!

The word is proper; I have grazed so long  
Upon your commons, I am almost starved here.

*Hil.* Work harder, and they shall be better'd.

*Ubaldo.* Better'd!

Worser they cannot be: would I might lie  
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a foot-  
stool,

So I might have my belly full of that  
Her Iceland cur refuses!

*Hil.* How do you like  
Your airing? is it not a favour?

*Ric.* Yes;  
Just such a one as you use to a brace of gray-  
hounds,

When they are led out of their kennels to scumber;  
But our case is ten times harder, we have nothing  
In our bellies to be vented: if you will be  
An honest yeoman-fewterer,<sup>9</sup> feed us first,  
And walk us after.

*Hil.* Yeoman-fewterer!  
Such another word to your governor, and you go  
Supperless to bed for't.

*Uald.* Nay, even as you please;  
The comfortable names of breakfasts, dinners,  
Collations, supper, beverage, are words  
Worn out of our remembrance.

*Ric.* O for the steam  
Of meat in a cook's shop!

*Uald.* I am so dry,  
I have not spittle enough to wet my fingers  
When I draw my flax from my distaff.

*Ric.* Nor I strength  
To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. Oh!  
I have the cramp all over me.

*Hil.* What do you think  
Were best to apply to it? A cramp-stone, as I  
take it,  
Were very useful.

<sup>9</sup> *An honest yeoman-fewterer,*] In this and the preceding speech the terms are borrowed from the kennel; *fewterer*, a name which frequently occurs in our old treatises on hunting, was the person who took charge of the dogs, immediately under the huntsman. We now call him, I believe, the whipper-in.

Blount derives this word from the French *vaultre*, which, as Cotgrave says, means a mongrel hound; whence *velturius*, and *vaultarius*, a huntsman.

*Ric.* Oh! no more of stones,<sup>\*</sup>  
We have been used too long like hawks already.

*Ubal.* We are not so high in our flesh now to  
need casting,  
We will come to an empty fist.

*Hil.* Nay, that you shall not.  
So ho, birds!<sup>2</sup>—[*Holds up a piece of bread.*]—How  
the eyasses scratch and scramble!  
Take heed of a surfeit, do not cast your gorges;  
This is more than I have commission for; be  
thankful.

*Soph.* Were all that study the abuse of women  
Used thus, the city would not swarm with  
cuckolds,  
Nor so many tradesmen break.

*Coris.* Pray you, appear now,  
And mark the alteration.

<sup>\*</sup> *Ric.* Oh! no more of stones,  
*We have been used too long like hawks already.*

*Ubal.* *We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting,  
We will come to an empty fist.*] To understand this, it will be  
necessary to have recourse to the treatises on the “noble science  
of hawking.”—“When the hawk will come to the lure, then  
give her every night stones, till you find her stomach good: after  
that, profer her casting, to make her cleanse and purge her  
gorge.” *The Gentleman's Recreation*, p. 135.

Humanity has seldom obtained a greater triumph than in the  
abolition of this most execrable pursuit, compared to which,  
cockfighting and bull-baiting are innocent amusements:—and  
this not so much on account of the game killed in the open  
field, as of the immense number of domestick animals sacrificed  
to the instruction of the hawk. The blood runs cold while we  
peruse the calm directions of the brutal falconer, to impale, tie  
down, fasten by the beak, break the legs and wings of living  
pigeons, hens, and sometimes herons, for the hourly exercise of  
the hawk, who was thus enabled to pull them to pieces without  
resistance.

<sup>2</sup> So ho, birds! *How the eyasses scratch and scramble?*] So ho,  
birds! was the falconer's call to feed. An *eyass*, as I learn from  
the respectable authority quoted above, is a young hawk newly  
taken out of the nest, and not able to prey for himself.

*Hil.* To your work,  
My lady is in presence; shew your duties :  
Exceeding well.

*Soph.* How do your scholars profit?

*Hil.* Hold up your heads demurely. Prettily,  
For young beginners.

*Coris.* And will do well in time,  
If they be kept in awe.

*Ric.* In awe! I am sure  
I quake like an aspen leaf.

*Ubal.* No mercy, lady?

*Ric.* Nor intermission?

*Soph.* Let me see your work :  
Fie upon't, what a thread's here! a poor cobbler's  
wife

Would make a finer to sew a clown's rent startup;<sup>3</sup>  
And here you reel as you were drunk.

*Ric.* I am sure  
It is not with wine.

*Soph.* O, take heed of wine;  
Cold water is far better for your healths,  
Of which I am very tender: you had foul bodies,  
And must continue in this physical diet,  
Till the cause of your disease be ta'en away,  
For fear of a relapse; and that is dangerous :  
Yet I hope already that you are in some  
Degree recovered, and that way to resolve me,  
Answer me truly; nay, what I propound  
Concerns both; nearer: what would you now give,

3 ————— a clown's rent startup;] A startup, Mr. M. Mason says, is part of a man's dress—so, indeed, is a bag-wig and sword. It appears, from many passages in our old writers, that a startup was a coarse kind of half-boot with thick soles; the *perone* of the ancients: its use is now superseded by that of the modern spatterdash:

“ Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,

“ Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,

“ Soke through your startups.” *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

If your means were in your hands, to lie all night  
With a fresh and handsome lady ?

*Ubal.* How ! a lady ?

O, I am past it ; hunger with her razor  
Hath made me an eunuch.

*Ric.* For a mess of porridge,  
Well sopp'd with a bunch of radish and a carrot,  
I would sell my barony ; but for women, oh !  
No more of women : not a doit for a doxy,  
After this hungry voyage.

*Soph.* These are truly  
Good symptoms ; let them not venture too much  
in the air,  
Till they are weaker.\*

*Ric.* This is tyranny.

*Ubal.* Scorn upon scorn.

*Soph.* You were so  
In your malicious intents to me,

*Enter a Servant.*

And therefore 'tis but justice—What's the  
business ?

*Serv.* My lord's great friend, signior Baptista,  
madam,

Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain  
Assurance of my lord's arrival.

*Soph.* How !

And stand I trifling here ? Hence with the mon-  
grels

To their several kennels ; there let them howl in  
private ;

I'll be no further troubled.

*[Exeunt Sophia and Servant.]*

\* *Till they are weaker.* ] Sophia still affects to consider them  
as too strong to be trusted abroad, consistently with her safety :  
there is much good humour and pleasantry in this scene.

*Ubold.* O that ever  
I saw this fury!

*Ric.* Or look'd on a woman  
But as a prodigy in nature.

*Hil.* Silence;  
No more of this.

*Coris.* Methinks you have no cause  
To repent your being here.

*Hil.* Have you not learnt,  
When your states are spent, your several trades  
to live by,  
And never charge the hospital?

*Coris.* Work but tightly,  
And we will not use a dish-clout in the house,  
But of your spinning.

*Ubold.* O, I would this hemp  
Were turn'd to a halter!

*Hil.* Will you march?

*Ric.* A soft one,  
Good general, I beseech you.

*Ubold.* I can hardly  
Draw my legs after me.

*Hil.* For a crutch you may use  
Your distaff; a good wit makes use of all things.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter SOPHIA and BAPTISTA.*

*Soph.* Was he jealous of me?

*Bapt.* There's no perfect love  
Without some touch of't, madam.

*Soph.* And my picture,

Made by your devilish art, a spy upon  
My actions? I ne'er sat to be drawn,  
Nor had you, sir, commission for't.

*Bapt.* Excuse me;  
At his earnest suit I did it.

*Soph.* Very good:—  
Was I grown so cheap in his opinion of me?

*Bapt.* The prosperous events that crown his  
fortunes

May qualify the offence.

*Soph.* Good, the events!—  
The sanctuary fools and madmen fly to,  
When their rash and desperate undertakings  
thrive well:

But good and wise men are directed by  
Grave counsels, and with such deliberation  
Proceed in their affairs, that chance has nothing  
To do with them: howsoe'er, take the pains, sir,  
To meet the honour (in the king and queen's  
Approaches to my house) that breaks upon me;  
I will expect them with my best of care.

*Bapt.* To entertain such royal guests——

*Soph.* I know it;  
Leave that to me, sir. [*Erit Baptista.*] What  
should move the queen,

So given to ease and pleasure, as fame speaks her,  
To such a journey! or work on my lord  
To doubt my loyalty, nay, more, to take,  
For the resolution of his fears, a course  
That is by holy writ denied a Christian?  
'Twas inipious in him, and perhaps the welcome  
He hopes in my embraces, may deceive

[*Trumpets sounded.*]

His expectation. The trumpets speak  
The king's arrival: help, a woman's wit now,  
To make him know his fault, and my just anger!

[*Erit.*]

## SCENE III.

*The Same*

*A Flourish. Enter LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, HONORIA, and ACANTHE, with Attendants.*

*Eubu.* Your majesty must be weary.

*Hon.* No, my lord,  
A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.

*Math.* Not Jove, attended on by Hermes, was  
More welcome to the cottage of Philemon  
And his poor Baucis, than your gracious self,  
Your matchless queen, and all your royal train,  
Are to your servant and his wife.

*Ladis.* Where is she?

*Hon.* I long to see her as my now-loved rival.

*Eubu.* And I to have a smack at her; 'tis a  
cordial

To an old man, better than sack and a toast  
Before he goes to supper.

*Math.* Ha! is my house turn'd  
To a wilderness? nor wife nor servants ready,  
With all rites due to majesty, to receive  
Such unexpected blessings! You assured me  
Of better preparation; hath not  
The excess of joy transported her beyond  
Her understanding?

*Bapt.* I now parted from her,  
And gave her your directions.

*Math.* How shall I beg  
Your majesties' patience? sure my family's drunk,  
Or by some witch, in envy of my glory,  
A dead sleep thrown upon them.



*Enter HILARIO and Servants.*

*Serv.* Sir.

*Math.* But that

The sacred presence of the king forbids it,  
My sword should make a massacre among you.  
Where is your mistress?

*Hil.* First, you are welcome home, sir:  
Then know, she says she's sick, sir.—There's no  
notice

Taken of my bravery!

*Math.* Sick at such a time!

It cannot be: though she were on her deathbed,  
And her spirit e'en now departed, here stand they  
Could call it back again, and in this honour  
Give her a second being. Bring me to her;  
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem  
This mortgage of her manners.

*[Exeunt Mathias, Hilario, and Servants.]*

*Eubu.* There's no climate

On the world, I think, where one jade's trick or  
other

Reigns not in women.

*Ferd.* You were ever bitter  
Against the sex.

*Ladis.* This is very strange.

*Hon.* Mean women  
Have their faults, as well as queens.

*Ladis.* O, she appears now.

*Re-enter MATHIAS with SOPHIA ; HILARIO  
following.*

*Math.* The injury that you conceive I have  
done you  
Dispute hereafter, and in your perverseness  
Wrong not yourself and me.

*Soph.* I am past my childhood,<sup>5</sup>  
And need no tutor.

*Math.* This is the great king,  
To whom I am engaged till death for all  
I stand possess'd of.

*Soph.* My humble roof is proud, sir,  
To be the canopy of so much greatness  
Set off with goodness.

*Ladis.* My own praises flying  
In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,  
Cannot but please me.

*Math.* This is the queen of queens,  
In her magnificence to me.

*Soph.* In my duty  
I kiss her highness' robe.

*Hon.* You stoop too low  
To her whose lips would meet with yours.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Soph.* Howe'er  
It may appear preposterous in women  
So to encounter, 'tis your pleasure, madam,  
And not my proud ambition.—Do you hear, sir?  
Without a magical picture, in the touch  
I find your print of close and wanton kisses  
On the queen's lips.

*Math.* Upon your life be silent:  
And now salute these lords.

*Soph.* Since you will have me,  
You shall see I am experienced at the game,  
And can play it tightly. You are a brave man,  
sir,

[*To Ferdinand.*]

And do deserve a free and hearty welcome:

Be this the prologue to it.

[*Kisses him.*]

<sup>5</sup> *Soph. I am past my childhood,  
And need no tutor.*] The pretty perverseness of Sophia is excellently managed in this short conference, and her breaking out at length, highly natural and amusing.

*Eub.* An old man's turn  
Is ever last in kissing. I have lips too,  
However cold ones, madam.

*Soph.* I will warm them  
With the fire of mine. [*Kisses him.*]

*Eubu.* And so she has! I thank you,  
I shall sleep the better all night for't.

*Math.* You express  
The boldness of a wanton courtezan,  
And not a matron's modesty; take up,<sup>6</sup>  
Or you are disgraced for ever.

*Soph.* How? with kissing  
Feelingly, as you taught me? would you have  
me

Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use  
To their inferiours, as if they intended  
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,  
And not a salutation? what I do,  
I will do freely; now I am in the humour,  
I'll fly at all: are there any more?

*Math.* Forbear,  
Or you will raise my anger to a height  
That will descend in fury.

*Soph.* Why? you know  
How to resolve yourself what my intents are,  
By the help of Mephostophilus,<sup>7</sup> and your picture:  
Pray you, look upon't again. I humbly thank  
The queen's great care of me while you were  
absent.

She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,

6 ————— take up,] i. e. check  
yourself. See Vol. II. p. 441.

7 By the help of Mephostophilus,] i. e. Baptista. *Mephostophilus* is the name of a fiend or familiar spirit in the *History of Dr. Faustus*, as well as in the play of that name by Christopher Marlow. He is also mentioned by Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and, indeed, by most of our old dramatists.

And being for that time a kind of widow,  
To pass away her melancholy hours  
Without good company, and in charity, there-  
fore,

Provided for me: Out of her own store  
She cull'd the lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,  
Two principal courtiers for ladies' service,  
To do me all good offices; and as such  
Employ'd by her, I hope I have received  
And entertain'd them; nor shall they depart  
Without the effect arising from the cause  
That brought them hither.

*Math.* Thou dost belie thyself:  
I know that in my absence thou wert honest,  
However now turn'd monster.

*Soph.* The truth is,  
We did not deal, like you, in speculations  
On cheating pictures; we knew shadows were  
No substances, and actual performance  
The best assurance. I will bring them hither,  
To make good in this presence so much for me.  
Some minutes space I beg your majesties' par-  
don.—

You are moved now:—champ upon this bit a  
little,

Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Hilario.*]

*Ladis.* How now? turn'd statue, sir!

*Math.* Fly, and fly quickly,  
From this cursed habitation, or this Gorgon  
Will make you all as I am. In her tongue  
Millions of adders hiss, and every hair  
Upon her wicked head a snake more dreadful  
Than that Tisiphone threw on Athamas,  
Which in his madness forced him to dismember  
His proper issue. O that ever I  
Reposed my trust in magick, or believed

Impossibilities ! or that charms had power  
To sink and search into the bottomless hell  
Of a false woman's heart !

*Eubu.* These are the fruits  
Of marriage ! an old bachelor as I am,  
And, what's more, will continue so, is not troubled  
With these fine vagaries.

*Ferd.* Till you are resolved, sir,  
Forsake not hope.\*

*Bap.* Upon my life, this is  
Dissimulation.

*Ladis.* And it suits not with  
Your fortitude and wisdom to be thus  
Transported with your passion.

*Hon.* You were once  
Deceived in me, sir, as I was in you ;  
Yet the deceit pleased both.

*Math.* She hath confess'd all ;  
What further proof should I ask ?

*Hon.* Yet remember  
The distance that is interposed between  
A woman's tongue and her heart ; and you must  
grant  
You build upon no certainties.

*Re-enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO, with  
UBALDO and RICARDO spinning and reeling, as  
before.*

*Eubu.* What have we here ?

*Soph.* You must come on, and shew yourselves.

*Ubal.* The king !

\* Till you are resolved, sir,

*Forsake not hope.*] *Resolved* is convinced. Thus Shakspeare :

" By heavens ! I am resolved

" That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue."

See Vol. I. p. 275.

*Ric.* And queen too! would I were as far under  
the earth

As I am above it!

*Ubal.* Some poet will!

From this relation, or in verse or prose,  
Or both together blended, render us  
Ridiculous to all ages.

*Ladis.* I remember

This face, when it was in a better plight:  
Are not you Ricardo?

*Hon.* And this thing, I take it,  
Was once Ubaldo.

*Ubald.* I am now I know not what.

*Ric.* We thank your majesty for employing us  
To this subtle Circe.

*Eubu.* How, my lord! turn'd spinster!  
Do you work by the day, or by the great?

*Ferd.* Is your theorbo  
Turn'd to a distaff, signior, and your voice,  
With which you chanted, *Room for a lusty gallant!*  
Tuned to the note of *Lachrymæ*?

*Eubu.* Prithce tell me,  
For I know thou'rt free, how oft, and to the  
purpose,  
You've been merry with this lady.

9 *Some poet will, &c.*] There is something delightful in these anticipations of future fame by great minds. They are the flowery spots in the poet's thorny way, which beguile the wearisomeness of his pilgrimage, and in despite of coldness and neglect, reconcile him to his fate.

1 *Tuned to the note of Lachrymæ?*] *Lachrymæ* (as Sir John Hawkins informs us, in his *History of Musick*) was the title of a musical work composed by John Douland, a celebrated lutanist in the time of king James I. "The title of it at length is: *Lachrymæ, or seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Almans, set forth to the Lute, Viol, or Violin, in five Parts.*" To this performance, which was once exceedingly popular, allusions are found in most of our old dramatists. I do not know what the "seven passionate" (i. e. affecting) compositions were, which made up the bulk of

*Ric.* Never, never.

*Ladis.* Howsoever, you should say so for your credit,

Being the only court bull.

*Ubal.* O that ever

I saw this kicking heifer !

*Soph.* You see, madam,

How I have cured your servants, and what favours

They with their rampant valour have won from me.

You may, as they are physick'd, I presume,  
Trust a fair virgin with them; they have learn'd  
Their several trades to live by, and paid nothing  
But cold and hunger for them; and may now  
Set up for themselves, for here I give them over.

And now to you, sir; why do you not again  
Peruse your picture, and take the advice  
Of your learned consort? these are the men, or  
none,

That made you, as the Italian says,\* a *becco*.

*Math.* I know not which way to entreat your  
pardon,

this collection, but it seems, from the following extract, that one of them was the beautiful and pathetick *Lamentation of Lady Ann Bothwell*:

“ Balow, my babe, lie still and sleepe,

“ It grieves me sair to see thee weepe;” &c.

“ *Cit.* You musicians, play Baloo.

“ *Wife.* No, good George; let's have *Lacrymæ*.

“ *Cit.* Why this is it.” *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

\* *That made you, as the Italian says, a becco.*] So the old copy, which is far more humourous than the sophistication of Mr. M. Mason—as the *Italians say*, &c.

*Becco* is rendered, by the commentators on our old plays, a cuckold; the Italians, however, give it a more defamatory sense: with them it generally means what we call a wittol, i. e. one accessory to his own disgrace. This too is the meaning it bears in Massinger and his contemporaries, who were, generally speaking, no indifferent Italian scholars.

Nor am I worthy of it. My Sophia,  
 My best Sophia, here before the king,  
 The queen, these lords, and all the lookers on,  
 I do renounce my errour, and embrace you,  
 As the great example to all aftertimes,  
 For such as would die chaste and noble wives,  
 With reverence to imitate.

*Soph.* Not so, sir;  
 I yet hold off. However I have purged  
 My doubted innocence, the foul aspersions,  
 In your unmanly doubts, cast on my honour,  
 Cannot so soon be wash'd off.

*Eubu.* Shall we have  
 More jiggobobs yet!

*Soph.* When you went to the wars,  
 I set no spy upon you, to observe  
 Which way you wander'd, though our sex by  
 nature

Is subject to suspicions and fears;  
 My confidence in your loyalty freed me from them.  
 But, to deal as you did, against your religion,  
 With this enchanter, to survey my actions,  
 Was more than woman's weakness; therefore  
 know,

And 'tis my boon unto the king, I do  
 Desire a separation from your bed;  
 For I will spend the remnant of my life  
 In prayer and meditation.

*Math.* O take pity  
 Upon my weak condition, or I am  
 More wretched in your innocence, than if  
 I had found you guilty. Have you shewn a jewel  
 Out of the cabinet of your rich mind,  
 To lock it up again?—She turns away.  
 Will none speak for me? shame and sin have  
 robb'd me  
 Of the use of my tongue.



*Ladis.* Since you have conquer'd, madam,  
You wrong the glory of your victory  
If you use it not with mercy.

*Ferd.* Any penance  
You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant  
He will gladly suffer.

*Eubu.* Have I lived to see  
But one good woman, and shall we for a trifle  
Have her turn nun? I will first pull down the  
cloister.

To the old sport again, with a good luck to you !  
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,  
We must have some of the breed of you : will  
you destroy

The kind and race of goodness? I am converted,  
And ask your pardon, madam, for my ill opinion  
Against the sex ; and shew me but two such  
more,

I'll marry yet, and love them.

*Hon.* She that yet  
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the king,  
Thus begs remission for him.

*Soph.* O, dear madam,  
Wrong not your greatness so.

*Omnes.* We all are suitors.

*Ubold.* I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

*Ric.* And we have suffer'd for it.

*Soph.* I perceive  
There's no resistance : but suppose I pardon  
What's past, who can secure me he'll be free  
From jealousy hereafter?

*Math.* I will be  
My own security : go, ride, where you please ;  
Feast, revel, banquet, and make choice with whom,  
I'll set no watch upon you ; and, for proof of it,  
This cursed picture I surrender up  
To a consuming fire.

*Bapt.* As I abjure  
The practice of my art.

*Soph.* Upon these terms  
I am reconciled; and, for these that have paid  
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

*Ladis.* At your request they have it.

*Ubal.* Hang all trades now.

*Ric.* I will find a new one, and that is, to live  
honest.

*Hil.* These are my fees.<sup>3</sup>

*Ubal.* Pray you, take them, with a mischief!

*Ladis.* So, all ends in peace now.  
And, to all married men, be this a caution,  
Which they should duly tender as their life,  
Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>4</sup>

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SONG, by PALLAS, in praise of the victorious  
Soldier. See p. 152.

*Though we contemplate to express  
The glory of our happiness,  
That, by your powerful arm, have been  
So true a victor, that no sin  
Could ever taint you with a blame  
To lessen your deserved fame.*

*Or, though we contend to set  
Your worth in the full height, or get  
Celestial singers crown'd with bays,  
With flourishes to dress your praise :  
You know your conquest ; but your story  
Lives in your triumphant glory.*

<sup>3</sup> *Hil. These are my fees.*] Meaning the clothes of the two courtiers: they, it should be recollected, are at this time dressed in the cast rags of Hilario.

<sup>4</sup> The fondness which Massinger seems to have felt for this Play was not misplaced. The circumstance on which it is

founded is, indeed, sufficiently fantastical, and was disallowed by the philosophy of his own age: but this is no serious hinderance to the effect of the piece. It is distinguished by a peculiar liveliness of fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the heart. It is sportive and tender: it amuses and affects us; and a vein of humour, more brisk than usual, relieves the impression of the serious events.

The comick part is too attractive in itself to need any recommendation, and its effect is too powerful to be missed by any reader. But it may not be useless to point out the substantial, though less obtrusive, merit of the serious scenes.

If it is more than usually difficult to ascertain the influence of sudden passions in bosoms generally virtuous and well regulated, to balance the struggle between habitual principle and accidental temptation, to measure their impression and resistance, and to determine the side to which the victory is due; it is the praise of Massinger to have surmounted this difficulty, in the characters of Mathias and Sophia; in the exquisite description of their tender attachment, the casual interruption of their peace, its happy restoration, and the proper triumph of virtue. His address is further displayed in the difference of the causes which bring them back to their duty and to each other. The fortitude, contentedness, and simplicity of Sophia are the surer guardians of her conduct; while the ardent spirit of Mathias, bold in seeking advantages abroad, but impatient concerning his happiness at home, exposes him more to the influence of dangerous impressions. Accordingly, after a temporary illusion, she rescues herself from mischief by the force of her own mind. He is preserved by other causes, the unexpected refusal of Honoria, and the renewed certainty of the constancy of his wife.

As to the queen herself, the cause of their unhappiness, she is described with much novelty, and truth of nature. Mr. Colman\* has talked of her *passion*; if this is the proper term, it is a passion, not for a person, but a *principle*. She offers herself to Mathias from no genuine attachment: it is mere envy of the constancy between him and Sophia, and a malicious determination to shew her own superiority, at whatever risk. Her constitutional vanity, dangerously nursed by the doting admiration of her husband, impels her to seduce a virtuous man whom she does not love. Her wantonness is whim; and she prepares to be faithless herself, because she cannot bear a rival in fidelity.

It is here to be remarked, that Massinger seems to have prepared this Play with all the resources which he could command.

\* See his *Critical Reflections on the old English Dramatick Writers.*

In the Observations on *the Duke of Milan*, the reader has been already taught to expect a similarity between the conjugal dotage of Sforza and Ladislaus, &c. &c. Several other plays have been made to contribute sentiments and incidents to *the Picture*. It is impossible to read Honoria's temptation of Mathias, Act III. sc. v. and not to remember the progress of Donusa's solicitations, and the amazement of Vitelli—*Renegado*, Act II. sc. iv.—*The Roman Actor* furnishes other circumstances of the same kind, from the conversation of Paris both with Domitia and the emperor, Act IV. sc. ii: and it is remarkable, that he pleads with the latter, not only in the thought, but in the very manner of Honoria: their argument appears to contradict their own wishes, and this is equally noticed by Domitian and Mathias. The whimsical weakness to which Ubaldo and Riccardo are reduced, and the jokes to which it exposes them, have already amused us in the characteristick punishment of Perigot—*Parliament of Love*. And, to quote only one more instance, though several might be added, the noble freedom with which Mathias corrects the levity of the queen, Act IV. sc. iv, though greatly superiour to it, is certainly suggested by Gonzaga's austere but spirited rebuke of Aurelia—*Maid of Honour*. Act IV. sc. iv.

In short, Massinger has not scrupled to adorn this Play with whatever was afforded by the story itself, or could be added from his own writings; and, like the artist of old, he has composed an exquisite Picture from a collection of many scattered beauties

There are two morals combined in this play; one arising from the doting love of Ladislaus; the other, from the suspicions of Mathias. Vanity is always unfeeling: and, through indiscreet admiration, may be carried far beyond the supposed frivolousness of its nature, and become a raging passion, destructive of our own virtue and of the happiness of others. Again, unreasonable doubt destroys the very happiness which it labours to secure. Irritation is the natural consequence of unjust suspicion; and the desire of revenge hurries us into actions from which our better principles would otherwise have preserved us. What is worse, we excuse ourselves in mischief on account of the very motive on which we act; and are content to be outrageous on the flattering principle of justice itself.

DR. IRELAND.



**THE**  
**EMPEROR OF THE EAST.**



**THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.]** This Tragi-comedy was licensed for the stage March 11th, 1631, and printed in the following year. The plot is taken from the history of Theodosius the younger, as delivered by the Byzantine writers. See the concluding Observations by Dr. Ireland.

Massinger has followed his various authorities somewhat more closely than usual; indeed, he disclaims, in the Prologue, all merit on the score of invention, the work being, as he says, "a story of reverend antiquity."

Notwithstanding the excellence of this Play, it met with some opposition at its first appearance: its distinguished merits, however, procured it a representation at court, and it finally seems to have grown into very general favour. It is preceded, in the old edition, by several commendatory poems, one of which, by W. Singleton, is not undeserving of praise.

It was frequently acted, as the title-page tells us, "at the Blackfriars and Globe Play-houses, by the King's Majesty's servants."



TO

*The Right Honourable, and my especial good Lord,*

JOHN LORD MOHUN,

BARON OF OKEHAMPTON, &c.

MY GOOD LORD,

*LET my presumption in styling you so, (having never deserved it in my service,) from the clemency of your noble disposition, find pardon.\* The reverence due to the name of Mohun, long since honoured in three earls of Somerset, and eight barons of Munster, may challenge from all pens a deserved celebration. And the rather in respect those titles were not purchased, but conferred, and continued in your ancestors, for many virtuous, noble, and still living actions; nor ever forfeited or tainted, but when the iniquity of those times laboured the depression of approved goodness, and in wicked policy held it fit that loyalty and faith, in taking part with the true prince, should be degraded and mulcted. But this admitting no further dilation in this place, may your lordship please, and with all possible brevity, to understand the reasons why I am, in humble thankfulness, ambitious to shelter this poem under the wings of your honourable protection. My worthy friend, Mr. Aston Cockayne, your nephew, to my extraordinary content, delivered to me that your lord-*

\* MY GOOD LORD,

*Let my presumption in styling you so, &c.] To understand this sentence, it will be necessary to recollect that "my good lord," meant, in the language of Massinger and his contemporaries, my patron. Of this mode of expression many instances are to be found in these volumes. It occurs also in the Spanish Tragedy, which I mention for the sake of correcting a slight mistake:*

*"Lor. What would he with us? he writes us here, To stand good Lorenzo, and help him in his distress." Act III.*

*In the late editions, there is a comma after stand, which perverts the sense.*

*ship, at your vacant hours, sometimes vouchsafed to peruse such trifles of mine as have passed the press, and not alone warranted them in your gentle suffrage, but disdained not to bestow a remembrance of your love, and intended favour to me. I profess to the world, I was exalted with the bounty, and with good assurance, it being so rare in this age to meet with one noble name, that, in fear to be censured of levity and weakness, dares express itself a friend or patron to condemned poetry.\* Having, therefore, no means else left me to witness the obligation in which I stand most willingly bound to your lordship, I offer this Tragi-comedy to your gracious acceptance, no way despairing, but that with a clear aspect you will deign to receive it, (it being an induction to my future endeavours,) and that in the list of those, that to your merit truly admire you, you may descend to number*

*your lordship's faithful honourer,*

**PHILIP MASSINGER.**

\* That this noble lord not only favoured poetry, but wrote himself, appears from Sir Aston Cockayne's letters to his lordship, in verse. See Cockayne's *Poems*, p. 80. COXETER.

## P R O L O G U E\*

AT THE BLACKFRIARS.

But that imperious custom warrants it,  
 Our author with much willingness would omit  
 This preface to his new work. He hath found,  
 (And suffer'd for't,) many are apt to wound  
 His credit in this kind: and, whether he  
 Express himself fearful, or peremptory,  
 He cannot 'scape their censures who delight  
 To misapply whatever he shall write.  
 'Tis his hard fate. And though he will not sue,  
 Or basely beg such suffrages, yet, to you,  
 Free and ingenious spirits, he doth now,  
 In me, present his service, with his vow  
 He hath done his best; and, though he cannot  
     glory  
 In his invention, (this work being a story  
 Of reverend antiquity,) he doth hope,  
 In the proportion of it, and the scope,  
 You may observe some pieces drawn like one  
 Of a stedfast hand; and, with the whiter stone,  
 To be mark'd in your fair censures. More than  
     this  
 I am forbid to promise, and it is  
 With the most till you confirm it: since we know  
 Whate'er the shaft be, archer, or the bow  
 From which 'tis sent, it cannot hit the white,  
 Unless your approbation guide it right.

\* This prologue hath been hitherto very incorrectly given.  
 It is here reformed from the old copies.

## P R O L O G U E

## AT COURT.

As ever, sir, you lent a gracious ear  
 To oppress'd innocence, now vouchsafe to hear  
 A short petition. At your feet, in me,  
 The poet kneels, and to your majesty  
 Appeals for justice: What we now present,  
 When first conceived, in his vote and intent,  
 Was sacred to your pleasure; in each part  
 With his best of fancy, judgment, language, art,  
 Fashion'd and form'd so, as might well, and may  
 Deserve a welcome, and no vulgar way.  
 He durst not, sir, at such a solemn feast,  
 Lard his grave matter with one scurrilous jest;  
 But labour'd that no passage might appear,  
 But what the queen without a blush might hear:  
 And yet this poor work suffer'd by the rage  
 And envy of some Catos of the stage:  
 Yet still he hopes this Play, which then was seen  
 With sore eyes, and condemn'd out of their spleen,  
 May be by you, the supreme judge, set free,  
 And raised above the reach of calumny.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

*Theodosius the younger, the emperor.*  
*Paulinus, a kinsman to the emperor.*  
*Philanax, captain of the guard,*  
*Timantus,*  
*Chrysapius, } eunuchs of the emperor's chamber.*  
*Gratianus,*  
*Cleon, a traveller, friend to Paulinus.*  
*Patriarch.*  
*Informer.*  
*Projector.*  
*Master of the Habits and Manners.*  
*Minion of the Suburbs.*  
*Countryman.*  
*Surgeon.*  
*Empirick.*  
  
*Pulcheria, the protectress, sister to the emperor.*  
*Athenais, a strange virgin, afterwards empress, and*  
*named Eudocia.*  
*Arcadia, } the younger sisters of the emperor.*  
*Flaccilla,*  
  
*Officers, Suitors, Attendants, Guards, Huntsman,*  
*Executioners, Servants, &c.*

**SCENE**, Constantinople.

THE  
EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PAULINUS and CLEON.*

*Paul.* In your six years travel, friend, no doubt,  
you have met with  
Many and rare adventures, and observed  
The wonders of each climate, varying in  
The manners and the men; and so return,  
For the future service of your prince and country,  
In your understanding better'd.

*Cle.* Sir, I have made of it  
The best use in my power, and hope my gleanings  
After the full crop others reap'd before me,  
Shall not, when I am call'd on, altogether  
Appear unprofitable: yet I left  
The miracle of miracles in our age  
At home behind me; every where abroad,  
Fame, with a true though prodigal voice, deliver'd  
Such wonders of Pulcheria, the princess,  
To the amazement, nay, astonishment rather,  
Of such as heard it, that I found not one,  
In all the states and kingdoms that I pass'd through,  
Worthy to be her second.

*Paul.* She, indeed, is  
A perfect phoenix, and disdains a rival.

242 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST,

Her infant years, as you know, promised much,  
 But, grown to ripeness, she transcends, and makes  
 Credulity her debtor. I will tell you,  
 In my blunt way, to entertain the time,  
 Until you have the happiness to see her,  
 How in your absence she hath born herself,  
 And with all possible brevity; though the subject  
 Is such a spacious field, as would require  
 An abstract of the purest eloquence  
 (Derived from the most famous orators  
 The nurse of learning, Athens, shew'd the world)  
 In that man, that should undertake to be  
 Her true historian.

*Cle.* In this you shall do me  
 A special favour.

*Paul.* Since Arcadius' death,  
 Our late great master, the protection of  
 The prince, his son, the second Theodosius,  
 By a general vote and suffrage of the people,  
 Was to her charge assign'd, with the disposur  
 Of his so many kingdoms. For his person,  
 She hath so train'd him up in all those arts  
 That are both great and good, and to be wish'd  
 In an imperial monarch, that the mother  
 Of the Gracchi, grave Cornelia, Rome still boasts  
 of,

The wise Pulcheria but named, must be  
 No more remember'd. She, by her example,  
 Hath made the court a kind of academy,  
 In which true honour is both learn'd and  
 practised:

Her private lodgings a chaste nunnery,  
 In which her sisters, as probationers, hear  
 From her, their sovereign abbess, all the precepts  
 Read in the school of virtue.

*Cle.* You amaze me.

*Paul.* I shall, ere I conclude; for here the wonder

Begins, not ends. Her soul is so immense,  
 And her strong faculties so apprehensive,  
 To search into the depth of deep designs,  
 And of all natures, that the burthen, which  
 To many men were insupportable,  
 To her is but a gentle exercise,  
 Made, by the frequent use, familiar to her.

*Cle.* With your good favour, let me interrupt  
 you.

Being, as she is, in every part so perfect,  
 Methinks that all kings of our eastern world  
 Should become rivals for her.

*Paul.* So they have;

But to no purpose. She, that knows her strength  
 To rule and govern monarchs, scorns to wear  
 On her free neck the servile yoke of marriage;  
 And for one loose desire, envy itself  
 Dares not presume to taint her. Venus' son  
 Is blind indeed when he but gazes on her;  
 Her chastity being a rock of diamonds,  
 With which encounter'd, his shafts fly in splinters;  
 His flaming torches in the living spring  
 Of her perfections quench'd: and, to crown all,  
 She's so impartial when she sits upon  
 The high tribunal, neither sway'd with pity,  
 Nor awed by fear, beyond her equal scale,  
 That 'tis not superstition to believe  
 Astrea once more lives upon the earth,  
 Pulcheria's breast her temple.

*Cle.* You have given her  
 An admirable character.

*Paul.* She deserves it:

And, such is the commanding power of virtue,  
 That from her vicious enemies it compels  
 Pæans of praise, as a due tribute to her.

[*Loud musick.*

*Cle.* What means this solemn musick?



244 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Paul.* Sir,<sup>1</sup> it ushers  
The emperor's morning meditation,  
In which Pulcheria is more than assistant.  
'Tis worth your observation, and you may  
Collect from her expense of time this day,  
How her hours, for many years, have been  
disposed of.

*Cle.* I am all eyes and ears.

*Enter, after a strain of solemn musick, PHILANAX,  
TIMANTUS, Patriarch, THEODOSIUS, PULCHER-  
IA, FLACCILLA, and ARCADIA; followed by  
CHRYSAPIUS and GRATIANUS; Servants, and  
Officers.*

*Pul.* Your patience, sir.  
Let those corrupted ministers of the court,  
Which you complain of, our devotions ended,  
Be cited to appear: for the ambassadours  
Who are importunate to have audience,  
From me you may assure them, that to morrow  
They shall in publick kiss the emperor's robe,  
And we in private, with our soonest leisure,  
Will give them hearing. Have you especial care  
too,

That free access be granted unto all  
Petitioners. The morning wears.—Pray you, on,  
sir;

Time lost is ne'er recover'd.

*[Exeunt all but Paulinus and Cleon.]*

*Paul.* Did you note  
The majesty she appears in?

*Cle.* Yes, my good lord;  
I was ravish'd with it.

<sup>1</sup> *Paul.* Sir, it ushers &c.] A monosyllable has dropt out here. I have inserted *Sir*, the most innocent one that occurred to me.

*Paul.* And then, with what speed  
She orders her dispatches, not one daring  
To interpose; the emperor himself,  
Without reply, putting in act whatever  
She pleased to impose<sup>2</sup> upon him.

*Cle.* Yet there were some,  
That, in their sullen looks, rather confess'd  
A forced constraint to serve her, than a will  
To be at her devotion: what are they?

*Paul.* Eunuchs of the emperor's chamber, that  
repine  
The globe and awful sceptre should give place  
Unto the distaff, for as such they whisper  
A woman's government, but dare not yet  
Express themselves.

*Cle.* From whence are the ambassadours  
To whom she promised audience?

*Paul.* They are  
Employ'd by divers princes, who desire  
Alliance with our emperor, whose years now,  
As you see, write him man. One would advance  
A daughter to the honour of his bed;  
A second, his fair sister: to instruct you  
In the particulars would ask longer time  
Than my own designs give way to. I have letters  
From special friends of mine, that to my care  
Commend a stranger virgin, whom this morning  
I purpose to present before the princess:  
If you please, you may accompany me.

*Cle.* I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> *She pleased to impose*] *Is*, which the modern editors insert before *pleased*, was admitted without authority, and indeed without necessity.

SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter the Informer, with Officers bringing in the Projector, the Minion of the Suburbs, and the Master of the Habit and Manners.*

*Infor.* Why should you droop, or hang your working heads?

No danger is meant to you; pray bear up:  
For aught I know, you are cited to receive  
Preferment due to your merits.

*Proj.* Very likely:

In all the projects I have read and practised,  
I never found one man compell'd to come  
Before the seat of justice under guard,  
To receive honour.

*Infor.* No! it may be, you are  
The first example. Men of qualities,  
As I have deliver'd you to the protectress,  
Who knows how to advance them, cannot conceive

A fitter place to have their virtues publish'd,  
Than in open court. Could you hope that the  
princess,

Knowing your precious merits, will reward them  
In a private corner? No; you know not yet  
How you may be exalted.

*Min.* To the gallows.

*Infor.* Fie!

Nor yet depress'd to the gallies; in your names  
You carry no such crimes: your specious titles  
Cannot but take her:—President of the Projectors!

What a noise it makes! The Master of the Habit!  
How proud would some one country be that I  
know,  
To be your first pupil!<sup>3</sup> Minion of the Suburbs,  
And now and then admitted to the court,  
And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames!<sup>4</sup>  
What hurt is in it? One thing I must tell you,  
As I am the state-scout, you may think me an  
informer.

*Mast.* They are synonyma.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ————— *The Master of the Habit!*

*How proud would some one country be that I know,  
To be your first pupil!*] "Still harping upon England," which,  
at the time these scenes are supposed to have taken place, was  
struggling with a few "naked Picts" for wolves' skins!

<sup>4</sup> *And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames!*] This  
seems to have been a cant term, with our old dramatists, for a  
pander, in allusion probably to his designation, *The Squire o'  
Dames* is a personage of great respectability in *the Faerie Queene*;  
from whence, as Mr. Gilchrist observes to me, Massinger de-  
rived the appellation. In Book III. Canto vii. stanza 53, "he  
is dispatched by his mistress, to relieve distressed damsels during  
the space of a twelvemonth. This injunction he happily per-  
forms, and returns with three hundred proofs of his prowess  
and success; his capricious fair one then forbids him her pre-  
sence until he can find as many other ladies,

"The which, for all the suit he could propound,

"Would him refuse their pledges to afford,

"But did abide for ever chaste and sound."

"After straying three years, and endeavouring with all his  
might to effect the purpose of his mission, he acknowledges to  
Satyrane, (*miserabile dictu!*) that he had found but three!" The  
story, as Warton has observed, is copied from Ariosto's *Host's  
Tale*, c. 28.

<sup>5</sup> *Mast.* *They are synonyma.*] The modern editors have igno-  
rantly corrupted this into *synonymous*; but *synonyma* was the  
word in use in Massinger's time.

Thus Jonson:

"Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,

"A purging bill, now fix'd upon the door,

"Tells you it is a hot-house: so it may,

"And still be a whore-house;—they're *synonyma*."

*Epig. vii.*

248 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Infor.* Conceal nothing from her  
Of your good parts, 'twill be the better for you;  
Or if you should, it matters not; she can conjure,  
And I am her ubiquitary spirit,  
Bound to obey her:—you have my instructions;  
Stand by, here's better company.

*Enter* PAULINUS, CLEON, and ATHENAIS *with a*  
*petition.*

*Athen.* Can I hope, sir,  
Oppressed innocence shall find protection  
And justice among strangers, when my brothers,  
Brothers of one womb, by one sire begotten,  
Trample on my afflictions?

*Paul.* Forget them,  
Remembering those may help you.

*Athen.* They have robb'd me  
Of all means to prefer my just complaint,  
With any promising hope to gain a hearing,  
Much less redress: petitions not sweetened  
With gold, are but unsavory, oft refused;  
Or, if received, are pocketed, not read.  
A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams  
Of cholerick authority are dried up  
Before they fall, or, if seen, never pitied.  
What will become of a forsaken maid!  
My flattering hopes are too weak to encounter  
With my strong enemy, despair, and 'tis  
In vain to oppose her.

*Cle.* Cheer her up; she faints, sir.

*Paul.* This argues weakness; though your brothers were  
Cruel beyond expression, and the judges  
That sentenced you, corrupt; you shall find here  
One of your own fair sex to do you right,  
Whose beams of justice, like the sun, extend

Their light and heat to strangers, and are not  
Municipal or confined.

*Athen.* Pray you, do not feed me  
With airy hopes; unless you can assure me  
The great Pulcheria will descend to hear  
My miserable story, it were better  
I died without the trouble.

*Paul.* She is bound to it  
By the surest chain, her natural inclination  
To help the afflicted; nor shall long delays,  
More terrible to miserable suitors  
Than quick denials, grieve you. Dry your fair eyes;  
This room will instantly be sanctified  
With her bless'd presence; to her ready hand  
Present your grievances, and rest assured  
You shall depart contented.

*Athen.* You breathe in me  
A second life.

*Infor.* Will your lordship please to hear  
Your servant a few words?

*Paul.* Away, you rascal!  
Did I ever keep such servants?

*Infor.* If your honesty  
Would give you leave, it would be for your profit.

*Paul.* To make use of an informer! tell me, in  
what

Can you advantage me?

*Infor.* In the first tender  
Of a fresh suit never begg'd yet.

*Paul.* What's your suit, sir?

*Infor.* 'Tis feasible; — here are three arrant  
knaves

Discovered by my art.

*Paul.* And thou the archknave:  
The great devour the less.

*Infor.* And with good reason;  
I must eat one a month, I cannot live else.

*Paul.* A notable cannibal ! but should I hear thee,

In what do your knaves concern me ?

*Infor.* In the begging  
Of their estates.

*Paul.* Before they are condemn'd ?

*Infor.* Yes, or arraign'd; your lordship may  
speak too late else.<sup>6</sup>

They are your own, and I will be content  
With the fifth part of a share.

*Paul.* Hence, rogue !

*Infor.* Such rogues  
In this kind will be heard and cherish'd too.  
Fool that I was, to offer such a bargain  
To a spiced-conscience chapman !—but I care not;  
What he disdains to taste, others will swallow.

*Loud Musick.* Enter THEODOSIUS, PULCHERIA,  
ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, Patriarch, PHILANAX,  
TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, GRATIANUS, and  
Attendants.

*Cle.* They are returned from the temple.

*Paul.* See, she appears ;  
What think you now ?

*Athen.* A cunning painter thus,  
Her veil ta'en off, and awful sword and balance  
Laid by, would picture Justice.

<sup>6</sup> Yes, or arraign'd; your lordship may speak too late else.] This is a severe sarcasm on the avidity of the courtiers in Massinger's time; unfortunately too, it is just. The estates of many condemned persons were begged with scandalous precipitation by the favourites of the day, and, what is worse, were justly suspected, in more than one instance, to have constituted the principal part of the crime for which the possessors suffered :

“ Sir, you are rich ; besides, you know what you

“ Have got by your ward's death : I fear you will

“ Be begg'd at court.”

*The Wits.*

*Pul.* When you please,  
You may intend those royal exercises  
Suiting your birth and greatness: I will bear  
The burthen of your cares, and, having purged  
The body of your empire of ill humours,  
Upon my knees surrender it.

*Chry.* Will you ever  
Be awed thus like a boy?

*Grat.* And kiss the rod  
Of a proud mistress?

*Tim.* Be what you were born, sir.

*Phil.* Obedience and majesty never lodged  
In the same inn.

*Theod.* No more; he never learn'd  
The right way to command, that stopp'd his ears  
To wise directions.

*Pul.* Read o'er the papers  
I left upon my cabinet, two hours hence  
I will examine you.

*Flac.* We spend our time well!  
Nothing but praying and poring on a book.  
It ill agrees with my constitution, sister.

*Arcad.* Would I had been born some masking-  
lady's woman,  
Only to see strange sights, rather than live thus!

*Flac.* We are gone, forsooth; there is no re-  
medy, sister. [*Exeunt Arcadia and Flaccilla.*]

*Grat.* What hath his eye found out?

*Tim.* 'Tis fix'd upon  
That stranger lady.

*Chry.* I am glad yet, that  
He dares look on a woman.

[*All this time the Informer is kneeling to Pul-  
cheria, and delivering papers.*]

*Theo.* Philanax,  
What is that comely stranger?

*Phil.* A petitioner.



252 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Chry.* Will you hear her case, and dispatch her  
in your chamber?

I'll undertake to bring her.

*Theo.* Bring me to

Some place where I may look on her demeanour :  
'Tis a lovely creature !

*Chry.* There's some hope in this yet.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Theodosius, Patriarch,  
Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, and  
Gratianus.*]

*Pul.* No: you have done your parts.

*Paul.* Now opportunity courts you,  
Prefer your suit.

*Athen.* As low as misery  
Can fall, for proof of my humility,  
A poor distressed virgin bows her head,  
And lays hold on your goodness, the last altar  
Calamity can fly to for protection.  
Great minds erect their never-falling trophies'  
On the firm base of mercy ; but to triumph  
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captived,  
Argues a bastard conquest:—'tis to you  
I speak, to you, the fair and just Pulcheria,  
The wonder of the age, your sex's honour ;  
And as such, deign to hear me. As you have  
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire  
To have it made a star there, make the means  
Of your ascent to that celestial height  
Virtue, wing'd with brave action: they draw near  
The nature and the essence of the gods,  
Who imitate their goodness.

*Pul.* If you were  
A subject of the empire, which your habit  
In every part denies——

7 *Great minds erect their never-falling trophies*] *Never-falling*  
is the reading of the old copies, and should not be changed.  
Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason exhibit *never-failing*

*Athen.* O, fly not to  
Such an evasion ! whate'er I am,  
Being a woman, in humanity  
You are bound to right me. Though the difference

Of my religion may seem to exclude me  
From your defence, which you would have confined ;

The moral virtue, which is general,  
Must know no limits. By these blessed feet,  
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly  
On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression,  
By these tears by which I bathe them, I conjure  
you

With pity to look on me !

*Pul.* Pray you, rise ;

And, as you rise, receive this comfort from me.  
Beauty, set off with such sweet language, never  
Can want an advocate ; and you must bring  
More than a guilty cause if you prevail not.  
Some business long since thought upon dispatch'd,  
You shall have hearing, and, as far as justice  
Will warrant me, my best aids.

*Athen.* I do desire

No stronger guard ; my equity needs no favour.  
[Walks aside.]

*Pul.* Are these the men ?

*Proj.* We were, an't like your highness,  
The men, the men of eminence and mark,  
And may continue so, if it please your grace.

*Mast.* This speech was well projected.

*Pul.* Does your conscience,  
I will begin with you, whisper unto you  
What here you stand accused of ? Are you named  
The President of Projectors ?

*Infor.* Justify it, man,  
And tell her in what thou'rt useful.

354 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Proj.* That is apparent ;  
 And if you please, ask some about the court,  
 And they will tell you, to my rare inventions  
 They owe their bravery, perhaps means to purchase,  
 And cannot live without me. I, alas !  
 Lend out my labouring brains to use, and sometimes  
 For a drachma in the pound,—the more the pity.  
 I am all patience, and endure the curses  
 Of many, for the profit of one patron.

*Pul.* I do conceive the rest. What is the second ?

*Infor.* The Minion of the Suburbs.

*Pul.* What hath he  
 To do in Constantinople ?

*Min.* I steal in now and then,  
 As I am thought useful ; marry, there I am call'd  
 The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,  
 And by the allowance of some sportful ladies,  
 Honour'd with that title.

*Pul.* Spare your character,  
 You are here decipher'd: stand by with your compeer.

What is the third ? a creature I ne'er heard of:  
 The Master of the Manners and the Habit !  
 You have a double office.

*Mast.* In my actions  
 I make both good; for by my theorems,  
 Which your polite and terser gallants practise,  
 I re-refine the court,\* and civilize  
 Their barbarous natures. I have in a table,  
 With curious punctuality, set down,

\* *I re-refine the court,*] So the old copy: the modern editors read, *I refine the court*, which destroys at once the humour and the metre.

To a hair's breath, how low a new-stamp'd courtier

May vail' to a country gentleman, and by Gradation, to his merchant, mercer, draper, His linen-man, and tailor.

*Pul.* Pray you, discover This hidden mystery.

*Mast.* If the foresaid courtier (As it may chance sometimes) find not his name Writ in the citizens books, with a state hum He may salute them after three days waiting; But, if he owe them money, that he may Preserve his credit, let him in policy never Appoint a day of payment, so they may hope still:

But, if he be to take up more, his page May attend them at the gate, and usher them Into his cellar, and when they are warm'd with wine,

Conduct them to his bedchamber; and though then

He be under his barber's hands, as soon as seen, He must start up to embrace them, vail thus low;

Nay, though he call them cousins, 'tis the better, His dignity no way wrong'd in't.

*Paul.* Here's a fine knave!

*Pul.* Does this rule hold without exception, sirrah,

For courtiers in general?

*Mast.* No, dear madam, For one of the last edition; and for him I have composed a dictionary, in which

9 ————— how low a new-stamp'd courtier

[*May vail to a country gentleman,*] i. e. bow; the word occurs again, in the same sense, a few lines below.

456 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

He is instructed, how, when, and to whom,  
To be proud or humble; at what times of the  
year

He may do a good deed for itself, and that is  
Writ in dominical letters; all days else  
Are his own, and of those days the several hours  
Mark'd out, and to what use.

*Pul.* Shew us your method;  
I am strangely taken with it.

*Mast.* 'Twill deserve  
A pension, I hope. First, a strong cullis  
In his bed, to heighten appetite; shuttle-cock,  
To keep him in breath when he rises: tennis courts  
Are chargeable, and the riding of great horses  
Too boisterous for my young courtier; let the  
old ones

I think not of use it: next, his meditation  
How to court his mistress, and that he may seem  
witty,

Let him be furnish'd with confederate jests  
Between him and his friend, that, on occasion,  
They may vent them mutually: what his pace  
and garb

Must be in the presence, then the length of his  
sword,

The fashion of the hilt—what the blade is  
It matters not, 'twere barbarism to use it,  
Unless to shew his strength upon an andiron;  
So, the sooner broke the better.

*Pul.* How I abuse  
This precious time! Projector, I treat first  
Of you and your disciples; you roar out,  
All is the king's, his will above his laws;  
And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes  
For his poor subjects: whispering in his ear,  
If he would have their fear, no man should dare  
To bring a salad from his country garden,

Without the paying gabel ;<sup>1</sup> kill a hen,  
 Without excise : and that if he desire  
 To have his children or his servants wear  
 Their heads upon their shoulders, you affirm  
 In policy 'tis fit the owner should  
 Pay for them by the poll ; or, if the prince want  
 A present sum, he may command a city  
 Impossibilities, and for non-performance,  
 Compel it to submit to any fine  
 His officers shall impose. Is this the way  
 To make our emperor happy ? can the groans  
 Of his subjects yield him musick ? must his  
 thresholds  
 Be wash'd with widows and wrong'd orphans'  
 tears,

Or his power grow contemptible ?

*Proj.* I begin

To feel myself a rogue again.

*Pul.* But you are

The squire of dames, devoted to the service  
 Of gamesome ladies, the hidden mystery  
 Discover'd, their close bawd, thy slavish breath  
 Fanning the fires of lust ; the go-between  
 This female and that wanton sir ; your art  
 Can blind a jealous husband, and, disguised  
 Like a milliner or shoemaker, convey  
 A letter in a pantofle or glove,  
 Without suspicion, nay, at his table,  
 In a case of picktooths ; you instruct them how  
 To parley with their eyes, and make the temple

<sup>1</sup> ————— no man should dare  
 To bring a salad from his country garden,  
 Without the paying gabel ; &c.] This spirit of imposition is  
 well touched on by Donne :

“ ————— shortly, boys shall not play

“ At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

“ Toll to some courtier,”

Sat. &c.

A mart of looseness :—to discover all  
Your subtile brokages, were to teach in publick  
Those private practices which are, in justice,  
Severely to be punish'd.

*Min.* I am cast :

A jury of my patronesses cannot quit me.

*Pul.* You are master of the manners and the  
habit ;

Rather the scorn of such as would live men,  
And not, like apes, with servile imitation  
Study prodigious fashions. You keep  
Intelligence abroad, that may instruct  
Our giddy youth at home what new-found fashion  
Is now in use, swearing he's most complete  
That first turns monster. Know, villains, I can  
thrust

This arm into your hearts, strip off the flesh  
That covers your deformities, and shew you  
In your own nakedness. Now, though the law  
Call not your follies death, you are for ever  
Banish'd my brother's court.—Away with them ;  
I will hear no reply.

*[Exeunt Informer, and Officers with the Projector,  
Minion of the Suburbs, and Master of the  
Habit and Manners.]*

*Enter above, THEODOSIUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS,  
CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.*

*Paul.* What think you now ?

*Cle.* That I am in a dream ; or that I see  
A second Pallas.

*Pul.* These removed, to you  
I clear my brow. Speak without fear, sweet maid,  
Since, with a mild aspect, and ready ear,  
I sit prepared to hear you.

*Athen.* Know, great princess,

My father, though a pagan, was admīred  
 For his deep search into those hidden studies,  
 Whose knowledge is denied to common men :  
 The motion, with the divers operations  
 Of the superiour bodies, by his long  
 And careful observation were made  
 Familiar to him ; all the secret virtues  
 Of plants and simples, and in what degree  
 They were useful to mankind, he could discourse of :  
 In a word, conceive him as a prophet honour'd  
 In his own country. But being born a man,  
 It lay not in him to defer the hour  
 Of his approaching death, though long foretold :  
 In this so fatal hour he call'd before him  
 His two sons and myself, the dearest pledges  
 Lent him by nature, and with his right hand  
 Blessing our several heads, he thus began.

*Chry.* Mark his attention.

*Phil.* Give me leave to mark too.

*Athen.* *If I could leave my understanding to you,  
 It were superfluous to make division  
 Of whatsoever else I can bequeath you :  
 But, to avoid contention, I allot*

*An equal portion of my possessions  
 To you, my sons ; but unto thee, my daughter,  
 My joy, my darling, (pardon me, though I  
 Repeat his words,) if my prophetick soul,  
 Ready to take her flight, can truly guess at  
 Thy future fate, I leave the<sup>s</sup> strange assurance  
 Of the greatness thou art born to, unto which  
 Thy brothers shall be proud to pay their service :—*

*Paul.* And all men else, that honour beauty.

*Theo.* Umph !

————— *I leave the strange assurance*] So the  
 old copy. The modern editors read—*I leave thee strange as-*  
*surance* : but the whole of this beautiful scene is vilely disgraced  
 by numerous errors and omissions in both the last editions.



*Athen.* Yet, to prepare thee for that certain fortune,

And that I may from present wants defend thee,  
I leave ten thousand crowns:—which said, being  
call'd

To the fellowship of our deities, he expired,  
And with him all remembrance of the charge  
Concerning me, left by him to my brothers.

*Pul.* Did they detain your legacy?

*Athen.* And still do.

His ashes were scarce quiet in his urn,  
When, in derision of my future greatness,  
They thrust me out of doors, denying me  
One short night's harbour.

*Pul.* Weep not.

*Athen.* I desire,

By your persuasion, or commanding power,  
The restitution of mine own; or that,  
To keep my frailty from temptation,  
In your compassion of me, you would please,  
I, as a handmaid, may be entertain'd  
To do the meanest offices to all such  
As are honour'd in your service.

*Pul.* Thou art welcome.

What is thy name?

*Athen.* The forlorn Athenais.

*Pul.* The sweetness of thy innocence strangely  
takes me. [*Takes her up, and kisses her.*]  
Forget thy brothers' wrongs; for I will be  
In my care a mother, in my love a sister to  
thee;

And, were it possible thou couldst be won  
To be of our belief—

*Paul.* May it please your excellence,  
That is an easy task; I, though no scholar,  
Dare undertake it; clear truth cannot want  
Rhetorical persuasions.

*Pul.* 'Tis a work,  
My lord, will well become you.—Break up the  
court :

May your endeavours prosper !

*Paul.* Come, my fair one ;  
I hope, my convert.

*Athen.* Never : I will die  
As I was born.

*Paul.* Better you ne'er had been. [*Exeunt.*

*Phil.* What does your majesty think of?—  
the maid's gone.

*Theo.* She's wondrous fair, and in her speech  
appear'd  
Pieces of scholarship.

*Chry.* Make use of her learning  
And beauty together ; on my life she will be  
proud

To be so converted.

*Theo.* From foul lust heaven guard me !

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, and  
GRATIANUS.*

*Phil.* We only talk, when we should do.

*Tim.* I'll second you ;  
Begin, and when you please.

*Grat.* Be constant in it.

*Chry.* That resolution which grows cold to day,  
Will freeze to morrow.

*Grat.* 'Slight ! I think she'll keep him  
Her ward for ever, to herself engrossing  
The disposition of all the favours  
And bounties of the empire.

*Chry.* We, that, by  
The nearness of our service to his person,  
Should raise this man, or pull down that, without  
Her license hardly dare prefer a suit,  
Or if we do, 'tis cross'd.

*Phil.* You are troubled for  
Your proper ends ; my aims are high and honest.  
The wrong that's done to majesty I repine at :  
I love the emperor, and 'tis my ambition  
To have him know himself, and to that purpose  
I'll run the hazard of a check.

*Grat.* And I  
The loss of my place.

*Tim.* I will not come behind,  
Fall what can fall.

*Chry.* Let us put on sad aspects,  
To draw him on ; charge home, we'll fetch you off,  
Or lie dead by you.

*Enter THEODOSIUS.*

*Theo.* How's this ? clouds in the chamber,  
And the air clear abroad !

*Phil.* When you, our sun,  
Obscure your glorious beams, poor we, that borrow  
Our little light from you, cannot but suffer  
A general eclipse.

*Tim.* Great sir, 'tis true ;  
For, till you please to know and be yourself,  
And freely dare dispose of what's your own,  
Without a warrant, we are falling meteors,  
And not fix'd stars.

*Chry.* The pale-faced moon, that should

Govern the night, usurps the rule of day,  
And still is at the full in spite of nature,  
And will not know a change.

*Theo.* Speak you in riddles?  
I am no Œdipus, but your emperor,  
And as such would be instructed.

*Phil.* Your command  
Shall be obey'd: till now, I never heard you  
Speak like yourself; and may that Power, by  
which

You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall  
Deliver as a faithful subject to you,  
Hath root or growth from malice, or base envy  
Of your sister's greatness! I could honour in her  
A power subordinate to yours; but not,  
As 'tis, predominant.

*Tim.* Is it fit that she,  
In her birth your vassal, should command the knees  
Of such as should not bow but to yourself?

*Grat.* She with security walks upon the heads  
Of the nobility; the multitude,  
As to a deity, offering sacrifice  
For her grace and favour.

*Chry.* Her proud feet even wearied  
With the kisses of petitioners.

*Grat.* While you,  
To whom alone such reverence is proper,  
Pass unregarded by her.

*Tim.* You have not yet  
Been master of one hour of your whole life.

*Chry.* Your will and faculties kept in more awe  
Than she can do her own.

*Phil.* And as a bondman,  
(O let my zeal find grace, and pardon from you,  
That I descend so low,) you are design'd  
To this or that employment, suiting well  
A private man, I grant, but not a prince.

264 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

To be a perfect horseman, or to know  
The words of the chase, or a fair man of arms,  
Or to be able to pierce to the depth,  
Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,  
I grant are ornaments; but your main scope  
Should be to govern men, to guard your own,  
If not enlarge your empire.

*Chry.* You are built up  
By the curious hand of nature, to revive  
The memory of Alexander, or by  
A prosperous success in your brave actions,  
To rival Cæsar.

*Tim.* Rouse yourself, and let not  
Your pleasures be a copy of her will.

*Phil.* Your pupilage is past, and manly actions  
Are now expected from you.

*Grat.* Do not lose  
Your subjects' hearts.

*Tim.* What is't to have the means  
To be magnificent, and not exercise  
The boundless virtue?

*Grat.* You confine yourself  
To that which strict philosophy allows of,  
As if you were a private man.

*Tim.* No pomp  
Or glorious shows of royalty rendering it  
Both loved and terrible,

*Grat.* 'Slight! you live, as it  
Begets some doubt, whether you have, or not,  
The abilities of a man.

*Chry.* The firmament  
Hath not more stars than there are several beauties  
Ambitious at the height to impart their dear  
And sweetest favours to you.

*Grat.* Yet you have not  
Made choice of one, of all the sex, to serve you,  
In a physical way of courtship.

*Theo.* But that I would not  
Begin the expression of my being a man,  
In blood, or stain the first white robe I wear  
Of absolute power, with a servile imitation  
Of any tyrannous habit, my just anger  
Prompts me to make you, in your sufferings, feel,  
And not in words to instruct you, that the license  
Of the loose and saucy language you now practised

Hath forfeited your heads.

*Grat.* How's this !

*Phil.* I know not  
What the play may prove, but I assure you that  
I do not like the prologue.

*Theo.* O the miserable  
Condition of a prince ; who, though he vary  
More shapes than Proteus, in his mind and  
manners,

He cannot win an universal suffrage  
From the many-headed monster, multitude !  
Like Æsop's foolish frogs, they trample on him  
As a senseless block, if his government be easy ;  
And, if he prove a stork, they croak and rail  
Against him as a tyrant.—I will put off  
That majesty, of which you think I have  
Nor use nor feeling ; and in arguing with you,  
Convince you with strong proofs of common  
reason,

And not with absolute power, against which,  
wretches,

You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are  
My creatures, by my prodigal favours fashion'd,  
Presuming on the nearness of your service,  
Set off with my familiar acceptance,  
Condemn my obsequiousness to the wise direc-  
tions

Of an incomparable sister, whom all parts

266 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Of our world, that are made happy in the  
knowledge

Of her perfections, with wonder gaze on?  
And yet you, that were only born to eat  
The blessings of our mother earth, that are  
Distant but one degree from beasts, (since slaves  
Can claim no larger privilege,) that know  
No further than your sensual appetites,  
Or wanton lusts, have taught you, undertake  
To give your sovereign laws to follow that  
Your ignorance marks out to him! [*Walks by.*

*Grat.* How were we  
Abused in our opinion of his temper!

*Phil.* We had forgot 'tis found in holy writ,  
That kings' hearts are inscrutable.

*Tim.* I ne'er read it;  
My study lies not that way.

*Phil.* By his looks,  
The tempest still increases.

*Theo.* Am I grown  
So stupid, in your judgments, that you dare,  
With such security, offer violence  
To sacred majesty? will you not know  
The lion is a lion, though he shew not  
His rending paws, or fill the affrighted air  
With the thunder of his roarings?—You bless'd  
saints,

How am I trenched on! Is that temperance  
So famous in your cited Alexander,  
Or Roman Scipio, a crime in me?  
Cannot I be an emperor, unless  
Your wives and daughters bow to my proud lusts?  
And, 'cause I ravish not their fairest buildings  
And fruitful vineyards, or what is dearest,  
From such as are my vassals, must you conclude  
I do not know the awful power and strength  
Of my prerogative? Am I close-handed,

Because I scatter not among you that  
I must not call mine own? know, you court-  
leeches,

A prince is never so magnificent<sup>3</sup>  
As when he's sparing to enrich a few  
With the injuries of many. Could your hopes  
So grossly flatter you, as to believe  
I was born and train'd up as an emperor, only  
In my indulgence to give sanctuary,  
In their unjust proceedings, to the rapine  
And avarice of my grooms?

*Phil.* In the true mirror  
Of your perfections, at length we see  
Our own deformities.

*Tim.* And not once daring  
To look upon that majesty we now slighted——

*Chry.* With our faces thus glued to the earth,  
we beg  
Your gracious pardon.

*Grat.* Offering our necks  
To be trod on, as a punishment for our late

<sup>3</sup> ————— know, you court-leeches,  
*A prince is never so magnificent*

*As when he's sparing to enrich &c.]* There is a peculiarity in the use of this word, which cannot have escaped the reader's notice. In Massinger it constantly stands for *munificent*, of which several instances have already occurred: thus, in *the Duke of Milan*:

“ Yet, not to take  
“ From others to give only to myself,  
“ I will not hinder your *magnificence*  
“ To my commanders.” Act III. sc. i.

Again, in *the Renegado*:

“ How, like a royal merchant, to return  
“ You great *magnificence*.” Act II. sc. iv.

Again, in *the Parliament of Love*, Dianant, upon Novall's giving him his purse, exclaims,

“ You are too *magnificent*.” Act IV. sc. i.  
And in several other places.



268 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Presumption, and a willing testimony  
Of our subjection.

*Theo.* Deserve our mercy  
In your better life hereafter; you shall find,  
Though, in my father's life,<sup>4</sup> I held it madness  
To usurp his power, and in my youth disdain'd not  
To learn from the instructions of my sister,  
I'll make it good to all the world I am  
An emperor; and even this instant grasp  
The sceptre, my rich stock of majesty  
Entire, no scruple wasted.

*Phil.* If these tears  
I drop proceed not from my joy to hear this,  
May my eyeballs follow them!

*Tim.* I will shew myself,  
By your sudden metamorphosis, transform'd  
From what I was.

*Grat.* And ne'er presume to ask  
What fits not you to give.

*Theo.* Move in that sphere,  
And my light with full beams shall shine upon you.  
Forbear this slavish courtship, 'tis to me  
In a kind idolatrous.

*Phil.* Your gracious sister.

<sup>4</sup> *Though, in my father's life, I held it madness*

*To usurp his power,]* We must not look for any very rigid adherence to dates in these historical dramas; a few prominent facts were generally seized on; and if these were distributed among the real actors, it was all the poet aimed at, and all his audience expected. At the death of Arcadius, Theodosius was a child of seven years old, and was more likely to have passed his time in youthful games with the women, than to have thought of dethroning his father. At the period of this scene, he was in his twentieth year. Pulcheria was two or three years older.

*Enter PULCHERIA, and Servant.*<sup>5</sup>

*Pul.* Has he converted her?

*Serv.* And, as such, will  
Present her, when you please.

*Pul.* I am glad of it.  
Command my dresser to adorn her with  
The robes that I gave order for.

*Serv.* I shall.

*Pul.* And let those precious jewels I took last  
Out of my cabinet, if't be possible,  
Give lustre to her beauties; and, that done,  
Command her to be near us.

*Serv.* 'Tis a province  
I willingly embrace. [*Exit.*

*Pul.* O my dear sir,  
You have forgot your morning task, and there-  
fore,  
With a mother's love, I come to reprehend you;  
But it shall be gently.

*Theo.* 'Twill become you, though  
You said, with reverend duty. Know hereafter,  
If my mother lived in you, how'er her son,  
Like you she were my subject.

*Pul.* How!

*Theo.* Put off  
Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you  
At distance, as a sister, but no longer  
As a governess, I assure you.

*Grat.* This is put home.

*Tim.* Beyond our hopes.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter PULCHERIA, and Servant.*] To the speeches of the latter, *Mar.* is prefixed instead of *Serv.* and the going out is, *Exit Mart.* There is no name of this kind among the dramatis personæ: perhaps it was that of the performer.

270 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Phil.* She stands as if his words  
Had powerful magick in them.

*Theo.* Will you have me  
Your pupil ever? the down on my chin  
Confirms I am a man, a man of men,  
The emperor, that knows his strength.

*Pul.* Heaven grant  
You know it not too soon!

*Theo.* Let it suffice  
My wardship's out. If your design concerns us  
As a man, and not a boy, with our allowance  
You may deliver it.

*Pul.* A strange alteration!  
But I will not contend. Be as you wish, sir,  
Your own disposer; uncompell'd I cancel  
All bonds of my authority. *[Kneels.]*

*Theo.* You in this  
Pay your due homage, which perform'd, I thus  
Embrace you as a sister; *[Raises her.]* no way  
doubting

Your vigilance for my safety as my honour;  
And what you now come to impart, I rest  
Most confident, points at one of them.

*Pul.* At both;  
And not alone the present, but the future  
Tranquillity of your mind; since in the choice  
Of her you are to heat with holy fires,  
And make the consort of your royal bed,  
The certain means of glorious succession,  
With the true happiness of our human being,  
Are wholly comprehended.

*Theo.* How! a wife?  
Shall I become a votary to Hymen,  
Before my youth hath sacrificed to Venus?  
'Tis something with the soonest:—yet, to shew,  
In things indifferent, I am not averse  
To your wise counsels, let me first survey

Those beauties, that, in being a prince, I know  
Are rivals for me. You will not confine me  
To your election; I must see, dear sister,  
With mine own eyes.

*Pul.* 'Tis fit, sir. Yet, in this,  
You may please to consider, absolute princes  
Have, or should have, in policy, less free will  
Than such as are their vassals: for, you must,  
As you are an emperor, in this high business  
Weigh with due providence, with whom alliance  
May be most useful for the preservation  
Or increase of your empire.

*Theo.* I approve not  
Such compositions for our moral ends,  
In what is in itself divine, nay, more,  
Decreed in heaven. Yet, if our neighbour princes,  
Ambitious of such nearness, shall present  
Their dearest pledges to me, (ever reserving  
The caution of mine own content,) I will not  
Contemn their courteous offers.

*Pul.* Bring in the pictures.

[Two pictures brought in.]

*Theo.* Must I then judge the substances by the  
shadows?

The painters are most envious, if they want  
Good colours for preferment: virtuous ladies  
Love this way to be flattered, and accuse  
The workman of detraction, if he add not  
Some grace they cannot truly call their own.  
Is't not so, Gratianus? you may challenge  
Some interest in the science.

*Grat.* A pretender  
To the art, I truly honour, and subscribe  
To your majesty's opinion,

*Theo.* Let me see——

[Reads.]

*Cleanthe, daughter to the king of Epire,  
Ætatis suæ, the fourteenth: ripe enough,  
And forward too, I assure you. Let me examine*

272 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

The symmetries. If statuaries could  
By the foot of Hercules set down punctually  
His whole dimensions, and the countenance be  
The index of the mind, this may instruct me,  
With the aids of that I've read touching this  
subject,

What she is inward. The colour of her hair,  
If it be, as this does promise, pale and faint,  
And not a glistening white; her brow, so so;  
The circles of her sight, too much contracted;—  
Juno's fair cow-eyes by old Homer are  
Commended to their merit:<sup>6</sup> here's a sharp frost,  
In the tip of her nose, which, by the length, as-  
sures me

Of storms at midnight, if I fail to pay her  
The tribute she expects. I like her not:  
What is the other?

*Chry.* How hath he commenced  
Doctor in this so sweet and secret art,  
Without our knowledge?

<sup>6</sup> *Juno's fair cow-eyes by old Homer are*

*Commended to their merit:*] Massinger seems pleased with this version of *βωπις*, for he has it in other places. It is however so uncouth a translation, that, to use the language of the author's time, the ladies, I suspect, "conned him little thanks for it." Homer's peace is easily made: we may venture to affirm that in applying the epithet to his goddess, he thought as little of likening her eyes to a cow's as to those of any other animal, he merely meant *large* or rather *full eyes*: *Ὅμηρος ἐνδειξασθαι βωλομενός, ὡς εἶησαν ὀφθαλμοὶ τῇ Ἥρᾳ, καλοὶ τε μεγάλοι.* BOΣΠΙΝ αὐτῇ ἱκαλίσσι. LIBAN. So the word should be translated, and so, indeed, it is translated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *the Two noble Kinsmen*.

<sup>7</sup> *Chry.* How hath he commenced

Doctor in this so sweet and secret art;

*Without our knowledge?*] Thus Fletcher:

"Come, doctor Andrew, without disputation

"Thou shalt commence in the cellar." *The Eider Brother.*  
This fondness for the introduction of college language has been already noticed: see Vol I. p. 306.

*Tim.* Some of his forward pages  
Have robbed us of the honour.

*Phil.* No such matter;  
He has the theory only, not the practick.\*

*Theo.* [reads.] *Amasia, sister to the duke of Athens;*

*Her age eighteen, descended lineally  
From Theseus, as by her pedigree  
Will be made apparent.* Of his lusty kindred,  
And lose so much time! 'tis strange!—as I live,  
she hath

A philosophical aspect; there is  
More wit than beauty in her face; and, when  
I court her, it must be in tropes, and figures,  
Or she will cry, Absurd! she will have her  
elenchs†

To cut off any fallacy I can hope

\* *He has the theory only, not the practick.* ] Mr. M. Mason reads *practice*. All the copies that I have consulted, and I have consulted several, concur in giving *practick*; and this was the language of Massinger's age.

† *Or she will cry, Absurd!* ] Theodosius is here got into his logical phraseology. *Absurdè facis*, or *absurdè colligis*, is a term used in disputation, when false conclusions are drawn from the opponent's premises. The expression occurs in *the Elder Brother*: Do they (i. e. "academicks.")

"Do they know any thing but a tired hackney?

"And then they cry *Absurd!* as the horse understood them." This Theobald calls nonsense: it is, however, the *absurdè facis* of the schools; and is meant to ridicule that perverse and awkward pedantry which applies the language of art to the trifling occurrences of common life.

‡ *She will have her elenchs* ] So the old copy: poor Coxeter, who seems to have forgotten his logick, as well as his Greek, not knowing what to make of this word, altered it to *clenches*! the most unfortunate term that he could have chosen. Mr. M. Mason, very much to the credit of his "accuracy," continued the blunder, of course; though how a *clench*, of which the property is to *fix* or *confirm* an argument, is to *destroy* it, he did not think proper to enquire. *Elench* (from ελεγχω) is a sophistical refutation of a position maintained by an opponent.

To put upon her, and expect I should  
 Ever conclude in syllogisms, and those true ones  
*In parte et toto*; or she'll tire me with  
 Her tedious elocutions in the praise of  
 The increase of generation, for which  
 Alone, the sport, in her morality,  
 Is good and lawful, and to be often practised  
 For fear of missing. Fie on't! let the race  
 Of Theseus be match'd with Aristotle's:  
 I'll none of her.

*Pul.* You are curious in your choice, sir,  
 And hard to please; yet, if that your consent  
 May give authority to it, I'll present you  
 With one, that, if her birth and fortunes answer  
 The rarities\* of her body and her mind,  
 Detraction durst not tax her.

*Theo.* Let me see her,  
 Though wanting those additions, which we can  
 Supply from our own store: it is in us  
 To make men rich and noble; but to give  
 Legitimate shapes and virtues does belong  
 To the great Creator of them, to whose bounties  
 Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains  
 An emperor for his rival.

*Pul.* I applaud  
 This fit acknowledgment; since princes then  
 Grow less than common men, when they contend  
 With him, by whom they are so.

*Enter PAULINUS, CLEON, and ATHENAIS richly habited.*

*Theo.* I confess it.

*Pul.* Not to hold you in suspense, behold the  
 virgin,

\* *With one, that, if her birth and fortune answer*

*The rarities &c.*] So read the old copies, and so reads Coxeter: for answer Mr. M. Mason, to spoil a pretty passage,

Rich in her natural beauties, no way borrowing  
The adulterate aids of art. Peruse her better;  
She's worth your serious view.

*Phil.* I am amazed too:  
I never saw her equal.

*Grat.* How his eye  
Is fix'd upon her!

*Tim.* And, as she were a fort  
He'd suddenly surprise, he measures her  
From the bases to the battlements.

*Chry.* Ha! now I view her better,  
I know her; 'tis the maid that not long since  
Was a petitioner; her bravery  
So alters her, I had forgot her face.

*Phil.* So has the emperor.

*Paul.* She holds out yet,  
And yields not to the assault.

*Cle.* She's strongly guarded  
In her virgin blushes.

*Paul.* When you know, fair creature,  
It is the emperor that honours you  
With such a strict survey of your sweet parts,  
In thankfulness you cannot but return  
Due reverence for the favour.

*Athen.* I was lost  
In my astonishment at the glorious object,  
And yet rest doubtful whether he expects,  
Being more than man, my adoration,  
Since sure there is divinity about him:  
Or will rest satisfied, if my humble knees  
In duty thus bow to him.

*Theo.* Ha! it speaks.

*Pul.* She is no statue, sir.

chooses to print *answer'd!* but indeed he has corrupted all this scene; in the next speech, for *our own store*, he has *our store*, which utterly subverts the metre.



*Theo.* Suppose her one,  
 And that she had nor organs, voice, nor heat,  
 Most willingly I would resign my empire,  
 So it might be to aftertimes recorded  
 That I was her Pygmalion; though, like him,  
 I doted on my workmanship, without hope too  
 Of having Cytherea so propitious  
 To my vows or sacrifice, in her compassion  
 To give it life or motion.

*Pul.* Pray you, be not rapt so,  
 Nor borrow from imaginary fiction  
 Impossible aids: she's flesh and blood, I assure you;  
 And if you please to honour her in the trial,  
 And be your own security, as you'll find  
 I fable not, she comes in a noble way  
 To be at your devotion.

*Chry.* 'Tis the maid  
 I offer'd to your highness; her changed shape  
 Conceal'd her from you:

*Theo.* At the first I knew her,  
 And a second firebrand Cupid brings, to kindle  
 My flames almost put out: I am too cold,  
 And play with opportunity.—May I taste then  
 The nectar of her lip?—[*Kisses her.*]—I do not  
 give it

The praise it merits: antiquity is too poor  
 To help me with a simile to express her:  
 Let me drink often from this living spring,  
 To nourish new invention.

*Pul.* Do not surfeit  
 In over-greedily devouring that  
 Which may without satiety feast you often.  
 From the moderation in receiving them,  
 The choicest viands do continue pleasing  
 To the most curious palates. If you think her  
 Worth your embraces, and the sovereign title  
 Of the Grecian Empress——

*Theo.* If! how much you sin,  
 Only to doubt it; the possession of her  
 Makes all that was before most precious to me,  
 Common and cheap: in this you've shewn yourself  
 A provident protectress. I already  
 Grow weary of the absolute command  
 Of my so numerous subjects, and desire  
 No sovereignty but here, and write down gladly  
 A period to my wishes.

*Pul.* Yet, before  
 It be too late, consider her condition;  
 Her father was a pagan, she herself  
 A new-converted Christian.

*Theo.* Let me know  
 The man to whose religious means I owe  
 So great a debt.

*Paul.* You are advanced too high, sir,  
 To acknowledge a beholdingness; 'tis discharged,  
 And I beyond my hopes rewarded, if  
 My service please your majesty.

*Theo.* Take this pledge  
 Of our assured love. Are there none here  
 Have suits to prefer? on such a day as this  
 My bounty's without limit. O my dearest!——  
 I will not hear thee speak; whatever in  
 Thy thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely:  
 Thou wouldst plead thy unworthiness. By thyself,  
 The magazine of felicity, in thy lowness  
 Our eastern queens, at their full height, bow to  
 thee,

And are, in their best trim, thy foils and shadows!  
 Excuse the violence of my love, which cannot  
 Admit the least delay. Command the patriarch  
 With speed to do his holy office for us,  
 That, when we are made one——

*Pul.* You must forbear, sir;  
 She is not yet baptized.

278 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Theo.* In the same hour  
In which she is confirmed in our faith,  
We mutually will give away each other,  
And both be gainers; we'll hear no reply  
That may divert us. On.

*Pul.* You may hereafter  
Please to remember to whose furtherance  
You owe this height of happiness.

*Athen.* As I was  
Your creature when I first petition'd you,  
I will continue so, and you shall find me,  
Though an empress, still your servant.

[*All go off*<sup>3</sup> but *Philanax, Gratianus, and Timantus.*

*Grat.* Here's a marriage  
Made up o' the sudden!

*Phil.* I repine not at  
The fair maid's fortune, though I fear the princess  
Had some peculiar end in't.

*Tim.* Who's so simple  
Only to doubt it?

*Grat.* It is too apparent;  
She hath prefer'd a creature of her own,  
By whose means she may still keep to herself  
The government of the empire.

*Tim.* Whereas, if  
The emperor had espoused some neighbour queen,  
Pulcheria, with all her wisdom, could not  
Keep her pre-eminence.

*Phil.* Be it as it will,  
'Tis not now to be alter'd. Heaven, I say,  
Turn all to the best!

*Grat.* Are we come to praying again?

<sup>3</sup> *All go off but Philanax, &c.*] So the old copies. Coxeter, to let "his reading and writing appear," translates it into Latin and prints, *All exit but Philanax, &c.* and the most correct of editors follows him!

*Phil.* Leave thy profaneness.

*Grat.* Would it would leave me!<sup>4</sup>  
I am sure I thrive not by it.

*Tim.* Come to the temple.

*Grat.* Even where you will—I know not what  
to think on't. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PAULINUS and PHILANAX.*

*Paul.* Nor this, nor the age before us, ever  
look'd on  
The like solemnity.

*Phil.* A sudden fever  
Kept me at home. Pray you, my lord, acquaint  
me  
With the particulars.

*Paul.* You may presume  
No pomp nor ceremony could be wanting,  
Where there was privilege to command, and means  
To cherish rare inventions.

*Phil.* I believe it;  
But the sum of all in brief.

*Paul.* Pray you, so take it:  
Fair Athenais, not long since a suitor,  
And almost in her hopes forsaken, first  
Was christen'd, and the emperor's mother's name,  
Eudocia, as he will'd, imposed upon her;

<sup>4</sup> *Would it would leave me!*] So the old copy: the modern editors, without regard to sense or metre, read, *Would it leave me.*

280 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Pulcheria, the ever-matchless princess,  
Assisted by her reverend aunt Maria,  
Her godmothers.

*Phil.* And who the masculine witness ?<sup>s</sup>

*Paul.* At the new empress' suit, I had the honour;  
For which I must ever serve her.

*Phil.* 'Twas a grace  
With justice you may boast of.

*Paul.* The marriage follow'd;  
And, as 'tis said, the emperor made bold  
To turn the day to night; for to bed they went  
As soon as they had dined, and there are wagers  
Laid by some merry lords, he hath already  
Begot a boy upon her.

*Phil.* That is yet  
To be determined of; but I am certain  
A prince, so soon in his disposition alter'd,  
Was never heard nor read of.

*Paul.* But of late,  
Frugal and sparing, now nor bounds nor limits  
To his magnificent bounties. He affirm'd,  
Having received more blessings by his empress  
Than he could hope, in thankfulness to heaven  
He cannot be too prodigal to others.  
Whatever's offer'd to his royal hand,  
He signs without perusing it.

<sup>s</sup> *Phil.* And who the masculine witness ?] And who the male sponsor ? So the word is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, in ridicule, as it should seem, of the puritans. Thus Jonson :

“ And that, as puritans at baptism do,  
“ Thou art the father, and the witness too.” *Epig.* liii.

Again :

*Quar.* His Christian-name is Zeal-of-the-land ?

*Lit.* Yes, sir, Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

*Win-w.* How ! what a name's there !

*Lit.* O, they have all such names, sir ; he was witness for Win, here,—they will not be called godfathers. *Bartholomew Fair.*

*Phil.* I am here  
Enjoin'd to free all such as lie for debt,  
The creditors to be paid out of his coffers.

*Paul.* And I all malefactors that are not  
Convicted or for treason or foul murder;  
Such only are excepted.

*Phil.* 'Tis a rare clemency!

*Paul.* Which we must not dispute, but put in  
practice. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Loud Musick; Shouts within:* Heaven preserve the  
Emperor! Heaven bless the Empress! *Then*  
*enter in state, the Patriarch, CHRYSAPIUS,*  
*PAULINUS, THEODOSIUS, EUDOCIA, PULCHE-*  
*RIA; ARCADIA and FLACCILLA, bearing up*  
*EUDOCIA's train; followed by PHILANAX, GRA-*  
*TIANUS, and TIMANTUS. Several Suitors pre-*  
*sent petitions to the Emperor, which he seals.*

*Pul.* Sir, by your own rules of philosophy,  
You know things violent last not. Royal bounties  
Are great and gracious, while they are dispensed  
With moderation; but, when their excess  
In giving giant-bulks to others, takes from  
The prince's just proportion, they lose  
The name of virtues, and, their natures changed,  
Grow the most dangerous vices.

*Theo.* In this, sister,  
Your wisdom is not circular;<sup>6</sup> they that sow  
In narrow bounds, cannot expect in reason  
A crop beyond their ventures: what I do

<sup>6</sup> *Theo.* In this, sister,  
*Your wisdom is not circular;]* A pedantick expression worthy  
of Jenson: Your wisdom is not *full* and *perfect*.

282 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Disperse, I lend, and will with usury  
 Return unto my heap. I only then  
 Am rich and happy (though my coffers sound  
 With emptiness) when my glad subjects feel  
 Their plenty and felicity is my gift;  
 And they will find, when they with cheerfulness  
 Supply not my defects, I being the stomach  
 To the politick body of the state, the limbs  
 Grow suddenly faint and feeble: I could urge  
 Proofs of more fineness in their shape and language,  
 But none of greater strength.—Dissuade me not;  
 What we will, we will do; yet, to assure you  
 Your care does not offend us, for an hour  
 Be happy in the converse of my best  
 And dearest comfort, May you please to license  
 My privacy some few minutes?

*Eud.* License, sir!

I have no will but is derived from yours,  
 And that still waits upon you; nor can I  
 Be left with such security with any  
 As with the gracious princess, who receives  
 Addition, though she be all excellence,  
 In being styled your sister.

*Theo.* O sweet creature!

Let me be censured fond, and too indulgent,  
 Nay, though they say uxorious, I care not—  
 Her love and sweet humility exact  
 A tribute far above my power to pay  
 Her matchless goodness. Forward.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but Pulcheria, Eudocia,  
 Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*

*Pul.* Now you find  
 Your dying father's prophecy, that foretold  
 Your present greatness, to the full accomplish'd,  
 For the poor aids and furtherance I lent you,  
 I willingly forget.

*Eud.* Even that binds me

To a more strict remembrance of the favour;  
Nor shall you, from my foul ingratitude,  
In any circumstance, ever find cause  
To upbraid me with your benefit.

*Pul.* I believe so.

Pray you, give us leave :—[*Arcadia and Flaccilla*  
*walk aside.*]—What now I must deliver  
Under the deepest seal of secrecy,  
Though it be for your good, will give assurance  
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone  
Hear, but obey my counsels.

*Eud.* They must be  
Of a strange nature, if with zealous speed  
I put them not in practice.

*Pul.* 'Twere impertinence  
To dwell on circumstances, since the wound  
Requires a sudden cure; especially  
Since you, that are the happy instrument  
Elected to it, though young, in your judgment  
Write far above your years, and may instruct  
Such as are more experienced.

*Eud.* Good madam,  
In this I must oppose you; I am well  
Acquainted with my weakness, and it will not  
Become your wisdom, by which I am raised  
To this titular height, that should correct  
The pride and overweening of my fortune,  
To play the parasite to it, in ascribing  
That merit to me, unto which I can  
Pretend no interest: pray you, excuse  
My bold simplicity, and to my weight  
Design me where you please, and you shall find,  
In my obedience, I am still your creature.

*Pul.* 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in  
The building I have raised: go on, sweet lady,  
In this your virtuous progress: but to the point.  
You know, nor do I envy it, you have



284 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Acquired that power which, not long since, was  
mine,

In governing the emperor, and must use  
The strength you hold in the heart of his affec-  
tions,

For his private, as the publick preservation,  
To which there is no greater enemy  
Than his exorbitant prodigality,  
Howe'er his sycophants and flatterers call it  
Royal magnificence; and though you' may  
Urge what's done for your honour must not be  
Curb'd or controll'd by you, you cannot in  
Your wisdom but conceive, if that the torrent  
Of his violent bounties be not stopp'd or lessen'd,  
It will prove most pernicious. Therefore, madam,  
Since 'tis your duty, 'as you are his wife,  
To give him saving counsels, and in being  
Almost his idol, may command him to  
Take any shape you please, with a powerful hand  
To stop him in his precipice to ruin——

*Eud.* Avert it, heaven!

*Pul.* Heaven is most gracious to you,  
In choosing you to be the instrument  
Of such a pious work. You see he signs  
What suit soever is preferr'd, not once  
Enquiring what it is, yielding himself  
A prey to all; I would, therefore, have you, lady,  
As I know you will, to advise him, or command him,  
As he would reap the plenty of your favours,  
To use more moderation in his bounties;  
And that, before he gives, he would consider  
The what, to whom, and wherefore.

*Eud.* Do you think  
Such arrogance, or usurpation rather,

7 ————— and though you may] So the old  
copies, and rightly: the modern editors read—and though he  
may; which absolutely destroys the author's meaning.

Of what is proper and peculiar  
 To every private husband, and much more  
 To him, an emperor, can rank with the obedience  
 And duty of a wife? Are we appointed  
 In our creation (let me reason with you)  
 To rule, or to obey? or, 'cause he loves me  
 With a kind impotence, must I tyrannize  
 Over his weakness, or abuse the strength  
 With which he arms me, to his wrong? or, like  
 A prostituted creature, merchandize  
 Our mutual delight for hire, or to  
 Serve mine own sordid ends? In vulgar nuptials  
 Priority is exploded, though there be  
 A difference in the parties; and shall I,  
 His vassal, from obscurity raised by him  
 To this so eminent light, presume t' appoint  
 him

To do, or not to do, this, or that? When wives  
 Are well accommodated by their husbands,  
 With all things both for use and ornament,  
 Let them fix there, and never dare to question  
 Their wills or actions: for myself, I vow,  
 Though now my lord would rashly give away  
 His sceptre and imperial diadem,  
 Or if there could be any thing more precious,  
 I would not cross it:—but I know this is  
 But a trial of my temper, and as such  
 I do receive it; or, if't be otherwise,  
 You are so subtile in your arguments,  
 I dare not stay to hear them. [*Offers to retire.*]

*Pul.* Is it even so?

I have power o'er these yet, and command their  
 stay,

To hearken nearer to me.

*Arcad.* We are charged

By the emperor, our brother, to attend  
 The empress' service.

## 286 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Flac.* You are too mortified, sister,  
(With reverence I speak it,) for young ladies  
To keep you company. I am so tired  
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,  
Of your religious morality,<sup>9</sup>  
That, for my health's sake, I must take the freedom  
To enjoy a little of those pretty<sup>9</sup> pleasures  
That I was born to.

*Arcad.* When I come to your years,  
I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your pardon,  
I'll lose no more time. I have not learn'd to  
dance yet,  
Nor sing, but holy hymns, and those to vile tunes  
too;  
Nor to discourse but of schoolmen's opinions.  
How shall I answer my suitors, since, I hope,

————— I am so tired

*With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,  
Of your religious morality,]* These lines stand thus in Coxeter  
and M. Mason:

————— I am so tired

*With your tedious exhortations, doctrines,  
Uses of your religious morality.*

To say nothing of the total disregard of metre, it is manifest that the sense was altogether overlooked. *Uses*, which they connect with the following words, is a distinct expression, adopted, by our old dramatists, from the puritans, who usually divided their discourses into *doctrines* and *uses*; by the former of which they meant the explanation of their subject, and by the latter, the practical inferences drawn from it. Thus, in *the Ordinary*, by Cartwright: Andrew says:

“ Here's no proofs,

“ No doctrines, nor no uses; tutor, I

“ Would fain learn some religion.”

And in *the Magnetick Lady*, by Jonson:

“ The parson has an edifying stomach,

“ And a persuading palate, like his name;

“ He hath begun three draughts of sack in *doctrines*,

“ And four in *uses*.”

<sup>9</sup> To enjoy a little of those pretty pleasures] *Pretty*, which completes the verse, is not to be found in Mr. M. Mason.

Ere long I shall have many, without practice  
To write, and speak, something that's not derived  
From the fathers of philosophy?

*Flac.* We shall shame

Our breeding, sister, if we should go on thus.

*Arcad.* 'Tis for your credit that we study  
How to converse with men; women with women  
Yields but a barren argument.

*Flac.* She frowns——

But you'll protect us, madam?

*Eud.* Yes, and love  
Your sweet simplicity.

*Arcad.* All young girls are so,  
Till they know the way of it.\*

*Flac.* But, when we are enter'd,  
We shall on a good round pace.

*Eud.* I'll leave you, madam.

*Arcad.* And we our duties with you.

[*Exeunt Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flacilla.*]

*Pul.* On all hands

Thus slighted! no way left? Am I grown stupid  
In my invention? can I make no use  
Of the emperor's bounties?—Now 'tis thought:  
within, there!

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* Madam.

*Pul.* It shall be so:—nearer; your ear.  
—Draw a petition to this end.

*Att.* Besides

\* *Arcad.* All young girls are so,

'Till they know the way of it.] i. e. simple. These two lines, without which the next speech cannot be understood, are wholly omitted in the "correctest of all editions," and several other passages miserably mangled and corrupted, both in the printing and pointing.

288 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

The danger to prefer it, I believe  
'Twill ne'er be granted.

*Pul.* How's this ! are you grown,  
From a servant, my director ? let me hear  
No more of this. Dispatch ; [*Exit Attendant.*] I'll  
master him  
At his own weapon.

*Enter* THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS,<sup>2</sup> PHILANAX,  
TIMANTUS, and GRATIANUS.

*Theo.* Let me understand it,  
If yet there be aught wanting that may perfect  
A general happiness.

*Paul.* The people's joys  
In seas of acclamations flow in,  
To wait on yours.

*Phil.* Their love, with bounty levied,  
Is a sure guard : obedience forced from fear,  
Paper fortification, which, in danger,  
Will yield to the impression of a reed,  
Or of itself fall off.

*Theo.* True, Philanax ;  
And by that certain compass we resolve  
To steer our bark of government.

*Re-enter Attendant with the petition.*

*Pul.* 'Tis well.

*Theo.* My dearest and my all-deserving sister  
As a petitioner kneel ! It must not be.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter* THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, &c.] All the copies read, *Enter* Theodosius, *Favorinus*, &c. : but as this *Favorinus* appears not in the list of *dramatis personæ*, nor in any other part of the play, I have little doubt but that it is a misprint for *Paulinus*, and have regulated the entrance accordingly.

Pray you, rise ; although your suit were half my empire,

'Tis freely granted.

*Pul.* Your alacrity

To give hath made a beggar ; yet, before

My suit is by your sacred hand and seal

Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse

The sum of my request.

*Theo.* We will not wrong

Your judgment in conceiving what 'tis fit

For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,

As to proceed with caution ; give me my signet :

With confidence I sign it, and here vow

By my father's soul, but<sup>3</sup> with your free consent,

It is irrevocable.

*Tim.* What if she now,

Calling to memory how often we

Have cross'd her government, in revenge hath made

Petition for our heads ?

*Grat.* They must even off then ;

No ransome can redeem us.

*Theo.* Let those jewels

So highly rated by the Persian merchants,

Be bought, and, as a sacrifice from us,

Presented to Eudocia, she being only

Worthy to wear them. I am angry with

The irresistible necessity

Of my occasions and important cares,

That so long keep me from her.

[*Exeunt Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax, Timantus, and Gratianus.*

*Pul.* Go to the empress,

And tell her, on the sudden I am sick,

And do desire the comfort of a visit,

If she please to vouchsafe it. From me use

<sup>3</sup> but with your free consent,  
It is irrevocable.] i. e. except, unless with your free consent, &c.

290 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Your humblest language—[*Exit Attendant.*] but,  
 when once I have her  
 In my possession, I will rise and speak  
 In a higher strain : say it raise storms, no matter ;  
 Fools judge by the event, my ends are honest.  
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* THEODOSIUS, TIMANTUS, and PHILANAX.

*Theo.* What is become of her ? Can she, that  
 carries  
 Such glorious excellence of light about her,  
 Be any where conceal'd ?

*Phil.* We have sought her lodgings,  
 And all we can learn from the servants, is,  
 She, by your majesty's sisters waited on,  
 The attendance of her other officers,  
 By her express command, denied——

*Theo.* Forbear  
 Impertinent circumstances,—whither went she ?  
 speak.

*Phil.* As they guess, to the laurel grove.

*Theo.* So slightly guarded !  
 What an earthquake I feel in me ! and, but that  
 Religion assures the contrary,  
 The poets' dreams of lustful fauns and satyrs  
 Would make me fear I know not what.

*Enter* PAULINUS.\*

*Paul.* I have found her,  
 An it please your majesty.

*Theo.* Yes, it doth please me :  
 But why return'd without her ?

\* *Enter* PAULINUS.] So the old copies. The modern editors

*Paul.* As she made  
Her speediest approaches to your presence,  
A servant of the princess's, Pulcheria,  
Encounter'd her; what 'twas he whisper'd to her  
I am ignorant; but hearing it, she started,  
And will'd me to excuse her absence from you  
The third part of an hour.

*Theo.* In this she takes  
So much of my life from me; yet, I'll bear it  
With what patience I may, since 'tis her pleasure.  
Go back, my good Paulinus,<sup>5</sup> and entreat her  
Not to exceed a minute.

*Tim.* Here's strange fondness! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter PULCHERIA and Servants.*

*Pul.* You are certain she will come?

*1 Serv.* She is already  
Enter'd your outward lodgings.

*Pul.* No train with her?

*1 Serv.* Your excellence' sisters only.

*Pul.* 'Tis the better.

See the doors strongly guarded, and deny  
Access to all, but with our special license:

(it is impossible to say why) read, enter *Favorinus*, though the  
Servant, a little below, says,

"The prince *Paulinus*, madam,  
"Sent from the emperor," &c.

<sup>5</sup> Go back, my good Paulinus,] Coxeter and M. Mason, in  
consequence of their absurd departure from the old copies, and  
substitution of one name for another, are obliged to omit *good*,  
and read, Go back, my *Favorinus*! *Pudet, pudet.*



292 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Why dost thou stay? shew your obedience,  
Your wisdom now is useless. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Enter EUDOCIA, ARCADIA, and FLACCILLA.*

*Flac.* She is sick, sure,  
Or, in fit reverence to your majesty,  
She had waited you at the door.

*Arcad.* 'Twould hardly be [*Pulcheria walking by.*]  
Excused, in civil manners, to her equal:  
But with more difficulty to you, that are  
So far above her.

*Eud.* Not in her opinion;  
She hath been too long accusom'd to command,  
To acknowledge a superiour.

*Arcad.* There she walks.

*Flac.* If she be not sick of the sullens, I see not  
The least infirmity in her.

*Eud.* This is strange!

*Arcad.* Open your eyes; the empress.

*Pul.* Reach that chair:  
Now, sitting thus at distance, I'll vouchsafe  
To look upon her.

*Arcad.* How, sister! pray you, awake;  
Are you in your wits?

*Flac.* Grant, heaven, your too much learning  
Does not conclude in madness!

*Eud.* You entreated  
A visit from me.

*Pul.* True, my servant used  
Such language; but now, as a mistress, I  
Command your service.

*Eud.* Service!

*Arcad.* She's stark mad, sure.

*Pul.* You'll find I can dispose of what's mine  
own,  
Without a guardian.

*Eud.* Follow me.—I will see you  
When your frantick fit is o'er.—I do begin  
To be of your belief.

*Pul.* It will deceive you.  
Thou shalt not stir from hence :—thus, as mine  
own,

I seize upon thee.

*Flac.* Help, help ! violence  
Offer'd to the empress' person !

*Pul.* 'Tis in vain :  
She was an empress once, but, by my gift ;  
Which being abused, I do recall my grant.  
You are read in story ; call to your remembrance  
What the great Hector's mother, Hecuba,  
Was to Ulysses, Ilium sack'd.

*Eud.* A slave.

*Pul.* To me thou art so.

*Eud.* Wonder and amazement  
Quite overwhelm me : how am I transform'd ?  
How have I lost my liberty ? [*Knocking within.*]

*Pul.* Thou shalt know  
Too soon, no doubt.

*Enter a Servant.*

Who's that, that with such rudeness  
Beats at the door ?

*Serv.* The prince Paulinus, madam ;  
Sent from the emperor, to attend upon  
The gracious empress.

*Arcad.* And who is your slave now ?

*Flac.* Sister, repent in time, and beg a pardon  
For your presumption.

*Pul.* It is resolved :  
From me return this answer to Paulinus,  
She shall not come ; she's mine ; the emperor hath  
No interest in her. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Eud.* Whatsoe'er I am,  
You take not from your power o'er me, to yield  
A reason for this usage.

*Pul.* Though my will is  
Sufficient, to add to thy affliction,  
Know, wretched thing, 'tis not thy fate, but folly,  
Hath made thee what thou art: 'tis some delight  
To urge my merits to one so ungrateful;  
Therefore with horreur hear it. When thou wert  
Thrust, as a stranger, from thy father's house,  
Exposed to all calamities that want  
Could throw upon thee, thine own brothers' scorn,  
And in thy hopes, as by the world, forsaken,  
My pity the last altar that was left thee,  
I heard thy Syren charms, with feeling heard them,  
And my compassion made mine eyes vie tears  
With thine, dissembling crocodile! and when  
                    queens

Were emulous for thy imperial bed,  
The garments of thy sorrows cast aside,  
I put thee in a shape<sup>6</sup> as would have forced  
Envy from Cleopatra, had she seen thee.  
Then, when I knew my brother's blood was warm'd  
With youthful fires, I brought thee to his presence;  
And how my deep designs, for thy good plotted,  
Succeeded to my wishes, is apparent,  
And needs no repetition.

*Eud.* I am conscious  
Of your so many and unequall'd favours;  
But find not how I may accuse myself  
For any facts committed, that, with justice,  
Can raise your anger to this height against me.

*Pul.* Pride and forgetfulness would not let  
                    thee see that,  
Against which now thou canst not close thy eyes.

<sup>6</sup> *I put thee in a shape &c.] i. e. a magnificent dress, habit.*  
Alluding to her directions to the servant, p. 269.

What injury could be equal to thy late  
Contempt of my good counsel? When I urged  
The emperor's prodigal bounties, and entreated  
That you would use your power to give them  
limits,

Or, at the least, a due consideration  
Of such as sued, and for what, ere he sign'd it;  
In opposition, you brought against me  
The obedience of a wife, that ladies were not,  
Being well accommodated by their lords,  
To question, but much less to cross, their  
pleasures;

Nor would you, though the emperor were resolved  
To give away his sceptre, hinder it,  
Since 'twas done for your honour; covering, with  
False colours of humility, your ambition.

*Eud.* And is this my offence?

*Pul.* As wicked counsel  
Is still most hurtful unto those that give it;  
Such as deny to follow what is good,  
In reason, are the first that must repent it.  
When I please, you shall hear more; in the mean  
time,  
Thank your own wilful folly, that hath changed  
you  
From an empress to a bondwoman.

*Theo.* [*within.*] Force the doors;  
Kill those that dare resist.

*Enter* THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX,  
CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.

*Eud.* Dear sir, redeem me.

*Flac.* O suffer not, for your own honour's sake,  
The empress, you so late loved, to be made  
A prisoner in the court.

*Arcad.* Leap to his lips,  
You'll find them the best sanctuary.

*Flac.* And try then,  
What interest my reverend sister hath  
To force you from them.

*Theo.* What strange May-game's this?  
Though done in sport, how ill this levity  
Becomes your wisdom?

*Pul.* I am serious, sir,  
And have done nothing but what you in honour,  
And as you are yourself an emperor,  
Stand bound to justify.

*Theo.* Take heed; put not these  
Strange trials on my patience.

*Pul.* Do not you, sir,  
Deny your own act: As you are a man,  
And stand on your own bottom, 'twill appear  
A childish weakness to make void a grant  
Sign'd by your sacred hand and seal, and  
strengthen'd

With a religious oath, but with my license  
Never to be recall'd. For some few minutes  
Let reason rule your passion, and in this

[*Delivers the deed.*  
Be pleased to read my interest: you will find  
there,

What you in me call violence, is justice,  
And that I may make use of what's mine own,  
According to my will. 'Tis your own gift, sir;  
And what an emperor gives, should stand as firm  
As the celestial poles upon the shoulders  
Of Atlas, or his successor in that office,  
The great Alcides.

*Theo.* Miseries of more weight  
Than 'tis feign'd they supported, fall upon me.  
What hath my rashness done! In this transaction,

Drawn in express and formal terms, I have  
Given and consign'd into your hands, to use  
And, observe, as you please, my dear Eudocia !  
It is my deed, I do confess it is,  
And, as I am myself, not to be cancell'd :  
But yet you may shew mercy—and you will,  
When you consider that there is no beauty  
So perfect in a creature, but is soil'd  
With some unbeseeeming blemish. You have  
labour'd

To build me up a complete prince, 'tis granted ;  
Yet, as I am a man, like other monarchs  
I have defects and frailties ; my facility  
To send petitioners with pleased looks from me,  
Is all I can be charged with ; and it will  
Become your wisdom, (since 'tis in your power,)  
In charity to provide I fall' no further  
Or in my oath, or honour.

*Pul.* Royal sir,  
This was the mark I aim'd at, and I glory  
At the length, you so conceive it: 'twas a weak-  
ness

To measure by your own integrity  
The purposes of others. I have shewn you,  
In a true mirror, what fruit grows upon  
The tree of hoodwink'd bounty, and what dan-  
gers

Precipitation, in the managing  
Your great affairs, produceth.

*Theo.* I embrace it  
As a grave advertisement, and vow hereafter  
Never to sign petitions at this rate.

*Pul.* For mine, see, sir, 'tis cancell'd; on my  
knees

<sup>7</sup> *I fall no further*] Here, as in several other places, Mr. M. Mason substitutes *fail* for *fall*, though the latter be manifestly the better word, and, what is of more importance, the author's.

I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.

[*Tears the dead.*]

She is my second gift.\*

*Theo.* Which if I part from  
Till death divorce us——

[*Kisses Eudocia.*]

*Eud.* So, sir!

*Theo.* Nay, sweet, chide not,  
I am punish'd in thy looks; defer the rest,  
Till we are more private.

*Pul.* I ask pardon too,  
If, in my personated passion, I  
Appear'd too harsh and rough.

*Eud.* 'Twas gentle language,  
What I was then consider'd

*Pul.* O, dear madam,  
It was decorum in the scene.

*Eud.* This trial,  
When I was Athenais, might have pass'd,  
But as I am the empress——

*Theo.* Nay, no anger,  
Since all good was intended.

[*Exeunt Theodosius, Eudocia, Arcadia, and  
Flaccilla.*]

*Pul.* Building on  
That certain base, I fear not what can follow.

[*Exit.*]

*Paul.* These are strange devices, Philanax.

*Phil.* True, my lord.

May all turn to the best!

*Grat.* The emperor's looks  
Promised a calm.

*Chry.* But the vex'd empress' frowns  
Presaged a second storm.

*Paul.* I am sure I feel one  
In my leg already.

\* *She is my second gift.*] i. e. (though the mode of expression is rather incorrect,) she is now given to you, by me, a second time.

*Phil.* Your old friend, the gout ?

*Paul.* My forced companion, Philanax.

*Chry.* To your rest.

*Paul.* Rest, and forbearing wine, with a temperate diet,

Though many mountebanks pretend the cure of't,  
I have found my best physicians.

*Phil.* Ease to your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter EUDOCIA and CHRYSAPIUS.*

*Eud.* Make me her property !

*Chry.* Your majesty

Hath just cause of distaste ; and your resentment  
Of the affront, in the point of honour, cannot  
But meet a fair construction.

*Eud.* I have only

The title of an empress, but the power  
Is by her ravish'd from me : she surveys  
My actions as a governess, and calls  
My not observing all that she directs,  
Folly and disobedience.

*Chry.* Under correction,

With grief I've long observed it ; and, if you  
Stand pleased to sign my warrant, I'll deliver,  
In my unfeign'd zeal and desire to serve you,  
(Howe'er I run the hazard of my head for't,  
Should it arrive at the knowledge of the princess,)  
Not alone the reasons why things are thus carried,



300 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

But give into your hands the power to clip  
The wings of her command.

*Eud.* Your service this way  
Cannot offend me.

*Chry.* Be you pleased to know, then,  
But still with pardon, if I am too bold.  
Your too much sufferance imps the broken fea-  
thers

Which carry her to this proud height, in which  
She with security soars, and still towers o'er you:  
But if you would employ the strengths you hold<sup>9</sup>  
In the emperor's affections, and remember  
The orb you move in should admit no star else,  
You never would confess, the managing  
Of state affairs to her alone are proper,  
And you sit by, a looker on.

*Eud.* I would not,  
If it were possible I could attempt  
Her diminution, without a taint  
Of foul ingratitude in myself.

*Chry.* In this  
The sweetness of your temper does abuse you;  
And you call that a benefit to yourself,  
Which she, for her own ends, conferr'd upon you.  
'Tis yielded she gave way to your advancement:  
But for what cause? that she might still continue  
Her absolute sway and swing o'er the whole state;  
And that she might to her admirers vaunt,  
The empress was her creature, and the giver  
To be preferr'd before the gift.

*Eud.* It may be.

<sup>9</sup> But if you would employ the strengths you hold &c.] For *strengths*, Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, as I have already observed, constantly read *strength*; which bears a very different meaning. *Strengths* are strong holds, fortresses, commanding positions, &c. See Vol. II. 197.

*Chry.* Nay, 'tis most certain: whereas, would  
you please  
In a true glass to look upon yourself,  
And view, without detraction, your own merits,  
Which all men wonder at, you would find that  
fate,

Without a second cause, appointed you  
To the supremest honour. For the princess,  
She hath reign'd long enough, and her remove  
Will make your entrance free to the possession  
Of what you were born to; and, but once resolve  
To build upon her ruins, leave the engines  
That must be used to undermine her greatness,  
To my provision.

*Eud.* I thank your care:  
But a design of such weight must not be  
Rashly determined of; it will exact  
A long and serious consultation from me.  
In the mean time, Chrysapius, rest assured  
I live your thankful mistress. [*Exit.*

*Chry.* Is this all?  
Will the physick that I minister'd work no fur-  
ther?  
I have play'd the fool; and, leaving a calm port,  
Embark'd myself on a rough sea of danger.  
In her silence lies my safety, which how can I  
Hope from a woman? but the die is thrown,  
And I must stand the hazard. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*A Space before the Palace.*

*Enter* THEODOSIUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS,  
GRATIANUS, *and Huntsmen.*

*Theo.* Is Paulinus  
So tortured with his gout?

*Phil.* Most miserably.  
And it adds much to his affliction, that  
The pain denies him power to wait upon  
Your majesty.

*Theo.* I pity him:—he is  
A wondrous honest man, and what he suffers,  
I know, will grieve my empress.

*Tim.* He, indeed, is  
Much bound to her gracious favour,

*Theo.* He deserves it;  
She cannot find a subject upon whom  
She better may confer it. Is the stag  
Safe lodged?

*Grat.* Yes, sir, and the hounds and huntsmen  
ready.

*Phil.* He will make you royal sport. He is a  
deer  
Of ten,\* at the least.

---

\* *He is a deer*  
Often,] That is, a deer that has ten branches to his horns,  
which they have at three years old. M. MASON.

*Enter a Countryman with an apple.*

*Grat.* Whither will this clown ?

*Tim.* Stand back.

*Countr.* I would zee the emperor; why should  
you courtiers

Scorn a poor countryman? we zweat at the plough  
To vill your mouths, you and your curs might  
starve else :

We prune the orchards, and you cranch the fruit;  
Yet still y'are snarling at us.

*Theo.* What's the matter ?

*Countr.* I would look on thy sweet face.

*Tim.* Unmannerly swain !

*Countr.* Zwain! though I am a zwain, I have  
a heart yet,

As ready to do service for my leege,<sup>2</sup>

As any princox peacock of you all.

Zookers! had I one of you zingle, with this twig  
I would so veeze you.

*Tim.* Will your majesty

Hear his rude language?

*Theo.* Yes, and hold it as

An ornament, not a blemish. O, Timantus,

Since that dread Power by whom we are, disdains  
not

With an open ear to hear petitions from us;

<sup>2</sup> *As ready to do service for my leege,*] This last word Coxeter blundered into *leg*; Mr. M. Mason copies him, but shrewdly observes—"liege is the 'word intended by the speaker, but I suppose it is misspelt on purpose!" I suppose, in my turn, that this gentleman is a singular instance of criticizing a writer without looking at him! of editing an author without consulting the original in a single instance! All the copies read as I have given it. In the next line, both he and Coxeter absurdly separate princox (or, as they choose to write it, princock) from peacock, to which it is the adjective.

304 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Easy access in us, his deputies,  
To the meanest of our subjects, is a debt  
Which we stand bound to pay.

*Countr.* By my granam's ghost  
'Tis a holesome zaying! our vicar could not  
mend it

In the pulpit on a zunday.

*Theo.* What's thy suit, friend?

*Countr.* Zute! I would laugh at that., Let the  
court beg from thee,

What the poor country gives: I bring a present  
To thy good grace, which I can call mine own,  
And look not, like these gay volk, for a return  
Of what they venture. Have I giv'n't you? ha!

*Chry.* A perilous knave.

*Countr.* Zee here a dainty apple,

[*Presents the apple.*

Of mine own graffing; zweet and zound, I assure  
thee.

*Theo.* It is the fairest fruit I ever saw.

Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards,  
So strangely guarded<sup>3</sup> by the watchful dragon,  
As they required great Hercules to get them;  
Or those with which Hippomenes deceived  
Swift-footed Atalanta, when I look  
On this, deserve no wonder. You behold  
The poor man and his present with contempt;  
I to their value prize both: he that could  
So aid weak nature by his care and labour,  
As to compel a crab-tree stock to bear  
A precious fruit of this large size and beauty,  
Would by his industry change a petty village  
Into a populous city, and from that

<sup>3</sup> *So strangely guarded &c.*] Though *strangely* be sometimes used by our old writers in the sense here required, yet I think we might venture to read, *So strongly guarded*—I have, however, made no change.

Erect a flourishing kingdom. Give the fellow,  
For an encouragement to his future labours,  
Ten Attick talents.

*Countr.* I will weary heaven  
With my prayers for your majesty. [Exit.

*Theo.* Philanax,  
From me present this rarity to the rarest  
And best of women: when I think upon  
The boundless happiness that from her flows to me,  
In my imagination I am rapt  
Beyond myself: but I forget our hunting.  
To the forest, for the exercise of my body;  
But for my mind, 'tis wholly taken up  
In the contemplation of her matchless virtues.  
[Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter EUDOCIA, PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, and  
FLACCILLA.*

*Eud.* You shall know there's a difference be-  
tween us.

*Pul.* There was, I am certain, not long since,  
when you  
Kneel'd a petitioner to me; then you were happy  
To be near my feet; and do you hold it, now,  
As a disparagement, that I side you, lady?

*Eud.* Since you respect me only as I was,  
What I am shall be remember'd.

*Pul.* Does the means  
I practised, to give good and saving counsels  
To the emperor, and your new-stamp'd majesty,  
Still stick in your stomach?

*Eud.* 'Tis not yet digested,

306 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

In troth it is not. Why, good governess,  
Though you are held for a grand madam, and  
yourself

The first that overprized it, I ne'er took  
Your words for Delphian oracles, nor your actions  
For such wonders as you make them:—there is  
one,

When she shall see her time, as fit and able  
To be made partner of the emperor's cares,  
As your wise self, and may with justice challenge  
A nearer interest.—You have done your visit,  
So, when you please, you may leave me.

*Pul.* I'll not bandy  
Words with your mightiness, proud one; only  
this,

You carry too much sail for your small bark,  
And that, when you least think upon't, may sink  
you. [*Exit.*

*Flac.* I am glad she's gone.

*Arcad.* I fear'd she would have read  
A tedious lecture to us.

*Enter PHILANAX with the apple.*

*Phil.* From the emperor,  
*This rare fruit to the rarest.*

*Eud.* How, my lord!

*Phil.* I use his language, madam; and that  
trust,

Which he imposed on me, discharged, his pleasure  
Commands my present service. [*Exit.*

*Eud.* Have you seen  
So fair an apple?

*Flac.* Never.

*Arcad.* If the taste  
Answer the beauty.

*Eud.* Prettily begg'd:—you should have it,

But that you eat too much cold fruit, and that  
Changes the fresh red in your cheeks to paleness.

*Enter a Servant.*

I have other dainties for you :—You come from  
Paulinus ; how is't with that truly noble  
And honest lord, my witness at the fount,  
In a word, the man to whose bless'd charity  
I owe my greatness ? How is't with him ?

*Serv.* Sprightly

In his mind ; but, by the raging of his gout,  
In his body much distemper'd ; that you pleas'd  
To inquire his health, took off much from his  
pain,

His glad looks did confirm it.

*Eud.* Do his doctors

Give him no hope ?

*Serv.* Little ; they rather fear,

By his continual burning, that he stands  
In danger of a fever.

*Eud.* To him again,

And tell him, that I heartily wish it lay  
In me to ease him ; and from me deliver  
This choice fruit to him ; you may say to that,  
I hope it will prove physical.

*Serv.* The good lord

Will be o'erjoy'd with the favour.

*Eud.* He deserves more.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV.

*A Room in Paulinus' House.*

PAULINUS *discovered in a Chair, attended by a Surgeon.*

*Surg.* I have done as much as art can do, to stop  
The violent course of your fit, and I hope you  
feel it :

How does your honour ?

*Paul.* At some ease, I thank you ;  
I would you could assure continuance of it,  
For the moiety of my fortune.

*Surg.* If I could cure  
The gout, my lord, without the philosopher's  
stone

I should soon purchase, it being a disease  
In poor men very rare, and in the rich  
The cure impossible. Your many bounties  
Bid me prepare you for a certain truth,  
And to flatter you were dishonest.

*Paul.* Your plain dealing  
Deserves a fee.\* Would there were many more  
such

Of your profession ! Happy are poor men !  
If sick with the excess of heat or cold,  
Caused by necessitous labour, not loose surfeits,—

\* ————— *Would there were many more such  
Of your profession !]* These two hemistichs are wholly dropt  
by Mr. M. Mason, who reads,

*Paul. Your plain dealing  
Deserves a fee. Happy are poor men :*  
though the lameness of the metre might have excited a suspicion  
of some defect. This is the fifth passage omitted by him in the  
compass of a few pages !

They, when spare diet, or kind nature fail  
To perfect their recovery, soon arrive at  
Their rest in death : but, on the contrary,  
The great and noble are exposed as preys  
To the rapine of physicians ; and they,  
In lingering out what is remediless,  
Aim at their profit, not the patient's health.  
A thousand trials and experiments  
Have been put upon me, and I forced to pay dear  
For my vexation ; but I am resolved  
(I thank your honest freedom) to be made  
A property no more for knaves to work on.

*Enter CLEON with a parchment roll.*

What have you there ?

*Cle.* The triumphs of an artsman  
O'er all infirmities, made authentical  
With the names of princes, kings, and emperors,  
That were his patients.

*Paul.* Some empirick.

*Cle.* It may be so ; but he swears, within three  
days

He'll grub up your gout by the roots, and make  
you able

To march ten leagues a day in complete armour.

*Paul.* Impossible.

*Cle.* Or, if you like not him——

*Surg.* Hear him, my lord, for your mirth ; I  
will take order

They shall not wrong you.

*Paul.* Usher in your monster.

*Cle.* He is at hand.—March up : now speak for  
yourself.

*Enter Empirick.*

*Emp.* I come not, right honourable, to your presence, with any base and sordid end of reward; the immortality of my fame is the white I shoot at: the charge of my most curious and costly ingredients frayed, amounting to some seventeen thousand crowns—a trifle in respect of health—writing your noble name in my catalogue, I shall acknowledge myself amply satisfied.

*Surg.* I believe so.

*Emp.* For your own sake,<sup>s</sup> I most heartily wish that you had now all the diseases, maladies, and infirmities upon you, that were ever remembered by old Galen, Hippocrates, or the later and more admired Paracelsus.

*Paul.* For your good wish, I thank you!

*Emp.* Take me with you, I beseech your good lordship.—I urged it, that your joy, in being certainly and suddenly freed from them, may be the greater, and my not-to-be-parallelled skill

<sup>s</sup> *Emp.* For your own sake, &c.] This empirick may be considered as the fruitful parent of the quack, which, for the two last centuries, has poisoned us in the closet, and entertained us on the stage: a proud distinction to which his ignorance and impudence fully entitle him!

I doubt whether Massinger ever fell into Moliere's hands; there is, however, as Mr. Gilchrist has well observed, so striking a resemblance between a passage in the *Malade Imaginaire* and this before us, that it is difficult to believe the coincidence accidental:

*Toinette.* Je voudrois que vous eussiez toutes les maladies que je viens de dire; que vous fussiez abandonné de tous les médecins, désespéré, à l'agonie, pour vous montrer l'excellence de mes remèdes, et l'envie que j'aurois de vous rendre service.

*Argan.* Je vous suis obligé, monsieur, des bontés que vous avez pour moi, &c. Acte III. sc. xiii.

the more remarkable. The cure of the gout—a toy, without boast be it said, my cradle-practice: the cancer, the fistula, the dropsy, consumption of lungs and kidneys, hurts in the brain, heart, or liver, are things worthy my opposition; but in the recovery of my patients I ever overcome them. But to your gout——

*Paul.* Ay, marry, sir, that cured, I shall be apter

To give credit to the rest.

*Emp.* Suppose it done, sir.

*Surg.* And the means you use, I beseech you?

*Emp.* I will do it in the plainest language, and discover my ingredients. First, my *boteni terebinthina* of Cypris,<sup>6</sup> my manna, *ros cælo*, coagulated with *vetulos ovorum*, vulgarly yolks of eggs, with a little cyath or quantity of my potable elixir, with some few scruples of sassafras and guaiacum, so taken every morning and evening, in the space of three days purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth the inward causes of the virulent tumour.

*Paul.* Why do you smile?

*Surg.* When he hath done I will resolve you.

*Emp.* For my exterior applications, I have these balsum-unguentulums, extracted from herbs, plants, roots, seeds, gums, and a million of other vegetables, the principal of which are, *Ulissipona*, or *serpentaria*, *sophia*, or *herba consolidarum*, *parthenium*, or *commanilla Romana*, *mumia transmarina*, mixed with my *plumbum philosophorum*, and *mater metallorum*, *cum ossa paraleli, est universale medicamentum in podagra*.

*Cle.* A conjuring balsamum!

<sup>6</sup> First, my boteni terebinthina of Cypris, &c.] As I know not what degree of learning the author meant to give this impostor, I have left his jargon as I found it, contenting myself with correcting the verbal oversights of the former editors.

312 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Emp.* This applied warm upon the pained place, with a feather of struthio-cameli, or a bird of paradise, which is every where to be had, shall expulse this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant dolor.

*Surg.* An excellent receipt! but does your lordship  
Know what 'tis good for?

*Paul.* I would be instructed.

*Surg.* For the gonorrhœa, or, if you will hear it in a plainer phrase, the pox.

*Emp.* If it cure his lordship  
Of that by the way, I hope, sir, 'tis the better.  
My medicine serves for all things, and the pox,  
sir,

Though falsely named the sciatica, or gout,  
Is the more catholick sickness.

*Paul.* Hence with the rascal!  
Yet hurt him not, he makes me smile, and that  
Frees him from punishment. [*They thrust him off.*]

*Surg.* Such slaves as this  
Render our art contemptible.

*Enter Servant with the apple.*

*Serv.* My good lord.

*Paul.* So soon return'd!

*Serv.* And with this present from  
Your great and gracious mistress, with her wishes  
It may prove physical to you.

*Paul.* In my heart  
I kneel, and thank her bounty. Dear friend Cleon,  
Give him the cupboard of plate in the next room,  
For a reward.—[*Exeunt Cleon and Servant.*—] Most  
glorious fruit! but made  
More precious by her grace and love that sent it:  
To touch it only, coming from her hand,

Makes me forget all pain. A diamond  
 Of this large size, (though it would buy a king-  
 dom,)   
 Hewed from the rock, and laid down at my feet,  
 Nay, though a monarch's gift, will hold no value,  
 Compared with this—and yet, ere I presume  
 To taste it, though, sans question, it is  
 Some heavenly restorative, I in duty  
 Stand bound to weigh my own unworthiness.  
 Ambrosia is food only for the gods,  
 And not by human lips to be profaned.  
 I may adore it as some holy relick  
 Derived from thence, but impious to keep it  
 In my possession; the emperor only  
 Is worthy to enjoy it.—

*Re-enter CLEON.*

Go, good Cleon,  
 And (cease this admiration at this object,)  
 From me present this to my royal master,  
 I know it will amaze him; and excuse me  
 That I am not myself the bearer of it.  
 That I should be lame now, when with wings of  
 duty  
 I should fly to the service of this empress!  
 Nay, no delays, good Cleon.  
*Cle.* I am gone, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*A Room in the Palace.**Enter* THEODOSIUS, CHRYSAPIUS, TIMANTUS,  
and GRATIANUS.*Chry.* Are you not tired, sir?*Theo.* Tired! I must not say so,  
However, though I rode hard. To a huntsman,  
His toil is his delight, and to complain  
Of weariness, would shew as poorly in him  
As if a general should grieve for a wound  
Received upon his forehead, or his breast,  
After a glorious victory. Lay by  
These accoutrements for the chase.*Enter* PULCHERIA.*Pul.* You are well return'd, sir,  
From your princely exercise.*Theo.* Sister, to you  
I owe the freedom, and the use of all  
The pleasures I enjoy: your care provides  
For my security, and the burthen, which  
I should alone sustain, you undergo,  
And, by your painful watchings, yield my sleeps  
Both sound and sure. How happy am I in  
Your knowledge of the art of government!  
And, credit me, I glory to behold you  
Dispose of great designs, as if you were  
A partner, and no subject of my empire.

<sup>7</sup> *Dispose of great designs, as if you were*] This line, too, which  
makes sense of the passage, is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason.  
I have no pleasure in pointing out these perpetual blunders;

*Pul.* My vigilance, since it hath well succeeded,  
I am confident you allow of—yet it is not  
Approved by all.

*Theo.* Who dares repine at that  
Which hath our suffrage?

*Pul.* One that too well knows  
The strength of her abilities can better  
My weak endeavours.

*Theo.* In this you reflect  
Upon my empress?

*Pul.* True; for, as she is  
The consort of your bed, 'tis fit she share in  
Your cares and absolute power.

*Theo.* You touch a string  
That sounds but harshly to me; and I must,  
In a brother's love, advise you, that hereafter  
You would forbear to move it: since she is  
In her pure self a harmony of such sweetness,  
Composed of duty, chaste desires, her beauty  
(Though it might tempt a hermit from his beads)  
The least of her endowments. I am sorry  
Her holding the first place, since that the second  
Is proper to yourself, calls on your envy.  
She err! it is impossible in a thought;  
And much more speak or do what may offend me.  
In other things I would believe you, sister;  
But, though the tongues of saints and angels  
tax'd her

Of any imperfection, I should be  
Incredulous.

*Pul.* She is yet a woman, sir.

*Theo.* The abstract of what's excellent in the  
sex,

but it is impossible to pass them entirely over in an editor who  
lays claim to our gratitude solely on the score of superiour ac-  
curacy and attention!



316 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

But to their mulcts and frailties a mere stranger ;  
I'll die in this belief.

*Enter CLION with the apple.*

*Cle.* Your humblest servant,  
The lord Paulinus, as a witness of  
His zeal and duty to your majesty,  
Presents you with this jewel.

*Theo.* Ha !

*Cle.* It is  
Preferr'd by him——

*Theo.* Above his honour ?

*Cle.* No, sir ;  
I would have said his patrimony.

*Theo.* 'Tis the same.

*Cle.* And he entreats, since lameness may excuse  
His not presenting it himself, from me  
(Though far unworthy to supply his place)  
You would vouchsafe to accept it.

*Theo.* Further off,  
You've told your tale. Stay you for a reward ?  
Take that. *[Strikes him.]*

*Pul.* How's this ?

*Chry.* I never saw him moved thus.

*Theo.* We must not part so, sir :—a guard upon  
him !

*Enter Guard.*

May I not vent my sorrows in the air,  
Without discovery ? Forbear the room !  
*[Exeunt Pul. Chry. Tim. Grat. und Guard with Cle.]*  
Yet be within call—What an earthquake I feel in  
me !

And on the sudden my whole fabrick totters.  
My blood within me turns, and through my veins,  
Parting with natural redness, I discern it  
Changed to a fatal yellow. What an army

Of hellish furies, in the horrid shapes  
Of doubts and fears, charge on me! rise to my  
rescue,

Thou stout maintainer of a chaste wife's honour,  
The confidence of her virtues; be not shaken  
With the wind of vain surmises, much less suffer  
The devil Jealousy to whisper to me

My curious observation of that  
I must no more remember. Will't not be?

Thou uninvited guest, ill-manner'd monster,  
I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to  
Give fuel to that fire I would put out?

The goodness of my memory proves my mischief,  
And I would sell my empire, could it purchase  
The dull art of forgetfulness.\*—Who waits there?

\* To account for this paroxysm of jealous fury in Theodosius, we must call to mind that the ancients attached a certain degree of mystical consequence to the presentation of an apple; which they universally agreed to consider as a tacit confession of passion accepted and returned. Catullus has some beautiful lines on the subject:

*Ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum  
Procurrit casto virginis è gremio,  
Quod misera oblata molli sub veste locatum,  
Dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur,  
Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu:  
Huic manat tristi consensu ore rubor.* Car. lxiii.

Upon which Vossius observes, with a reference to the immediate subject of this scene: *Mala amantium semper fuisse munera, et obscenam continere significationem, satis vel ex primo patet Catulli epigrammate, et multa satis de his colligerunt viri docti. Nec florentibus tantum Græciæ et Romanæ rebus, sed et collapsæ utrorumque fortuna, eandem permanisse significationem, satis docet exemplum Paulini interempti propter pomum missum ab Eudocia imperatrice, de quo vide Chronicon Alexandrinum, et complures historiæ scriptores.* Obser. ad C. Val. Catullum.

Massinger, therefore, had sufficient authority for this part of his story. The fact, however, is properly discredited by later and more judicious writers, who have observed that it has all the appearance of an Eastern fiction; and, indeed, an adventure, with no very distant resemblance to it, is found in the *Arabian Tales*.

*Re-enter TIMANTUS.*

*Tim.* Most sacred sir——

*Theo.* Sacred,<sup>9</sup> as 'tis accurs'd,  
Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your life,  
Without a word concerning this, command  
Eudocia to come to me. [*Exit Tim.*] Would I had  
Ne'er known her by that name, my mother's name,  
Or that, for her own sake, she had continued  
Poor Athenais still!—No intermission!  
Wilt thou so soon torment me? must I read,  
Writ in the table of my memory,  
To warrant my suspicion, how Paulinus  
(Though ever thought a man averse to women)  
First gave her entertainment, made her way  
For audience to my sister?—then I did  
Myself observe how he was ravish'd with  
The gracious delivery of her story,  
Which was, I grant, the bait that first took me  
too:—

She was his convert; what the rhetorick was  
He used, I know not; and, since she was mine,  
In private as in publick what a mass  
Of grace and favour hath she heap'd upon him!  
And but to day this fatal fruit—She's come.

*Re-enter TIMANTUS with EUDOCIA, FLACCILLA,  
and ARCADIA.*

Can she be guilty?

*Eud.* You seem troubled, sir;

<sup>9</sup> *Sacratus*, in Latin, means accursed; to this Theodosius alludes, when he says that *Sacred as it is accursed*, is proper to him. M. MASON.

I recollect no instance of this sense of *sacratus*: it was to *sacer* that Theodosius alluded; and so perhaps did Mr. M. Mason, if he had known it.

My innocence makes me bold to ask the cause,  
That I may ease you of it. No salute,  
After four long hours' absence !

*Theo.* Prithee, forgive me. [*Kisses her.*  
Methinks I find Paulinus on her lips,  
And the fresh nectar that I drew from thence  
Is on the sudden pall'd. How have you spent  
Your hours since I last saw you?

*Eud.* In the converse  
Of your sweet sisters.

*Theo.* Did not Philanax,  
From me deliver you an apple?

*Eud.* Yes, sir ;  
Heaven, how you frown ! pray you, talk of some-  
thing else,  
Think not of such a trifle.

*Theo.* How, a trifle !  
Does any toy from me presented to you,  
Deserve to be so slighted ? do you value  
What's sent, and not the sender ? from a peasant  
It had deserved your thanks.

*Eud.* And meets from you, sir,  
All possible respect.

*Theo.* I prized it, lady,  
At a higher rate than you believe ; and would  
not

Have parted with it, but to one I did  
Prefer before myself.

*Eud.* It was, indeed,  
The fairest that I ever saw.

*Theo.* It was ;  
And it had virtues in it, my Eudocia,  
Not visible to the eye.

*Eud.* It may be so, sir.

*Theo.* What did you with it ?—tell me punc-  
tually ;  
I look for a strict accompt.

220 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Eud.* What shall I answer?

*Theo.* Do you stagger? Ha!

*Eud.* No, sir; I have eaten it.  
It had the pleasant'st<sup>1</sup> taste!—I wonder that  
You found it not in my breath.

*Theo.* I faith, I did not,  
And it was wonderous strange.

*Eud.* Pray you, try again.

*Theo.* I find no scent of't here: you play with  
me;  
You have it still?

*Eud.* By your sacred life and fortune,  
An oath I dare not break, I have eaten it.

*Theo.* Do you know how this oath binds?

*Eud.* Too well, to break it.

*Theo.* That ever man, to please his brutish  
sense,  
Should slave his understanding to his passions,  
And, taken with soon-fading white and red,  
Deliver up his credulous ears to hear  
The magick of a Syren; and from these  
Believe<sup>2</sup> there ever was, is, or can be  
More than a seeming honesty in bad woman!

*Eud.* This is strange language, sir.

*Theo.* Who waits? Come all.

*Re-enter* PULCHERIA, PHILANAX, CHRYSAPIUS,  
GRATIANUS, *and Guard.*

Nay, sister, not so near, being of the sex,  
I fear you are infected too.

<sup>1</sup> *It had the pleasant'st taste!*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *It had the pleasant taste*, which, if not nonsense, is not very far removed from it.

<sup>2</sup> *Believe there ever was,*] So the old copy: the modern editors, to the destruction both of sense and metre, read, *Believing there ever was*, &c.

*Pul.* What mean you?

*Theo.* To shew you a miracle, a prodigy  
Which Africk never equall'd:—Can you think  
This masterpiece of heaven,<sup>s</sup> this precious vellum,  
Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,  
Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom,  
In capital letters, writ upon't?

*Pul.* Dear sir.

*Theo.* Nay, add to this, an impudence beyond  
All prostituted boldness. Art not dead yet?  
Will not the tempests in thy conscience rend thee  
As small as atoms, that there may no sign  
Be left thou ever wert so? wilt thou live  
Till thou art blasted with the dreadful lightning  
Of pregnant and unanswerable proofs  
Of thy adulterous twines? die yet, that I  
With my honour may conceal it.

*Eud.* Would long since  
The Gorgon of your rage had turn'd me marble!  
Or, if I have offended—

*Theo.* If!—good angels!  
But I am tame; look on this dumb accuser.  
[*Shewing the apple.*]

*Eud.* Oh, I am lost!

*Theo.* Did ever cormorant  
Swallow his prey, and then digest it whole,  
As she hath done this apple? Philanax,  
As 'tis, from me presented it; the good lady  
Swore she had eaten it; yet, I know not how,  
It came entire unto Paulinus' hands,

<sup>s</sup> ————— Can you think  
*This masterpiece of heaven, &c.]*

“ Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
“ Made to write whore upon?” *Othello.*

There are several other short passages in this scene copied or  
imitated from the same play; which, as sufficiently obvious,  
I have forborn to notice.

322 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

And I from him received it, sent in scorn,  
Upon my life, to give me a close touch  
That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing  
Left thee to fee him to give satisfaction  
To thy insatiate lust, but what was sent  
As a dear favour from me? How have I sinn'd  
In my dotage on this creature! but<sup>4</sup> to her,  
I have lived as I was born, a perfect virgin:  
Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be  
True to her bed, but that I must feed high,  
To strengthen my abilities to cloy  
Her ravenous appetite, little suspecting  
She would desire a change.

*Eud.* I never did, sir.

*Theo.* Be dumb; I will not waste my breath  
in taxing

Thy base ingratitude. How I have raised thee  
Will by the world be, to thy shame, spoke often:  
But for that ribald, who held in my empire  
The next place to myself, so bound unto me  
By all the ties of duty and allegiance,  
He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is,  
In a wrong of such high consequence, to pull down  
His lord's slow anger on him!—Philanax,  
He's troubled with the gout, let him be cured  
With a violent death, and in the other world  
Thank his physician.

*Phil.* His cause unheard, sir?

*Pul.* Take heed of rashness.

*Theo.* Is what I command

To be disputed?

*Phil.* Your will shall be done, sir:

But that I am the instrument——

*Theo.* Do you murmur? [*Exit Phil. with Guard.*]

<sup>4</sup> ————— but to her,

*I have lived as I was born, &c.] i. e. except. See p. 289; the word occurs again, in this sense, in p. 335, and in many other places.*

What couldst thou say, if that my license should  
Give liberty to thy tongue? [*Eudocia kneeling,*  
*points to Theodosius' sword.*] thou wouldst  
die? I am not

So to be reconciled. See me no more :  
The sting of conscience ever gnawing on thee,  
A long life be thy punishment ! [*Exit.*

*Flac.* O sweet lady,  
How I could weep for her !

*Arcad.* Speak, dear madam, speak.  
Your tongue, as you are a woman, while you live  
Should be ever moving, at the least, the last part  
That stirs about you.

*Pul.* Though I should, sad lady,  
In policy rejoice, you, as a rival  
Of my greatness, are removed, compassion,  
Since I believe you innocent, commands me  
To mourn your fortune ; credit me, I will urge  
All arguments I can allege that may  
Appease the emperor's fury.

*Arcad.* I will grow too,  
Upon my knees, unless he bid me rise,  
And swear he will forgive you.

*Flac.* And repent too :  
All this pother for an apple !

[*Exeunt Pulcheria, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*

*Chry.* Hope, dear madam,  
And yield not to despair ; I am still your servant,  
And never will forsake you, though awhile  
You leave the court and city, and give way  
To the violent passions of the emperor.  
Repentance, in his want of you, will soon find him :  
In the mean time, I'll dispose of you, and omit  
No opportunity that may invite him  
To see his errour.

*Eud.* Oh ! [*Wringing her hands.*

*Chry.* Forbear, for heaven's sake. [*Exeunt.*



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room in Paulinus' House.**Enter PHILANAX, PAULINUS, Guard, and Executioners.*

*Paul.* This is most barbarous ! how have you lost  
 All feeling of humanity, as honour,  
 In your consent alone to have me used thus ?  
 But to be, as you are, a looker on,  
 Nay, more, a principal actor in't, (the softness  
 Of your former life consider'd,) almost turns me  
 Into a senseless statue,

*Phil.* Would, long since,  
 Death, by some other means, had made you one,  
 That you might be less sensible of what  
 You have, or are to suffer !

*Paul* Am to suffer !  
 Let such, whose happiness and heaven depend  
 Upon their present being, fear to part with  
 A fort they cannot long hold ; mine to me is  
 A charge that I am weary of, all defences  
 By pain and sickness batter'd :—yet take heed,  
 Take heed, lord Philanax, that, for private spleen,  
 Or any false-conceived grudge against me,  
 (Since in one thought of wrong to you I am  
 Sincerely innocent,) you do not that  
 My royal master must in justice punish,  
 If you pass<sup>s</sup> to your own heart thorough mine ;  
 The murder, as it will come out, discover'd.

<sup>s</sup> *If you pass to your own heart thorough mine ;*] Mr. M. Mason inserts *so* before you ; which injures both the sense and the metre. Was he not aware that *thorough*, or *thorow* as the quarto has it, is a dissyllable ?

*Phil.* I murder you, my lord! heaven witness  
for me,  
With the restoring of your health, I wish you  
Long life and happiness: for myself, I am  
Compell'd to put in execution that  
Which I would fly from; 'tis the emperor,  
The high incensed emperor's will, commands  
What I must see perform'd.

*Paul.* The emperor!  
Goodness and innocence guard me! wheels nor  
racks  
Can force into my memory the remembrance  
Of the least shadow of offence, with which  
I ever did provoke him. Though beloved,  
(And yet the people's love is short and fatal,)  
I never courted popular applause,  
Feasted the men of action, or labour'd  
By prodigal gifts to draw the needy soldier,  
The tribunes, or centurions to a faction,  
Of which I would rise up the head against him.  
I hold no place of strength, fortress or castle,  
In my command, that can give sanctuary  
To malecontents, or countenance rebellion.  
I have built no palaces to face the court,  
Nor do my followers' braveries shame his train;  
And though I cannot blame my fate for want,  
My competent means of life deserve no envy;  
In what, then, am I dangerous?

*Phil.* His displeasure  
Reflects on none of those particulars  
Which you have mention'd, though some jealous  
princes  
In a subject cannot brook them.

*Paul.* None of these!  
In what, then, am I worthy his suspicion?  
But it may, nay it must be, some informer,  
To whom my innocence appear'd a crime,

326 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Hath poison'd his late good opinion of me.  
'Tis not to die, but, in the censure of  
So good a master, guilty, that afflicts me.

*Phil.* There is no remedy.

*Paul.* No!—I have a friend yet,  
To whom the state I stand in now deliver'd,  
(Could the strictness of your warrant give way  
to it,)

That, by fair intercession for me, would  
So far prevail, that, my defence unheard,  
I should not, innocent or guilty, suffer  
Without a fit distinction.

*Phil.* These false hopes,  
My lord, abuse you. What man, when condemn'd,

Did ever find a friend? or who dares lend  
An eye of pity to that star-cross'd subject  
On whom his sovereign frowns?

*Paul.* She that dares plead  
For innocence without a fee, the empress,  
My great and gracious mistress.

*Phil.* There's your error.  
Her many favours, which you hoped should make  
you,

Prove your undoing. She, poor lady, is  
Banish'd for ever from the emperor's presence,  
And his confirm'd suspicion, to his wrong,  
That you have been over-familiar with her,  
Dooms you to death. I know you understand me.

*Paul.* Over-familiar!

*Phil.* In sharing with him  
Those sweet and secret pleasures of his bed,  
Which can admit no partner.

*Paul.* And is that  
The crime for which I am to die? of all  
My numerous sins, was there not one of weight  
Enough to sink me, if he borrow'd not

The colour of a guilt I never saw,  
 To paint my innocence in a deform'd  
 And monstrous shape? but that it were profane  
 To argue heaven of ignorance or injustice,  
 I now should tax it. Had the stars that reign'd  
 At my nativity such cursed influence,  
 As not alone to make me miserable,  
 But, in the neighbourhood of her goodness to me,  
 To force contagion upon a lady,  
 Whose purer flames were not inferiour  
 To theirs when they shine brightest! to die for  
       her,

Compared with what she suffers, is a trifle.  
 By her example warn'd, let all great women  
 Hereafter throw pride and contempt on such  
 As truly serve them, since a retribution  
 In lawful courtesies is now styled lust;  
 And to be thankful to a servant's merits  
 Is grown a vice, no virtue,

*Phil.* These complaints  
 Are to no purpose: think on the long flight  
 Your better part must make.

*Paul.* She is prepared:  
 Nor can the freeing of an innocent  
 From the emperor's furious jealousy hinder her.  
 —It shall out, 'tis resolved; but to be whisper'd  
 To you alone. What a solemn preparation  
 Is made here to put forth an inch of taper<sup>6</sup>  
 In itself almost extinguish'd! mortal poison!  
 The hangman's sword! the halter!

*Phil.* 'Tis left to you  
 To make choice of which you please.

*Paul.* Any will serve  
 To take away my gout and life together.

<sup>6</sup> ——— to put forth an inch of taper] i. e. to put  
 out. Forth, for out, occurs continually in our old writers.

## 328 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

I would not have the emperor imitate  
Rome's monster, Nero, in that cruel mercy  
He shew'd to Seneca. When you have discharged  
What you are trusted with, and I have given you  
Reasons beyond all doubt or disputation,  
Of the empress' and my innocence; when I am  
dead,

(Since 'tis my master's pleasure, and high treason  
In you not to obey it,) I conjure you,  
By the hopes you have of happiness hereafter,  
Since mine in this world are now parting from  
me,

That you would win the young man to repentance  
Of the wrong done to his chaste wife, Eudocia.  
And if perchance he shed a tear for what  
In his rashness he imposed on his true servant,  
So it cure him of future jealousy,  
'Twill prove a precious balsamum, and find me  
When I am in my grave.—Now, when you please,  
For I am ready.

*Phil.* His words work strangely on me,  
And I would do—but I know not what to think  
on't. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* PULCHERIA, FLACCILLA, ARCADIA, TIMANTUS, GRATIANUS, *and* CHRYSAPIUS.

*Pul.* Still in his sullen mood? no intermission  
Of his melancholy fit?

*Tim.* It rather, madam,  
Increases, than grows less.

*Grat.* In the next room  
To his bedchamber we watch'd; for he by signs

Gave us to understand he would admit  
Nor company nor conference.

*Pul.* Did he take

No rest, as you could guess?

*Chry.* Not any, madam.

Like a Numidian lion, by the cunning  
Of the desperate huntsman taken in a toil,  
And forced into a spacious cage, he walks  
About his chamber; we might hear him gnash  
His teeth in rage, which open'd, hollow groans  
And murmurs issued from his lips, like winds  
Imprison'd in the caverns of the earth  
Striving for liberty: and sometimes throwing  
His body on his bed, then on the ground,  
And with such violence, that we more than fear'd,  
And still do, if the tempest of his passions  
By your wisdom be not laid, he will commit  
Some outrage on himself.

*Pul.* His better angel,

I hope, will stay him from so foul a mischief;  
Nor shall my care be wanting.

*Tim.* Twice I heard him

Say, *False Eudocia, how much art thou  
Unworthy of these tears!* then sigh'd, and straight  
Roar'd out, *Paulinus! was his gouty age  
To be preferr'd before my strength and youth?*  
Then groan'd again, so many ways expressing  
The afflictions of a tortured soul, that we,  
Who wept in vain for what we could not help,  
Were sharers in his sufferings.

*Pul.* Though your sorrow

Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from  
The burthen of his miseries: we must practise,  
With some fresh object, to divert his thoughts  
From that they are wholly fix'd on.

*Chry.* Could I gain

The freedom of access, I would present him

330 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

With this petition.—Will your highness please  
To look upon it : you will soon find there  
What my intents and hopes are.

*Enter THEODOSIUS.*

*Grat.* Ha ! 'tis he.

*Pul.* Stand close,  
And give way to his passions ; 'tis not safe  
To stop them in their violent course, before  
They have spent themselves.

*Theo.* I play the fool, and am  
Unequal<sup>7</sup> to myself ; delinquents are  
To suffer, not the innocent. I have done  
Nothing, which will not hold weight in the scale  
Of my impartial justice ; neither feel I  
The worm of conscience upbraiding me  
For one black deed of tyranny ; wherefore, then,  
Should I torment myself ? Great Julius would not  
Rest satisfied that his wife was free from fact,  
But, only for suspicion of a crime,  
Sued a divorce ; nor was this Roman rigour  
Censured as cruel : and still the wise Italian,  
That knows the honour of his family  
Depends upon the purity of his bed,  
For a kiss, nay, wanton look, will plough up  
    mischief,  
And sow the seeds of his revenge in blood.  
And shall I, to whose power the law's a servant,  
That stand accountable to none, for what  
My will calls an offence, being compell'd,  
And on such grounds, to raise an altar to  
My anger ; though, I grant, it is cemented  
With a loose strumpet and adulterer's gore,  
Repent the justice of my fury ? No.

<sup>7</sup> *Theo.* I play the fool, and am

Unequal to myself ; ] i. e. unjust. See Vol. I. p. 133.

I should not : yet still my excess of love,  
Fed high in the remembrance of her choice  
And sweet embraces, would persuade me that  
Connivence or remission of her fault,  
Made warrantable by her true submission  
For her offence, might be excuseable,  
Did not the cruelty of my wounded honour,  
With an open mouth, deny it.

*Pul.* I approve of  
Your good intention, and I hope 'twill prosper.—  
[*To Chrysapius.*

He now seems calm : let us, upon our knees,  
Encompass him.—Most royal sir——

*Flac.* Sweet brother——

*Arcad.* As you are our sovereign, by the ties  
of nature

You are bound to be a father in your care  
To us poor orphans.

*Tim.* Shew compassion, sir,  
Unto yourself.

*Grat.* The majesty of your fortune  
Should fly above the reach of grief.

*Chry.* And 'tis  
Impair'd, if you yield to it.

*Theo.* Wherefore pay you  
This adoration to a sinful creature ?<sup>\*</sup>  
I am flesh and blood, as you are, sensible  
Of heat and cold, as much a slave unto  
The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest  
Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes,  
By oil-tongued flattery imposed upon us,

<sup>\*</sup> *Theo.* Wherefore pay you

*This adoration to a sinful creature ?*] In this fine speech Mas-  
singer has ventured to measure weapons with Shakspeare, and,  
if I may trust my judgment, not unsuccessfully. The feelings,  
indeed, are more interested by the latter, but that arises from  
the situation of his chief character.



332 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,  
 The deputy of heaven, and in that  
 Omnipotent, with all false titles else,  
 Coin'd to abuse our frailty, though compounded,  
 And by the breath of sycophants applied,  
 Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.  
 We may give poor men riches, confer honours  
 On undeservers, raise, or ruin such  
 As are beneath us, and, with this puff'd up,  
 Ambition would persuade us to forget  
 That we are men: but he that sits above us,  
 And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are  
 But pageant properties, derides our weakness:  
 In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.  
 Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids  
 That bow unto my sceptre? or restore  
 My mind to that tranquillity and peace  
 It then enjoy'd?—Can I<sup>9</sup> make Eudocia chaste,  
 Or vile Paulinus honest?

*Pul.* If I might,

Without offence, deliver my opinion——

*Theo.* What would you say?

*Pul.* That, on my soul, the empress  
 Is innocent.

*Chry.* The good Paulinus guiltless.

*Grat.* And this should yield you comfort.

*Theo.* In being guilty  
 Of an offence far, far transcending that  
 They stand condemn'd for! Call you this a com-  
 fort?

Suppose it could be true,—a corsive<sup>1</sup> rather,  
 Not to eat out dead flesh, but putrify

<sup>9</sup> ————— Can I make Eudocia chaste,] The quarto  
 has—Can it make. For the present reading I am answerable.

<sup>1</sup> ————— Call you this a comfort?

Suppose it could be true,—a corsive rather,  
 Not to eat out dead flesh, &c.] Our old writers used *corsive* or

What yet is sound. Was murder ever held  
 A cure for jealousy? or the crying blood  
 Of innocence, a balm to take away  
 Her festering anguish? As you do desire  
 I should not do a justice on myself,  
 Add to the proofs by which Paulinus fell,  
 And not take from them; in your charity  
 Sooner believe that they were false, than I  
 Unrighteous in my judgment? subjects' lives  
 Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be bandied  
 In sport away: all that I can endure  
 For them, if they were guilty, is an atom  
 To the mountain of affliction I pull'd on me,  
 Should they prove innocent.

*Chry.* For your majesty's peace,  
 I more than hope they were not: the false oath  
 Ta'en by the empress, and for which she can  
 Plead no excuse, convicted her, and yields  
 A sure defence for your suspicion of her.  
 And yet, to be resolved, since strong doubts  
     are  
 More grievous, for the most part, than to know  
 A certain loss——

*Theo.* 'Tis true, Chrysapius,  
 Were there a possible means,

*Chry.* 'Tis offer'd to you,  
 If you please to embrace it. Some few minutes  
 Make truce with passion, and but read, and follow  
 What's there projected,—[*Delivers him a paper.*]—  
     you shall find a key  
 Will make your entrance easy, to discover

*corrosive* indifferently, as it suited the verse; and I should make no difficulty of regulating the measure accordingly, in defiance of the vicious spelling of the early copies. In the next line, for—to eat out, which was the phraseology of the times, and perfectly correct, the modern editors absurdly read—to eat our dead flesh!

Her secret thoughts; and then, as in your  
wisdom

You shall think fit, you may determine of her;  
And rest confirm'd, whether Paulinus died  
A villain or a martyr.

*Theo.* It may do,

Nay, sure it must; yet, howsoe'er it fall;  
I am most wretched. Which way in my wishes  
I should<sup>2</sup> fashion the event, I'm so distracted  
I cannot yet resolve of.—Follow me;  
Though in my name all names are comprehended,  
I must have witnesses in what degree  
I have done wrong, or suffer'd.

*Pul.* Hope the best, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter EUDOCIA in sackcloth, her hair loose.*

[*Sings.*] *Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble,  
Death,*

*To stop a wretch's breath,  
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart  
A prey unto thy dart?*

*I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:  
Sorrow hath made me old,*

*Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,  
Is, quiet in my grave.*

<sup>2</sup>

————— *Which way in my wishes*

*I should fashion the event,]* Mr. M. Mason omits *should*, which reduces the passage to nonsense; but, in his great care for the purity of his author's language, alters, in the next line,—*resolve* of, to *resolve* on! It is much to be regretted that his anxiety should appear so often in the wrong place.

*Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel ;  
 But to me thou art cruel,  
 If thou end not my tedious misery ;  
 And I soon cease to be.  
 Strike, and strike home, then ; pity unto me,  
 In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.*

Thus, like a dying swan, to a sad tune  
 I sing my own dirge ; would a requiem follow,  
 Which in my penitence I despair not of,  
 (This brittle glass of life already broken  
 With misery,) the long and quiet sleep  
 Of death would be most welcome !—Yet, before  
 We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we  
 Should leave corruption and foul sins behind us.  
 But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens  
     dare not

Enter their profane temples ; and for me  
 To hope my passage to eternity  
 Can be made easy, till I have shook off  
 The burthen of my sins in free confession,  
 Aided with sorrow and repentance for them,  
 Is against reason. 'Tis not laying by  
 My royal ornaments, or putting on  
 This garment of humility and contrition,  
 The throwing dust and ashes on my head,  
 Long fasts to tame my proud flesh, that can make  
 Atonement for my soul ; that must be humbled,  
 All outward signs of penitence else are useless.  
 Chrysapius did assure me he would bring me  
 A holy man, from whom (having discover'd  
 My secret crying sins) I might receive  
 Full absolution—and he keeps his word.

336 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

*Enter THEODOSIUS disguised as a Friar, with  
CHRYSAPIUS.*

Welcome, most reverend sir, upon my knees  
I entertain you.

*Theo.* Noble sir, forbear  
The place; the sacred office that I come for  
[*Exit Chrysapius.*

Commands all privacy. My penitent daughter,  
Be careful, as you wish remission from me,  
That, in confession of your sins, you hide not  
One crime, whose ponderous weight, when you  
would make

Your flights above the firmament, may sink you.  
A foolish modesty in concealing aught,  
Is now far worse than impudence to profess  
And justify your guilt, be therefore free;  
So may the gates of mercy open to you!

*Eud.* First then, I ask a pardon, for my being  
Ingrateful to heaven's bounty.

*Theo.* A good entrance.

*Eud.* Greatness comes from above, and I  
raised to it  
From a low condition, sinfully forgot  
From whence it came; and, looking on myself  
In the false glass of flattery, I received it  
As a debt due to my beauty, not a gift  
Or favour from the emperor.

*Theo.* 'Twas not well.

*Eud.* Pride waited on unthankfulness; and no  
more

Remembering the compassion of the princess,  
And the means she used to make me what I was,  
Contested with her, and with sore eyes seeing  
Her greater light as it dimm'd mine, I practised  
To have it quite put out.

*Theo.* A great offence ;  
But, on repentance, not unpardonable.  
Forward.

*Eud.* O, father !—what I now must utter,  
I fear, in the delivery will destroy me,  
Before you have absolved me.

*Theo.* Heaven is gracious ;  
Out with it.

*Eud.* Heaven commands us to tell truth,  
Yet I, most sinful wretch, forswore myself.

*Theo.* On what occasion ?

*Eud.* Quite forgetting that  
An innocent truth can never stand in need  
Of a guilty lie, being on the sudden ask'd  
By the emperor, my husband, for an apple  
Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it ;  
When my grieved conscience too well knows I  
sent it

To comfort sick Paulinus, being a man  
I truly loved and favour'd.

*Theo.* A cold sweat,  
Like the juice of hemlock, bathes me. [*Aside.*

*Eud.* And from this  
A furious jealousy getting possession  
Of the good emperor's heart, in his rage he doom'd  
The innocent lord to die ; my perjury  
The fatal cause of murder.

*Theo.* Take heed, daughter,  
You niggle<sup>3</sup> not with your conscience, and reli-  
gion,

<sup>3</sup> *Theo.* Take heed, daughter,

*You niggle not with your conscience,*] i. e. *trifle, play,* with it ;  
this is the cant sense of the word : its proper meaning is, to de-  
ceive, to draw out surreptitiously, &c. Thus, in *the Honest*  
*Whore*, Part II. : “ I had but one poor penny, and that I was  
glad to *niggle* out, and buy a holly wand to grace him through  
the streets.”

In styling him an innocent, from your fear  
 And shame to accuse yourself. The emperor  
 Had many spies upon you, saw such graces,  
 Which virtue could not warrant, shower'd upon  
 him ;

Glances in publick, and more liberal favours  
 In your private chamber-meetings, making way  
 For foul adultery ; nor could he be  
 But sensible of the compact pass'd between you,  
 To the ruin of his honour.

*Eud.* Hear me, father ;  
 I look'd for comfort, but, in this, you come  
 To add to my afflictions.

*Theo.* Cause not you  
 Your own damnation, in concealing that  
 Which may, in your discovery, find forgiveness.  
 Open your eyes ; set heaven or hell before you ;  
 In the revealing of the truth, you shall  
 Prepare a palace for your soul to dwell in,  
 Stored with celestial blessings ; whereas, if  
 You palliate your crime, and dare beyond  
 Playing with lightning, in concealing it,  
 Expect a dreadful dungeon fill'd with horror,  
 And never-ending torments.

*Eud.* May they fall  
 Eternally upon me, and increase,  
 When that which we call Time hath lost its  
 name !

May lightning cleave the centre of the earth,  
 And I sink quick, before you have absolved me,  
 Into the bottomless abyss, if ever,  
 In one unchaste desire, nay, in a thought,  
 I wrong'd the honour of the emperor's bed !  
 I do deserve, I grant, more than I suffer,  
 In that my fervour and desire to please him,  
 In my holy meditations press'd upon me,  
 And would not be kept out ; now to dissemble,

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST. 339

When I shall suddenly be insensible  
Of what the world speaks of me, were mere  
madness :

And, though you are incredulous, I presume,  
If, as I kneel now, my eyes swoll'n with tears,  
My hands heaved up thus, my stretch'd heart-  
strings ready

To break asunder, my incensed lord  
(His storm of jealousy blown o'er) should hear  
me,

He would believe I lied not.

*Theo.* Rise, and see him, [*Discovers himself.*  
On his knees, with joy affirm it.

*Eud.* Can this be?

*Theo.* My sisters, and the rest there !—All bear  
witness,

*Enter* PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, CHRY-  
SAPIUS, TIMANTUS, and PHILANAX.

In freeing this incomparable lady  
From the suspicion of guilt, I do  
Accuse myself, and willingly submit  
To any penance she in justice shall  
Please to impose upon me.

*Eud.* Royal sir,  
Your ill opinion of me's soon forgiven.

*Pul.* But how you can make satisfaction to  
The poor Paulinus, he being dead, in reason  
You must conclude impossible.

*Theo.* And in that  
I am most miserable ; the ocean  
Of joy, which, in your innocence, flow'd high to me,  
Ebbs in the thought of my unjust command,  
By which he died. O, Philanax, (as thy name  
Interpreted speaks thee,) thou hast ever been  
A lover of the king, and thy whole life



340 THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Can witness thy obedience to my will,  
In putting that in execution which  
Was trusted to thee; say but yet this once,  
Thou hast not done what rashly I commanded,  
And that Paulinus lives, and thy reward  
For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,  
Shall centuple whatever yet thy duty  
Or merit challenged from me.

*Phil.* 'Tis too late, sir:

He's dead; and, when you know he was unable  
To wrong you in the way that you suspected,  
You'll wish it had been otherwise.

*Theo.* Unable!

*Phil.* I am sure he was an eunuch, and might  
safely

Lie by a virgin's side; at four years made one,  
Though, to hold grace with ladies, he conceal'd it.  
The circumstances, and the manner how,  
You may hear at better leisure.

*Theo.* How, an eunuch!

The more the proofs are that are brought to clear  
thee,

My best Eudocia, the more my sorrows.

*Eud.* That I am innocent?

*Theo.* That I am guilty

Of murder, my Eudocia. I will build  
A glorious monument to his memory;  
And, for my punishment, live and die upon it,  
And never more converse with men.

*Enter PAULINUS.*

*Paul.* Live long, sir!

May I do so to serve you! and, if that  
I live does not displease you, you owe for it  
To this good lord.

*Theo.* Myself, and all that's mine.

*Phil.* Your pardon is a payment.

*Theo.* I am rapt

With joy beyond myself. Now, my Eudocia,  
My jealousy puff'd away thus, in this breath  
I scent the natural sweetness. [*Kisses her.*]

*Arcad.* Sacred sir,

I am happy to behold this, and presume,  
Now you are pleased, to move a suit, in which  
My sister is join'd with me.

*Theo.* Prithee speak it;

For I have vow'd to hear before I grant;—  
I thank your good instructions. [*To Pulcheria.*]

*Arcad.* 'Tis but this, sir:

We have observed the falling out and in  
Between the husband and the wife shews rarely;  
Their jars and reconcilements strangely take us.

*Flac.* Anger and jealousy that conclude in kisses  
Is a sweet war, in sooth.

*Arcad.* We therefore, brother,  
Most humbly beg you would provide us husbands,  
That we may taste the pleasure of't.

*Flac.* And with speed, sir;  
For so your favour's doubled.

*Theo.* Take my word,

I will with all convenience; and not blush  
Hereafter to be guided by your counsels:  
I will deserve your pardon. Philanax  
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent bounties  
Fall on Chrysapius; my grace on all.  
Let Cleon be deliver'd, and rewarded.  
My grace on all, which as I lend to you,  
Return your vows to heaven, that it may please,  
As it is gracious, to quench in me  
All future sparks of burning jealousy. [*Exeunt.*]

## E P I L O G U E.

WE have reason to be doubtful, whether he,  
 On whom (forced to it from necessity)  
 The maker did confer his emperor's part,  
 Hath given you satisfaction, in his art  
 Of action and delivery; 'tis sure truth,  
 The burthen was too heavy for his youth  
 To undergo:—but, in his will, we know,  
 He was not wanting, and shall ever owe,  
 With his, our service, if your favours deign  
 To give him strength, hereafter to sustain  
 A greater weight. It is your grace that can  
 In your allowance of this, write him man  
 Before his time; which, if you please to do,  
 You make the player and the poet too.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> There is so much sterling merit in several of the incidents and characters of this Play, that the reader is inclined to overlook the want of unity in the story itself. It is true, Massinger seems to have been conscious of this defect, and has endeavoured to remedy it by contriving an early introduction of Athenais, and by giving her some slight connexion with Paulinus; for this is carefully remembered in the last act, as one of the circumstances which justify the jealousy of Theodosius. But the chief and characteristick event can hardly be said to begin till the fourth act. Most of the preceding scenes are a series of conversations and incidents, rather illustrative of some of the characters, than necessary to the subject; previous in the order of history, but not strictly preparatory to the plot; more occupied with the publick influence of Pulcheria, than with the private affection of Eudocia.

This reservation being made, we cannot but admire the genuine dignity with which the government and personal virtues

of the Protectress are announced ; and the interesting contrast of the beautiful but lighter Athenais. Theodosius is connected with both : and is described with much fidelity of nature in every situation. His characteristick quality is weakness. His implicit obedience to his sister during a long pupilage ; his escape from it through the interested persuasions of others ; his facility, profusion, and uxorious subjection to Eudocia, are true marks of the same character. Nor are they contradicted by the vehemence into which he falls in the last act. Indeed, during this paroxysm he acts with a power apparently beyond himself. He accumulates circumstances of jealousy with much force and quickness. With a melancholy ingenuity, he perverts the consolations of his friends into new proofs of his guilt ; and he compels the most innocent thoughts of others to wear the stamp of his own madness. Still this is the vehemence of Theodosius. His fury is the mere effect of uxoriousness disappointed. He is enraged, not that his honour is tarnished, (for this he would fondly overlook,) but that he has lost the possession of Eudocia. It is the very impotence of his mind which lends him a momentary vigour ; and all his apparent power is founded on his constitutional failing. In the confession scene he quickly loses his assumed character in the anxious husband ; and, at the assertion of her innocence, he rushes to his reconciliation with an eagerness which shews his true disposition, and renews all the ascendancy of her charms.

It is to be wished that this great merit were not accompanied with serious blemishes ; but sometimes the manners of Massinger's age are thrust, with more than their usual ill effect, into the history of Theodosius ; and sometimes his best characters are needlessly debased. Pulcheria falls into an improper discussion of modern levities with the Informer, &c. Her sisters, contrary to the history of their time, are described as wanton, and rebellious against her authority : nor is there an object for this change of character ; they are merely degraded. The Countryman equals the judgment of Theodosius with the Sunday maxims of the vicar of his parish ; and Theodosius himself, pure and religious as Massinger really meant to represent him, loses his delicacy ; and when he has to choose a wife from the portraits of the candidates, enlarges upon their properties with the licentiousness of an experienced debauché. It is observable, that in one part of this scene an attention to the court bursts out. Theodosius is impatient that he must judge the "substance" of the ladies "by the shadow," and demands to see them "with his own eyes." Perhaps the king was not displeased at the compliment bestowed by a Greek emperor on the notable project of courting the Spanish princess.

A word must be added concerning the sources from which Massinger has drawn his story. Coxeter briefly informs us that the plot is taken from the 7th book of Socrates, and the 5th of Theodoret: and Mr. M. Mason neither confirms nor disproves this intelligence. But what is the plot? Arcadia truly calls it,

“ ————— the falling out and in

“ Between the husband and the wife ———— ”

and of the quarrel and reconciliation of Theodosius and Eudocia, the two writers referred to say not a word! It is not enough that they mention other circumstances of Athenais, and celebrate the virtues of Theodosius and his sisters. The plot is still to be sought for: and Sozomen, the other principal historian of that age, is as silent as the authorities of Coxeter. It will only be found in the later chroniclers. It does not appear that there is any full account of Athenais earlier than the time of Malelas. Her love for Paulinus, equally handsome and eloquent, is mentioned by Cedrenus; and the memorable apple, the cause of his death, by Theophanes. Fabr. *Bib. Græc.* lib. v. c. 1.

There seems to be some confusion in the *dramatis personæ* of this, as well as of a former historical Play — *Roman Actor* — Flaccilla is mentioned as one of the younger sisters of Theodosius. At all events this is wrong. Whatever testimony there is for her existence makes her older than Pulcheria. But Sozomen, who names the rest of the family, says nothing of her. And if Philostorgius is to be believed, there was no sister of that name: for, in his account of the disgrace of Eutropius, he marks the time, by observing, that, in order to assist her complaint with Arcadius, she carried with her the two children already born, (Pulcheria and Arcadia,) and that Marina and Theodosius were produced after that event. It is possible that the name of Marina, omitted by Massinger from the list of the sisters, may have been bestowed on the waitingwoman of Pulcheria. If so, it will rectify the confusion noticed by the editor, Act II. sc. i. The “reverend aunt, Maria,” who assists at the baptism of Athenais, was perhaps the wife of Honorius, celebrated by Claudian.

*In tenui labor* —————.

DR. IRELAND.

**THE**  
**FATAL DOWRY.**



**THE FATAL DOWRY.]** This excellent Tragedy does not appear to have been licensed by Sir H. Herbert; nor is it accompanied by any prologue or epilogue; circumstances from which Mr. Malone concludes that it was produced previous to 1620. However this be, it was not printed till 1632, before which time, the title-page says, it "had been often acted at the private house in Blackfriars, by his Majesty's servants."

Massinger was assisted in the writing of it by Nathaniel Field (of whom some mention is made in the Introduction). This would incline me to adopt the opinion of Mr. Malone; for the author seems to have trusted to his own resources after the period here mentioned; all the pieces licensed by the master of the revels being his own composition.

From this Play Rowe borrowed, or, according to Cicero's distinction, stole, the plan of *the Fair Penitent*, a performance by which he is now chiefly known. The relative merits of the two pieces are discussed by Mr. Cumberland, in the ingenious analysis which follows the present Tragedy; and which I regret that he did not pursue to the conclusion, as the superiority of Massinger would have been still more apparent.

The author of *the Biographia Dramatica* says, that the pious behaviour of Charalois, in voluntarily giving up himself to imprisonment as a ransom for the dead body of his father, is taken from the story of Cimon the Athenian, as related by Valerius Maximus.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Rochfort, *ex-premier president of the parliament of Dijon.*

Charalois, *a noble gentleman, son to the deceased marshal.*

Romont, *a brave officer, friend to Charalois.*

Novall senior, *premier president of the parliament of Dijon.*

Novall junior, *his son, in love with Beaumelle.*

Du Croy, *president of the parliament of Dijon.*

Charmi, *an advocate.*

Beaumont, *secretary to Rochfort.*

Pontalier, } *friends of Novall junior.*  
Malotin, }

Liladam, *a parasite, dependent on Novall junior.*

Aymer, *a singer, and keeper of a musick-house, also dependent on Novall junior.*

*Advocates.*

*Three creditors.*

*A Priest.*

*Tailor.*

*Barber.*

*Perfumer.*

*Page.*

Beaumelle, *daughter to Rochfort.*

Florimel, } *servants to Beaumelle; the latter the*  
Bellapert, } *secret agent of Novall junior.*

*Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaoler,  
Bailiffs, Servants.*

SCENE, Dijon.

THE  
FATAL DOWRY.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street before the Court of Justice.*

*Enter CHARALOIS with a paper, ROMONT, and  
CHARMI.*

*Char.* Sir, I may move the court to serve your  
will;

But therein shall both wrong you and myself.

*Rom.* Why think you so, sir?

*Char.* 'Cause I am familiar

With what will be their answer: they will say,  
'Tis against law, and argue me of ignorance,  
For offering them the motion.

*Rom.* You know not, sir,  
How, in this cause, they may dispense with law;  
And therefore frame not you their answer for  
them,

But do your parts.

*Char.* I love the cause so well,  
As<sup>1</sup> I could run the hazard of a check for't.

*Rom.* From whom?

*Char.* Some of the bench, that watch to give it,

<sup>1</sup> As *I could run* &c.] Former editors—That *I could run*. I do not love this modernising: by degrees no one will be allowed to speak the language of his age.

350 THE FATAL DOWRY.

More than to do the office that they sit for:  
But give me, sir, my fee.

*Rom.* Now you are noble.

*Char.* I shall deserve this better yet, in giving  
My lord some counsel, if he please to hear it,  
Than I shall do with pleading.

*Rom.* What may it be, sir?

*Char.* That it would please his lordship, as the  
presidents

And counsellors of court come by, to stand  
Here, and but shew himself,<sup>2</sup> and to some one  
Or two, make his request:—there is a minute,  
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause,  
More than the tongues of twenty advocates.

*Rom.* I have urged that.

*Enter ROCHFORD and DU CROY.*

*Char.* Their lordships here are coming,  
I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court,  
And at your service. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* Now, put on<sup>3</sup> your spirits.

*Du Croy.* The ease that you prepare yourself,  
my lord,  
In giving up the place you hold in court,  
Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state,  
And that no slight one.

*Roch.* Pray you, sir, no more.

*Rom.* Now, sir, lose not this offer'd means:  
their looks,  
Fix'd on you with a pitying earnestness,  
Invite you to demand their furtherance

<sup>2</sup> Here, and but shew himself,] This has been hitherto printed shew yourself. The necessity of the alteration will, I trust, be readily acknowledged.

<sup>3</sup> Rom. Now, put on your spirits.] Rouse, animate them. See Vol. I. p. 303.

To your good purpose :—this such a dulness,  
So foolish and untimely, as——

*Du Croy.* You know him?

*Roch.* I do ; and much lament the sudden  
fall

Of his brave house. It is young Charalois,  
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits  
His fame and virtues only.

*Rom.* Ha ! they name you.

*Du Croy.* His father died in prison two days  
since.

*Roch.* Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful  
state ;

That such a master in the art of war,  
So noble and so highly meriting  
From this forgetful country, should, for want  
Of means to satisfy his creditors  
The sums he took up for the general good,  
Meet with an end so infamous.

*Rom.* Dare you ever  
Hope for like opportunity ?

*Du Croy.* My good lord !

*Roch.* My wish bring comfort to you !

*Du Croy.* The time calls us.

*Roch.* Good morrow, colonel !

[*Exeunt Rochfort and Du Croy.*]

*Rom.* This obstinate spleen,  
You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well  
With your black suits : but, grant me wit or  
judgment,

And, by the freedom of an honest man,  
And a true friend to boot, I swear 'tis shameful.  
And therefore flatter not yourself with hope,  
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloak,  
No, though the ribands help, have power to  
work them

To what you would : for those that had no eyes

To see the great acts of your father, will not,  
From any fashion sorrow can put on,  
Be taught to know their duties.

*Charal.* If they will not,  
They are too old to learn, and I too young  
To give them counsel; since, if they partake  
The understanding and the hearts of men,  
They will prevent my words and tears: if not,  
What can persuasion, though made eloquent  
With grief, work upon such as have changed  
natures

With the most savage beast? Blest, blest be ever  
The memory of that happy age, when justice  
Had no guards to keep off wrong'd innocence  
From flying to her succours, and, in that,  
Assurance of redress! where\* now, Romont,  
The damn'd with more ease may ascend from  
hell,

Than we arrive at her. One Cerberus there  
Forbids the passage, in our courts a thousand,  
As loud and fertile-headed; and the client  
That wants the sops to fill their ravenous throats,  
Must hope for no access: why should I, then,  
Attempt impossibilities; you, friend, being  
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means  
To make my entrance that way?

*Rom.* Would I were not!

But, sir, you have a cause, a cause so just,  
Of such necessity, not to be deferr'd,  
As would compel a maid, whose foot was never  
Set o'er her father's threshold, nor within

\* Assurance of redress! where now, Romont,] So the quarto; the modern editors, in their rage for reformation, read,

Assurance of redress: whereas now, Romont, which reduces the line to very homely prose. Where for whereas occurs continually in these plays, and, indeed, in all our old writers.

The house where she was born, ever spake word  
Which was not usher'd with pure virgin blushes,  
To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue,  
And force corruption to give back the hire  
It took against her. Let examples move you.  
You see men great in birth, esteem, and fortune,  
Rather than lose a scruple of their right,  
Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns put off,  
They would disdain for servants.

*Charal.* And to these  
Can I become a suitor?

*Rom.* Without loss:  
Would you consider, that, to gain their favours,  
Our chastest dames put off their modesties,  
Soldiers forget their honours, usurers  
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,  
And men religious part with fame and goodness.  
Be therefore won to use the means that may  
Advance your pious ends.

*Charal.* You shall o'ercome.

*Rom.* And you receive the glory. Pray you,  
now practise.

*Charal.* 'Tis well.<sup>s</sup>

*Enter NOVALL senior, Advocates, LILADAM, and  
three Creditors.*

[*Tenders his petition.*] Not look on me!

*Rom.* You must have patience——  
Offer it again.

*Charal.* And be again contemn'd!

*Nov. sen.* I know what's to be done.

1 *Cred.* And, that your lordship  
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first

<sup>s</sup> *Charal.* 'Tis well.] These two words I have given to Charalois, to whom they of right belong: they have hitherto been allotted to Romont.

Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest  
To what we will add.

*Nov. sen.* One word more of this,  
I am your enemy. Am I a man  
Your bribes can work on? ha?

*Lilad.* Friends, you mistake  
The way to win my lord; he must not hear this,  
But I, as one in favour, in his sight  
May hearken to you for my profit. Sir!  
Pray hear them.

*Nov. sen.* It is well.

*Lilad.* Observe him now.

*Nov. sen.* Your cause being good, and your  
proceedings so,  
Without corruption I am your friend;  
Speak your desires.

*2 Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;  
The marshal stood engaged unto us three  
Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by his  
death,

We are defeated of: for which great loss  
We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh;  
Nor is that cruelty.

*1 Cred.* I have a son  
That talks of nothing but of guns and armour,  
And swears he'll be a soldier; 'tis an humour  
I would divert him from; and I am told,  
That if I minister to him, in his drink,  
Powder made of this bankrupt marshal's bones,  
Provided that the carcass rot above ground,  
'Twill cure his foolish frenzy.

*Nov. sen.* You shew in it  
A father's care. I have a son myself,  
A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful;  
And, but I am assured he's not so given,  
He should take of it too.

*Charal.* Sir!

*Nov. sen.* What are you?

*Charal.* A gentleman.\*

*Nov. sen.* So are many that rake dunghills.  
If you have any suit, move it in court :  
I take no papers in corners. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* Yes,

As the matter may be carried, and whereby  
To manage the conveyance—Follow him.

*Lilad.* You are rude : I say he shall not pass.

[*Exeunt Charalois and Advocates.*]

*Rom.* You say so !

On what assurance?

For the well cutting of his lordship's corns,  
Picking his toes, or any office else  
Nearer to baseness !

*Lilad.* Look upon me better ;  
Are these the ensigns of so coarse a fellow?  
Be well advised.

*Rom.* Out, rogue ! do not I know  
These glorious weeds spring from the sordid  
dunghill

Of thy officious baseness? wert thou worthy  
Of any thing from me, but my contempt,  
I would do more than this,—[*Beats him.*]  
—more, you court-spider !

*Lilad.* But that this man is lawless, he should find  
That I am valiant.

*1 Cred.* If your ears are fast,  
'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? as much.

\* *Charal.* Sir !

*Nov. sen.* What are you ?

*Charal.* A gentleman.] So I have regulated these speeches ;  
they formerly stood thus :

*He should take of it too.—Sir ! what are you ?*

*Charal.* A gentleman.

I believe that the modest Charalois, encouraged by Romont,  
ventures to address himself to Novall.



2 *Cred.* These chastisements as useful are as frequent,

To such as would grow rich.

*Rom.* Are they so, rascals?

I will befriend you, then.

[*Kicks them.*]

1 *Cred.* Bear witness, sirs!

*Lilad.* Truth, I have born my part already, friends:

In the court you shall have more.

[*Exit.*]

*Rom.* I know you for

The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs  
Of what is their inheritance, the dead:

For usurers, bred by a riotous peace,

That hold the charter of your wealth and freedom

By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er pray,

But when you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,

To keep their lands out of your parchment toils;

And then, the devil your father's call'd upon,

To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought on.

Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room

Upon your foreheads for your horns to sprout on—

Without a murmur, or I will undo you,

For I will beat you honest,

1 *Cred.* Thrift forbid!

We will bear this, rather than hazard that.

[*Exeunt Creditors.*]

*Re-enter CHARALOIS* [Columbia Univ.]

*Rom.* I am somewhat eased in this yet.

*Char.* Only friend,

To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow

Wait on the triumph of their cruelty?

Or teach their pride, from my humility,

To think it has o'ercome? They are determined

What they will do; and it may well become me,

To rob them of the glory they expect

From my submissive entreaties.

*Rom.* Think not so, sir:

## THE FATAL DOWRY. 357

The difficulties that you encounter with  
Will crown the undertaking—heaven ! you weep :  
And I could do so too, but that I know  
There's more expected from the son and friend  
Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures,  
Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse,  
Or cunning strumpet, when her knave is hang'd,  
May overcome us. We are men, young lord,  
Let us not do like women. To the court,  
And there speak like your birth : wake sleeping  
justice,

Or dare the axe. — This is a way will sort  
With what you are : I call you not to that  
I will shrink from myself ; I will deserve  
Your thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely  
That sudden fire of anger shews in you !  
Give fuel to it. Since you are on a shelf  
Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.

*The Court of Justice.*

*Enter* ROCHFORD, NOVALL senior, Presidents,  
CHARMI, DU CROY, BEAUMONT, Advocates,  
three Creditors, and Officers.

*Du Croy.* Your lordships seated, may this  
meeting prove  
Prosperous to us, and to the general good  
Of Burgundy !

*Nov. sen.* Speak to the point.

*Du Croy.* Which is

7 *O, how bravely &c.* ] This Romont is a noble fellow. Warm,  
generous, high-spirited, disinterested, faithful, and affectionate,  
his copy, or rather his shadow, Horatio, dwindles into perfect  
insignificance on the comparison.

With honour to dispose the place and power  
 Of premier president, which this reverend man,  
 Grave Rochfort, whom for honour's sake I name,  
 Is purposed to resign ; a place, my lords,  
 In which he hath with such integrity  
 Perform'd the first and best parts of a judge,  
 That, as his life transcends all fair examples  
 Of such as were before him in Dijon,  
 So it remains to those that shall succeed him,  
 A precedent they may imitate, but not equal.\*

*Roch.* I may not sit to hear this.

*Du Croy.* Let the love  
 And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,  
 In this o'ercome your modesty.

*Roch.* My thanks  
 For this great favour shall prevent your trouble.  
 The honourable trust that was imposed  
 Upon my weakness, since you witness for me  
 It was not ill discharged, I will not mention ;  
 Nor now, if age had not deprived me of  
 The little strength I had to govern well  
 The province that I undertook, forsake it.

*Nov. sen.* That we could lend you of our years !

*Du Croy.* Or strength !

*Nov. sen.* Or, as you are, persuade you to  
 continue

The noble exercise of your knowing judgment !

*Roch.* That may not be ; nor can your lord-  
 ships' goodness,

Since your employments have conferr'd upon me  
 Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it :

And, though old age, when one foot's in the grave,  
 In many, when all humours else are spent,

\* *A precedent they may imitate, but not equal.*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, with equal advantage to the sense and harmony of the line, read,

*A precedent that they may imitate, but not equal !*

Feeds no affection in them, but desire  
To add height to the mountain of their riches,  
In me it is not so. I rest content  
With the honours and estate I now possess :  
And, that I may have liberty to use  
What heaven, still blessing my poor industry,  
Hath made me master of, I pray the court  
To ease me of my burthen, that I may  
Employ the small remainder of my life  
In living well, and learning how to die so.

*Enter ROMONT and CHARALOIS.*

*Rom.* See, sir, our advocate.

*Du Croy.* The court entreats  
Your lordship will be pleased to name the man,  
Which you would have your successor, and, in me,  
All promise to confirm it.

*Roch.* I embrace it  
As an assurance of their favour to me,  
And name my lord Novall.

*Du Croy.* The court allows it.

*Roch.* But there are suitors wait here, and their  
causes  
May be of more necessity to be heard ;  
I therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd,  
And theirs have hearing.

*Du Croy.* If your lordship please [*To Nov. sen.*  
To take the place, we will proceed.

*Char.* The cause  
We come to offer to your lordships' censure,  
Is in itself so noble, that it needs not  
Or rhetorick in me that plead, or favour  
From your grave lordships, to determine of it ;  
Since to the praise of your impartial justice  
(Which guilty, nay, condemn'd men, dare not  
scandal)

It will erect a trophy of your mercy,  
Which married to that justice——

*Nov. sen.* Speak to the cause.

*Char.* I will, my lord. To say, the late dead  
marshal,

The father of this young lord here, my client,  
Hath done his country great and faithful service,  
Might task me of impertinence, to repeat  
What your grave lordships cannot but remember.  
He, in his life, became indebted to

These thrifty men, (I will not wrong their credits,  
By giving them the attributes they now merit,)  
And failing, by the fortune of the wars,  
Of means to free himself from his engagements,  
He was arrested, and, for want of bail,  
Imprison'd at their suit; and, not long after,  
With loss of liberty, ended his life.

And, though it be a maxim in our laws,  
All suits die with the person, these men's malice  
In death finds matter for their hate to work on,  
Denying him the decent rites of burial,<sup>9</sup>  
Which the sworn enemies of the Christian faith

<sup>9</sup> *Denying him the decent rites of burial,*] Herodotus tells us that Asychis, the grandson of Cheops, to facilitate the borrowing of money, allowed the Egyptians to pledge the dead bodies of their parents, which, until redeemed by payment of the sums advanced, could not be deposited in the sepulchres of their fathers. In imitation of this monarch, modern states have sanctioned the arrest of a person's dead body till his debts be paid: but what was in Asychis a wise institution, is in his followers a gratuitous act of absurd and savage barbarity. With the ancients, the fate of a human being was not decided by death; his entrance into a state of rest depended upon a due performance of his obsequies; and his relations and friends were, therefore, impelled by the most powerful motives, to discharge his obligations, and seal his doom. We, on the contrary, know from divine authority, that "as the tree falleth, so it must lie," and that no action subsequent to a man's decease, can affect his destiny.

Grant freely to their slaves. May it therefore  
please

Your lordships so to fashion your decree,  
That, what their cruelty doth forbid, your pity  
May give allowance to.

*Nov. sen.* How long have you, sir,  
Practised in court?

*Char.* Some twenty years, my lord.

*Nov. sen.* By your gross ignorance, it should  
appear

Not twenty days.

*Char.* I hope I have given no cause  
In this, my lord.

*Nov. sen.* How dare you move the court  
To the dispensing with an act confirm'd  
By parliament, to the terrour of all bankrupts?  
Go home; and with more care peruse the statutes:  
Or the next motion, savouring<sup>1</sup> of this boldness,  
May force you, sir, to leap, against your will,  
Over the place you plead at.

*Char.* I foresaw this.

*Rom.* Why, does your lordship think the moving  
of

A cause more honest than this court had ever  
The honour to determine, can deserve  
A check like this?

*Nov. sen.* Strange boldness!

*Rom.* 'Tis fit freedom:

Or, do you conclude an advocate cannot hold  
His credit with the judge, unless he study  
His face more than the cause for which he pleads?

*Char.* Forbear.

*Rom.* Or cannot you, that have the power  
To qualify the rigour of the laws  
When you are pleased, take a little from

<sup>1</sup> Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,] So the old  
copy; the moderns read, favouring.

362 THE FATAL DOWRY.

The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted  
In favour of the greedy creditors,  
Against the o'erthrown debtor?

*Nov. sen.* Sirrah! you that prate  
Thus saucily, what are you?

*Rom.* Why, I'll tell thee,  
Thou purple-colour'd man! I am one to whom  
Thou ow'st the means thou hast of sitting there,  
A corrupt elder.

*Char.* Forbear.

*Rom.* The nose thou wear'st is my gift; and  
those eyes,

That meet no object so base as their master,  
Had been long since torn from that guilty head,  
And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss,<sup>2</sup>  
Had I not worn a sword, and used it better  
Than, in thy prayers, thou ever didst thy tongue.

*Nov. sen.* Shall such an insolence pass unpunish'd!

*Char.* Hear me.

*Rom.* Yet I, that, in my service done my  
country,  
Disdain to be put in the scale with thee,  
Confess myself unworthy to be valued  
With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal;  
Of whose so many glorious undertakings,  
Make choice of any one, and that the meanest,  
Perform'd against the subtile fox of France,  
The politick Louis, or the more desperate Swiss,  
And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes,  
Though put in act, that ever gownman practised.

<sup>2</sup> *And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss,]* It may not be amiss to observe here, that Burgundy (in the capital of which the scene is laid) was a powerful and independent state. It might, perhaps, have continued so, but for the ambitious and destructive warfare which the last of its sovereigns madly carried on against the confederated cantons.

*Nov. sen.* Away with him to prison !

*Rom.* If that curses,<sup>3</sup>

Urged justly, and breath'd forth so, ever fell  
On those that did deserve them, let not mine  
Be spent in vain now, that thou from this instant  
Mayst, in thy fear that they will fall upon thee,  
Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with  
them.

And for denying of a little earth  
To cover what remains of our great soldier,  
May all your wives prove whores, your factors  
thieves,

And, while you live, your riotous heirs undo you !  
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,  
Of all thy lordships live not to be owner  
Of so much dung as will conceal a dog,  
Or, what is worse, thyself in ! And thy years,  
To th'end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many ;  
And, as thou hast denied the dead a grave,  
May misery in thy life make thee desire one,  
Which men and all the elements keep from thee !  
—I have begun well ; imitate, exceed.

[*To Charalois.*

*Roch.* Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy  
deed. [*Exeunt Officers with Romont.*

*Du Croy.* Remember what we are.

*Charal.* Thus low my duty

Answers your lordship's counsel. I will use,  
In the few words with which I am to trouble  
Your lordship's ears, the temper that you wish me ;  
Not that I fear to speak my thoughts as loud,

<sup>3</sup> *Rom.* *If that curses, &c.* ] To this most animated speech Otway seems indebted for the imprecations which he makes the indignant Pierre pour upon the government of Venice. The reader, whom curiosity may lead to compare the two scenes, will find how much the copy falls beneath the original, not only in delicacy, but in spirit.



And with a liberty beyond Romont ;  
 But that I know, for me, that am made up  
 Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end,  
 Would seem to most rather a willingness  
 To quit the burthen of a hopeless life,  
 Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead.  
 I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise  
 To your severity, and commend the justice  
 That will not, for the many services  
 That any man hath done the commonwealth,  
 Wink at his least of ills. What though my father  
 Writ man before he was so, and confirm'd it,  
 By numbering that day no part of his life,  
 In which he did not service to his country ;  
 Was he to be free, therefore, from the laws  
 And ceremonious form in your decrees !  
 Or else, because he did as much as man,  
 In those three memorable overthrows  
 At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master,\*  
 The warlike Charalois, (with whose misfortunes  
 I bear his name,) lost treasure, men, and life,  
 To be excused from payment of those sums  
 Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal  
 To serve his country forced him to take up !

*Nov. sen.* The precedent were ill.

*Charal.* And yet, my lord, this much,

\* *In those three memorable overthrows*

*At Granson, Morat, Nancy, &c.]* These were indeed memorable, since they were given by ill-armed and undisciplined rusticks (invigorated, indeed, by the calm and fearless spirit of genuine liberty) to armies superiour to themselves in numbers, and composed of regular troops from some of the most warlike nations in Europe. The *overthrow* of *Granson* took place, March 3d, 1476: that of *Morat*, June 22d, in the same year; and that of *Nancy*, January 5th 1477.. In this Charles (or, as he is here called, from the Latin, Charalois) duke of Burgundy fell; and the *subtile fox of France*, the politick Louis XI. shortly after seized upon the defenceless dutchy, and united it to his own kingdom.

I know, you'll grant; after those great defeatures;  
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

*Re-enter Officers.*

Courage and hope in all men but himself,  
He forced the proud foe, in his height of conquest,  
To yield unto an honourable peace;  
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,  
To end his own, that was sure proof against  
The scalding summer's heat, and winter's frost,  
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,  
In a most loathsome prison.

*Du Croy.* 'Twas his fault  
To be so prodigal.

*Nov. sen.* He had from the state  
Sufficient entertainment for the army.

*Charal.* Sufficient, my lords! You sit at home,  
And, though your fees are boundless at the bar,  
Are thrifty in the charges of the war——  
But your wills be obey'd. To these I turn,  
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know  
They're only good men that pay what they owe.

*2 Cred.* And so they are.

*1 Cred.* It is the city doctrine;<sup>s</sup>  
We stand bound to maintain it.

*Charal.* Be constant in it;  
And since you are as merciless in your natures,  
As base and mercenary in your means  
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge  
The court to take away one scruple from

<sup>s</sup> *It is the city doctrine;]* Thus in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

"*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

"*Shy.* No, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good  
man, is to have you understand me that his means are  
sufficient."

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“*Shy.* No, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good  
man, is to have you understand me that his means are  
sufficient.”

Come, lead me where you please. Captivity,  
That comes with honour, is true liberty,  
[*Exeunt Charalois, Charmi, Officers and Creditors.*  
*Nov. sen.* Strange rashness!

*Roch.* A brave resolution rather,  
Worthy a better fortune: but, however,  
It is not now to be disputed; therefore  
To my own cause. Already I have found  
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me,  
And that should teach my modesty to end here,  
And press your loves no further.

*Du Croy.* There is nothing  
The court can grant, but with assurance you  
May ask it, and obtain it.

*Roch.* You encourage  
A bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit  
Your favours should be lost: besides, 't'as been  
A custom many years, at the surrendering  
The place I now give up, to grant the president  
One boon, that parted with it: and, to confirm  
Your grace towards me, against all such as may  
Detract my actions and life hereafter,  
I now prefer it to you.

*Du Croy.* Speak it freely.

*Roch.* I then desire the liberty of Romont,  
And that my lord Novall, whose private wrong  
Was equal to the injury that was done  
To the dignity of the court, will pardon it  
And now sign his enlargement.

*Nov. sen.* Pray you demand  
The moiety of my estate, or any thing  
Within my power but this.

*Roch.* Am I denied then  
My first and last request?

*Du Croy.* It must not be.

2 *Pre.* I have a voice to give in it.

3 *Pre.* And I.

And if persuasion will not work him to it,  
We will make known our power.

*Nov. sen.* You are too violent;  
You shall have my consent: but would you had  
Made trial of my love in any thing  
But this, you should have found then—but it  
skills not;

You have what you desire.

*Roch.* I thank your lordships.

*Du Croy.* The court is up. Make way.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumont.*]

*Roch.* I follow you. Beaumont!

*Beau.* My lord.

*Roch.* You are a scholar, Beaumont;  
And can search deeper into the intents of men,  
Than those that are less knowing.—How appear'd  
The piety and brave behaviour of  
Young Charalois to you?

*Beau.* It is my wonder,  
Since I want language to express it fully:  
And sure the colonel——

*Roch.* Fie! he was faulty.  
What present money have I?

*Beau.* There's no want  
Of any sum a private man has use for.

*Roch.* 'Tis well:  
I am strangely taken with this Charalois.  
Methinks, from his example the whole age  
Should learn to be good, and continue so.  
Virtue works strangely with us; and his goodness  
Rising above his fortune, seems to me,  
Prince-like, to will, not ask, a courtesy. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Street before the Prison.**Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN, and BEAUMONT.**Mal.* 'Tis strange.*Beau.* Methinks so.

*Pont.* In a man but young,  
 Yet old in judgment; theorick and practick  
 In all humanity,<sup>s</sup> and, to increase the wonder,  
 Religious, yet a soldier; that he should  
 Yield his free-living youth a captive for  
 The freedom of his aged father's corpse,  
 And rather choose to want life's necessities,  
 Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should  
 In death be kept from Christian ceremony.

*Mal.* Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,  
 To let strong nature have the better hand,  
 In such a case, of all affected reason.  
 What years sit on this Charalois?

*Beau.* Twenty-eight:  
 For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,  
 Under his father's wing this son hath fought,  
 Served and commanded, and so aptly both,  
 That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,  
 And never less than's son; the old man's virtues  
 So recent in him, as the world may swear,  
 Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.

*Pont.* But wherefore lets he such a barbarous  
 law,  
 And men more barbarous to execute it,  
 Prevail on his soft disposition,  
 That he had rather die alive for debt

<sup>s</sup> *In all humanity,*] i. e. in all polite literature.

Of the old man, in prison, than they should  
 Rob him of sepulture; considering  
 These monies borrow'd bought the lenders peace,  
 And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused  
 In any impious or licentious path?

*Beau.* True! for my part, were it my father's  
 trunk,  
 The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should  
 gore it,

Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,  
 Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,  
 Being in my free will, as in his, to shun it.

*Pont.* Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost:  
 For in this partial avaricious age  
 What price bears honour? virtue? long ago  
 It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days  
 'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:  
 The very praise now freezeth too; for nature  
 Did make the heathen far more Christian then,  
 Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian.

*Mal.* This morning is the funeral?

*Pont.* Certainly,  
 And from this prison,—'twas the son's request.  
 That his dear father might interment have,  
 See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!<sup>9</sup>

*Beau.* They come:—observe their order.

<sup>9</sup> See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!'] i. e. a living grave, so he calls the prison. The quarto has:

*See the young son inter'd a lively grave.*

The small change here made restores the passage to sense. Mr. M. Mason would read—*enters alive* the grave, which I should like better, if the preceding line had *dead* instead of *dear* father. The old reading, however, is defended by Mr. Gilchrist, who observes that there is a similar combination of words just above,

“He had rather *die alive* for debt.”

And also in *Samson Agonistes*:

“Myself my sepulchre, a *moving grave*.”

v. 102.

These passages are, indeed, strikingly similar; but they are not for that the more intelligible.



*Solemn Musick. Enter the Funeral Procession. The Coffin born by four, preceded by a Priest. Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, and Soldiers; Mourners, Scutcheons, &c. and very good order. ROMONT and CHARALOIS, followed by the Gaolers and Officers, with Creditors, meet it.*

*Charal.* How like a silent stream shaded with night,  
 And gliding softly with our windy sighs,  
 Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!  
 Tears, sighs, and blacks<sup>1</sup> filling the simile;  
 Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove  
 Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe  
 [To the Bearers.  
 To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!  
 Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful  
 lives,  
 Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!  
 Here stands thy poor exécutor, thy son,  
 That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death;  
 Who gladlier puts on this captivity,  
 Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.  
 Of all that ever thou hast done good to,  
 These only have good memories; for they  
 Remember best forget not gratitude.  
 I thank you for this last and friendly love:

[To the Soldiers.  
 And though this country, like a viperous mother,  
 Not only hath eat up ungratefully  
 All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself,  
 Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,  
 He cannot raise thee a poor monument,  
 Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath;

<sup>1</sup> *Tears, sighs, and blacks &c.] Blacks are constantly used by our old writers for mourning weeds.*

Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,  
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.<sup>2</sup>

*Pont.* Sir.

*Charal.* Peace ! O, peace ! this scene is wholly  
mine.

What ! weep ye, soldiers ? blanch not.—Romont  
'weeps.—

Ha ! let me see ! my miracle is eased,  
The gaolers and the creditors do weep ;  
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves.  
Be these thy body's balm ! these and thy virtue  
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,  
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,  
Alive stinks in his vices, and, being vanish'd,  
The golden calf, that was an idol deck'd  
With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry,  
Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume,  
Though wrapt in lead, spice, searcloth, and per-  
fume !

*1 Cred.* Sir.

*Charal.* What ? away, for shame ! you, profane  
rogues,  
Must not be mingled with these holy relicks :  
This is a sacrifice ;<sup>3</sup>—our shower shall crown

<sup>2</sup> *Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,  
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.*] Had Pope  
Massinger in his thoughts when he wrote his epitaph on Gay ?

“ These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust

“ Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;

“ But that the virtuous and the good shall say,

“ Striking their pensive bosoms,—Here lies Gay ?”

I cannot avoid adding, that Johnson must have written his  
comments on this little production, in a fit of the spleen, and a  
very dull one too. They cannot injure Pope, but they may do  
some harm to himself.

<sup>3</sup> *This is a sacrifice ;*] From which the profane were excluded.  
He alludes to the ancient form of adjuration, *Εκας, εκας ιοτε,  
βιβηλοι.*

His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,  
 The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory;  
 Your tears would spring but weeds.

1 *Cred.* Would they so!

We'll keep them to stop bottles then.

*Rom.* No, keep them

For your own sins, you rogues, till you repent;  
 You'll die else, and be damn'd.

2 *Cred.* Damn'd!—ha! ha! ha!

*Rom.* Laugh ye?

3 *Cred.* Yes, faith, sir; we would be very glad  
 To please you either way.

1 *Cred.* You are ne'er content,  
 Crying nor laughing.

*Rom.* Both with a birth, ye rogues?

2 *Cred.* Our wives, sir, taught us.

*Rom.* Look, look, you slaves! your thankless  
 cruelty,

And savage manners of unkind Dijon,  
 Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.

1 *Cred.* 'Slid, sir! what would you? you're so  
 cholerick!

2 *Cred.* Most soldiers are so, i'faith;—let him  
 alone.

They have little else to live on. We've not had  
 A penny of him, have we?

3 *Cred.* 'Slight! would you have our hearts?

1 *Cred.* We have nothing but his body here in  
 durance

For all our money.

*Priest.* On.

*Charal.* One moment more,

But to bestow a few poor legacies,  
 All I have left in my dead father's rights,  
 And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,  
 That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.  
 Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie

Thy valour and thy honesty together !  
 For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,  
 Your general's necklace once. You, gentle bearers,  
 Divide this purse of gold ; this other, strew  
 Among the poor ; 'tis all I have. Romont——  
 Wear thou this medal of himself——that, like  
 A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,  
 Even in the wildest wilderness of war,  
 Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired them-  
 selves :

Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.  
 For me, my portion provide in heaven !——  
 My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,  
 Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,  
 Trod under foot, that might have been a column  
 Mainly supporting our demolish'd house.  
 This would I wear<sup>4</sup> as my inheritance——  
 And what hope can arise to me from it,  
 When I and it are both here prisoners !  
 Only may this, if ever we be free,  
 Keep or redeem me from all infamy.

A DIRGE TO SOLEMN MUSICK.<sup>5</sup>

1 *Cred.* No further ; look to them at your own  
 peril.

2 *Cred.* No, as they please : their master's a  
 good man.——

I would they were at the Bermudas !

*Gaol.* You must no further.

The prison limits you, and the creditors  
 Exact the strictness.

*Rom.* Out, you wolfish mongrels !

<sup>4</sup> *This would I wear &c.* ] i. e. his father's sword. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> I have followed the quarto, in throwing these rhymes together at the end of the play. I wish I could have thrown them quite away, for, to confess the truth, they are good for nothing.

Whose brains should be knock'd out, like dogs  
in July,

Lest your infection poison a whole town.

*Charal.* They grudge our sorrow. Your ill  
wills, perforce,

Turn now to charity : they would not have us

Walk too far mourning ; usurers' relief

Grieves, if the debtors have too much of grief.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.<sup>6</sup>

*A Room in Rochfort's House.*

*Enter* BEAUMELLE, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT.

*Beaumel.* I prithee tell me, Florimel, why do  
women marry ?

*Flor.* Why truly, madam, I think, to lie with  
their husbands.

*Bell.* You are a fool. She lies, madam ; women  
marry husbands, to lie with other men.

*Flor.* 'Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make.  
By this light, madam, this wagtail will spoil you,  
if you take delight in her license.

*Beaumel.* 'Tis true, Florimel ; and thou wilt  
make me too good for a young lady. What an  
electuary found my father out for his daughter,  
when he compounded you two my women ! for  
thou, Florimel, art even a grain too heavy, simply,  
for a waiting-gentlewoman——

<sup>6</sup> I will not venture to pronounce the fine scene we have just finished to be written by Field, though I entertain few doubts of it ; but I am confident that not a line of this to which we are now arrived was composed by Massinger. It is not in his manner. Unluckily the poet's associates were somewhat like Dr. Johnson's patrons—they encumbered him with their assistance.

*Flor.* And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

*Bell.* Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom, whom nobody regards. I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood? You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip<sup>7</sup> out, you know——

*Flor.* Well said, whirligig.

*Bell.* You are deceived: I want a peg in the middle.—Out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids here, and mortify them with proverbs: go, go, govern the sweetmeats, and weigh the sugar, that the wenches steal none; say your prayers twice a day, and, as I take it, you have performed your function.

*Flor.* I may be even with you.

*Bell.* Hark! the court's broke up. Go, help my old lord out of his caroch, and scratch his head till dinner-time.

*Flor.* Well.

[*Exit.*

*Bell.* Fie, madam, how you walk! By my maidenhead, you look seven years older than you did this morning. Why there can be nothing under the sun valuable to make you thus a minute.

*Beaumel.* Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.

*Bell.* Uds-light! enjoy your wishes: whilst I live,

<sup>7</sup> *Bell. Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom, whom nobody regards.*] This flippant allusion to Scripture, were there no other proofs, would be sufficient to convince every attentive reader, that it could not proceed from Massinger. He has, indeed, a thousand references to holy writ; but they are constantly made with a becoming seriousness and solemnity.

<sup>8</sup> *Which is a pip out,*] A *pip* is a spot upon a card. The allusion is to the very ancient game of *One-and-thirty*: it was once a favourite diversion, and is mentioned, among others, in Green's *Art of Coney Catching*: it is now superseded by *Quinze*.

One way or other you shall crown your will.  
Would you have him your husband that you love,  
And can it not be? he is your servant, though,  
And may perform the office of a husband.

*Beaumel.* But there is honour, wench.

*Bell.* Such a disease

There is indeed, for which ere I would die——

*Beaumel.* Prithee, distinguish me a maid and wife.

*Bell.* Faith, madam, one may bear any man's children, t'other must bear no man's.

*Beaumel.* What is a husband?

*Bell.* Physick, that, tumbling in your belly, will make you sick in the stomach. The only distinction betwixt a husband and a servant is, the first will lie with you when he pleases; the last shall lie with you when you please. Pray tell me, lady, do you love, to marry after, or would you marry, to love after?

*Beaumel.* I would meet love and marriage both at once.

*Bell.* Why then you are out of the fashion, and will be contemn'd: for I will assure you, there are few women in the world, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would; your father's will is the goal you must fly to. If a husband approach you, you would have further off, is he you love, the less near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed, than in your bed.

*Beaumel.* Hum!

*Bell.* Sometimes you may wear him on your shoulder; now and then under your arm; but seldom or never let him cover you, for 'tis not the fashion.

*Enter* NOVALL *junior*, PONTALIER, MALOTIN,  
LILADAM, and AYMER.

*Nov. jun.* Best day to nature's curiosity,  
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France !  
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,  
Whose breath is perfume to our continent !——  
See ! Flora trimm'd<sup>9</sup> in her varieties.

*Bell.* O, divine lord !

*Nov. jun.* No autumn nor no age ever ap-  
proach  
This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,  
She lost her needle, and did then despair  
Ever to work so lively and so fair !

*Lilad.* Uds-light ! my lord,<sup>1</sup> one of the purls of  
your band is, without all discipline, fallen out of  
his rank.

*Nov. jun.* How ! I would not for a thousand  
crowns she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

*Bell.* Oh lord *per se*, lord ! quintessence of  
honour ! she walks not under a weed that could  
deny thee any thing.

*Beaumel.* Prithee peace, wench ; thou dost but  
blow the fire  
That flames too much already.

[*Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, while Bella-  
pert dresses her lady.*]

*Aym.* By gad, my lord, you have the divinest

<sup>9</sup> See ! *Flora trimm'd in her varieties.*] The old copy reads,  
*turn'd*, and was followed by Coxeter : the alteration is by Mr.  
M. Mason.

<sup>1</sup> *Lilad. Uds-light ! my lord, &c.*] If this ridiculous interrup-  
tion furnished Sterne with the hint for that humourous one by  
the Count de Faincant, when he was in the midst of a disser-  
tation on the necessity of a First Cause, it must be allowed that  
he has greatly improved on his original.



tailor in Christendom; he hath made you look like an angel in your cloth-of-tissue doublet.

*Pont.* This is a three-legg'd lord; there's a fresh assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus! See, see, how her blood drives to her heart, and straight vaults to her cheeks again!

*Malot.* What are these?

*Pont.* One of them there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable gallimaufry of a man, and has much caught my lord with singing; he is master of a musick-house. The other is his dressing block, upon whom my lord lays all his clothes and fashions ere he vouchsafes them his own person: you shall see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo,<sup>2</sup> and all night in——

*Malot.* A bawdyhouse.

*Pont.* If my lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm; they skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year; and thus they flatter to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

*Malot.* Good sir, tell me one thing.

*Pont.* What's that?

*Malot.* Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

<sup>2</sup> ——— you shall see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo, &c.] I know not what to make of this passage. Mr. M. Mason thinks the places here mentioned were taverns; it is full as likely that they were houses of publick resort for some kind of amusement. Our old writers give the name of *galley-foist* to the lord mayor's barge; but I see not how this, or any other of the city barges, can be meant here. *Bullions* are noticed by Jonson; and in a manner that seems to determine them to be receptacles for thieves or gamblers:

“While you do eat, and lie about the town here,

“And cozen in your *Bullions*.” *The Devil's an Ass.*

Of *Quirpo* I can find no mention, and am therefore compelled to leave it, with the rest, to the reader's better judgment.

*Pont.* Oh, no! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their bands out of order.

*Nov. jun.* Mistress,<sup>3</sup> you hear the news? your father has resign'd his presidentship to my lord my father.

*Mal.* And lord Charalois Undone for ever.

*Pont.* Troth, 'tis pity, sir.  
A braver hope of so assured a father  
Did never comfort France.

*Lilad.* A good dumb mourner.

*Aym.* A silent black.

*Nov. jun.* Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his clothes!

As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers,  
To see his friends, and return'd after Twelfth-tide.

*Lilad.* His colonel looks finely like a drover—

*Nov. jun.* That had a winter lain perdue in the rain.

*Aym.* What, he that wears a clout about his neck,  
His cuffs in's pocket, and his heart in's mouth?

*Nov. jun.* Now, out upon him!

*Beaumel.* Servant, tie my hand.

[*Nov. jun. kisses her hand.*]

How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay  
Tribute to hands when lips are in the way!

*Nov. jun.* I thus recant; yet now your hand looks white,

Because your lips robb'd it of such a right.

Monsieur Aymer, I prithee sing the song

Devoted to my mistress.

MUSICK,—AND A SONG BY AYMER.

<sup>3</sup> *Nov. jun.* Mistress, you hear the news?] For this simple expression the modern editors most strangely and corruptly read, *Must* you hear the news?

*Enter ROCHFORD and BEAUMONT.*

*Beau.* Romont will come, sir, straight.

*Roch.* 'Tis well.

*Beaumel.* My father!

*Nov. jun.* My honourable lord.

*Roch.* My lord Novall, this is a virtue in you;  
So early up and ready before noon,  
That are the map of dressing through all France!

*Nov. jun.* I rise to say my prayers, sir; here's  
my saint.

*Roch.* 'Tis well and courtly:—you must give  
me leave,—

I have some private conference with my daughter;  
Pray use my garden: you shall dine with me.

*Lilad.* We'll wait on you.

*Nov. jun.* Good morn unto your lordship;  
Remember, what you have vow'd— [*To Beaumelle.*

*Beaumel.* Perform I must.

[*Exeunt all but Rochford and Beaumelle.*

*Roch.* Why, how now, Beaumelle? \* thou look'st  
not well.

Thou art sad of late;—come, cheer thee, I have  
found

A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits;  
A goodly oak whereon to twist my vine,  
Till her fair branches grow up to the stars.  
Be near at hand.—Success crown my intent!  
My business fills my little time so full,  
I cannot stand to talk; I know thy duty  
Is handmaid to my will, especially  
When it presents nothing but good and fit.

\* *Roch. Why, how now, Beaumelle? thou look'st not well.*] It may be necessary here to remind the reader that Massinger generally uses *Beaumelle* as a trisyllable, which, indeed, is its proper measure.

*Beaumel.* Sir, I am yours. — Oh! if my fears  
 prove true,  
 Fate hath wrong'd love, and will destroy me too.  
 [*Exit.*]

*Enter ROMONT and Gaoler.*

*Rom.* Sent you for me, sir?

*Roch.* Yes.

*Rom.* Your lordship's pleasure?

*Roch.* Keeper, this prisoner I will see forth-  
 coming,

Upon my word:—Sit down, good colonel.

[*Exit Gaoler.*]

Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,  
 Is to advise you from this iron carriage,  
 Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear;  
 To pity, and to counsel you submit  
 With expedition to the great Novall:  
 Recant your stern contempt, and slight neglect  
 Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,  
 Or you will undergo a heavy censure  
 In public, very shortly.

*Rom.* Reverend sir,

I have observed you, and do know you well;  
 And am now more afraid you know not me,  
 By wishing my submission to Novall,  
 Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths  
 That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,  
 Could it determine me torments and shame.  
 Submit, and crave forgiveness of a beast!—  
 'Tis true, this boil of state wears purple tissue,  
 Is high fed, proud; so is his lordship's horse,  
 And bears as rich caparisons. I know  
 This elephant carries on his back not only  
 Towers, castles, but the ponderous republick,  
 And never stoops for't; with his strong-breath'd  
 trunk

Snuffs others titles, lordships, offices,  
 Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws :  
 What's this unto my freedom ? I dare die ;  
 And therefore ask this camel,<sup>5</sup> if these blessings  
 (For so they would be understood by a man)  
 But mollify one rudeness in his nature,  
 Sweeten the eager relish of the law,  
 At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor  
 In a just business ? nay, does he not cross  
 Every deserved soldier and scholar,  
 As if, when nature made him, she had made  
 The general antipathy of all virtue ?  
 How savagely and blasphemously he spake.  
 Touching the general, the brave general dead !  
 I must weep when I think on't.

*Roch.* Sir.

*Rom.* My lord,

I am not stubborn : I can melt, you see,  
 And prize a virtue better than my life :  
 For though I be not learn'd, I ever loved  
 That holy mother of all issues good,  
 Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a file  
 To polish roughest customs ; and in you  
 She has her right : see ! I am calm as sleep.  
 But when I think of the gross injuries,  
 The godless wrong done to my general dead,  
 I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall ;  
 A soulless dromedary !

*Roch.* Oh ! be temperate.

Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain :  
 Each man's opinion freely is his own  
 Concerning any thing, or any body ;  
 Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril.

<sup>5</sup> *And therefore ask this camel, &c.*] In his indignation (and it is the indignation of virtue) the undaunted Romont passes rapidly from one strong metaphor to another. This is perplexing ; but it is not therefore the less natural.

*Re-enter* BEAUMONT.

*Beau.* These men, sir, wait without; my lord is come too.

*Roch.* Pay them those sums upon the table; take Their full releases:—stay, I want a witness: Let me entreat you, colonel, to walk in, And stand but by to see this money paid; It does concern you and your friend; it was The better cause you were sent for, though said otherwise.

The deed shall make this my request more plain.

*Rom.* I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though ignorant  
To what it tends. [*Exeunt Romont and Beaumont.*]

*Enter* CHARALOIS.

*Roch.* Worthiest sir,  
You are most welcome. Fie, no more of this!  
You have outwept a woman, noble Charalois:  
No man but has or must bury a father.

*Charal.* Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death,  
In the grave with him. I did never think  
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,  
And see no reason why the vicious,  
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man,  
Should die alike.

*Roch.* They do not.

*Charal.* In the manner  
Of dying, sir, they do not; but all die,  
And therein differ not: but I have done.  
I spied<sup>6</sup> the lively picture of my father,

<sup>6</sup> *I spied, &c.*] This is a pretty circumstance, and is calculated not only to shew the filial piety of Charalois, but to interest his feelings in favour of Rochfort, by the respect shewn to his father.

Passing your gallery, and that cast this water  
 Into mine eyes: See,—foolish that I am,  
 To let it do so!

*Roch.* Sweet and gentle nature!  
 How silken is this well,<sup>7</sup> comparatively  
 To other men! I have a suit to you, sir.

*Charal.* Take it, 'tis granted.

*Roch.* What?

*Charal.* Nothing, my lord.

*Roch.* Nothing is quickly granted.

*Charal.* Faith, my lord,  
 That nothing granted is even all I have,  
 For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.

*Roch.* Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant  
 You something, any thing.

*Charal.* Nay, surely, I that can  
 Give nothing, will but sue for that again.  
 No man will grant me any thing I sue for,  
 But begging nothing, every man will give it.

*Roch.* Sir!  
 The love I bore your father, and the worth  
 I see in you, so much resembling his,  
 Made me thus send for you:—and tender here  
 [*Draws a curtain, and discovers a table with*  
*money and jewels upon it.*]  
 Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,

<sup>7</sup> *How silken is this well, &c.*] I suspect that there is some  
 conception in this passage; but if *well* be the right reading, it is  
 a quaint allusion to the tears of Charalois, and must be consi-  
 dered as a noun substantive. M. MASON.

I know not what Mr. M. Mason means by *conception*; though  
 I am inclined to think he has given the sense of the passage,  
 such as it is. If we understand *well* to signify (as, by a violent  
 but not unprecedented catachresis, it may) either *goodness* or  
*virtue*, the matter will not be much mended: in a word, it is a  
 forced and unnatural expression, and so different from the easy  
 and flowing style of Massinger, that we may set it down, without  
 scruple, to the account of his associate Field.

All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.  
Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins  
Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,  
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have;  
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.  
Put off your wonder, and here freely take,  
Or send your servants: nor, sir, shall you use  
In aught of this a poor man's fee, or bribe  
Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's  
Directly gotten, and yet by the law.

*Charal.* How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to  
mock!

*Roch.* Mock! thunder strike me then!

*Charal.* You do amaze me:

But you shall wonder too. I will not take  
One single piece of this great heap. Why should I  
Borrow, that have no means to pay? nay, am  
A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope  
Of ever raising any. All my begging  
Is Romont's liberty.

*Re-enter ROMONT and BEAUMONT, with Creditors.*

*Roch.* Here is your friend,  
Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you;  
And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,  
As free a man as he. Your father's debts  
Are taken off.

*Charal.* How!

*Rom.* Sir, it is most true;  
I am the witness.

1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 *Cred.* Heaven bless his lordship! I did think  
him wiser.

3 *Cred.* He a statesman! he an ass. Pay other  
men's debts!

1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.



*Rom.* One more such  
Would save the rest of pleaders.

*Charal.* Honour'd Rochfort——  
Liestill, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks,<sup>\*</sup>  
That offer thanks in words, for such great deeds.

*Roch.* Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit  
to you, [Exit Beaumont.  
Would you requite me.

*Rom.* With his life, I assure you.

*Roch.* Nay, would you make me now your  
debtor, sir——

*Re-enter BEAUMONT with BEAUMELLE.*

This is my only child: what she appears,  
Your lordship well may see: her education  
Follows not any;<sup>2</sup> for her mind, I know it  
To be far fairer than her shape, and hope  
It will continue so. If now her birth  
Be not too mean for Charalois, take her, take  
This virgin by the hand, and call her Wife,  
Endow'd with all my fortunes. Bless me so,  
Requite me thus, and make me happier,  
In joining my poor empty name to yours,  
Than if my state were multiplied tenfold.

<sup>\*</sup> *Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks,*] This line,  
in the old copy, may rival some of Shakspeare's in typographical  
neatness:

*Lye still my toung and bushes, cal'd my cheekes.*

<sup>2</sup> ————— *what she appears,*

*Your lordship well may see: her education*

*Follows not any;*] i. e. is not inferior to any. The modern  
editors have,

*Your lordship well may see: for education, Beaumelle*

*Follows not any.*

This strange line is not in the old copy, which reads as I have  
given it. Coxeter adopted Beaumelle from the margin, and Mr.  
M. Mason altered the text that he might continue it! Could  
nothing persuade this gentleman to turn to the original?

*Charal.* Is this the payment, sir, that you expect!

Why, you precipitate me more in debt,  
That nothing but my life can ever pay.  
This beauty being your daughter, in which yours  
I must conceive necessity of her virtue,  
Without all dowry is a prince's aim:  
Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me  
How much too worthy! Waken me, Romont,  
That I may know I dream'd, and find this vanish'd.

*Rom.* Sure, I sleep not.

*Roch.* Your sentence—life or death.

*Charal.* Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?

*Beaumel.* Yes, my lord.

*Enter NOVALL junior, PONTALIER, MALOTIN,  
LILADAM, and AYMER. They all salute.*

*Charal.* You need not question me if I can you:  
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,  
And Rochfort is your father.

*Nov. jun.* What's this change?

*Roch.* You meet my wishes, gentlemen.

*Rom.* What make

These dogs in doublets here?

*Beau.* A visitation, sir.

*Charal.* Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I write my  
faith,

Thus seal it in the sight of heaven and men!  
Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,  
In true-love knots, which nought but death shall  
loose.

And let these tears,<sup>1</sup> an emblem of our loves,

<sup>1</sup> *And let these tears, &c.*] So Rowe:

"Are you not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,

"Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,

"But roll into the sea, one common flood?" *Fair Penitent.*

Like crystal rivers individually  
 Flow into one another, make one source,  
 Which never man distinguish, less divide !  
 Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls,  
 Two hearts and bodies here incorporate !  
 And, though with little wooing I have won,  
 My future life shall be a wooing time,  
 And every day new as the bridal one.  
 Oh, sir ! I groan under your courtesies,  
 More than my father's bones under his wrongs :  
 You, Curtius like, have thrown into the gulf  
 Of this his country's foul ingratitude  
 Your life and fortunes, to redeem their shames.

*Roch.* No more, my glory ! come, let's in, and  
 hasten  
 This celebration.

*Rom. Mal. Pont. Beau.* All fair bliss upon it !  
 [*Exeunt Rochfort, Charalois, Romont, Beaumont,  
 and Mulotin.*]

*Nov. jun.* Mistress !

*Beaumont.* Oh, servant !—Virtue strengthen me !  
 Thy presence blows round my affection's vane :—  
 You will undo me, if you speak again. [*Exit.*]

*Lilad. Aym.* Here will be sport for you ! this  
 works. [*Exeunt.*]

*Nov. jun.* Peace ! peace !

*Pont.* One word, my lord Novall.

*Nov. jun.* What, thou wouldst money ?—there !

*Pont.* No, I will none, I'll not be bought a slave,  
 A pander, or a parasite, for all  
 Your father's worth. Though you have saved my  
 life,

Rescued me often from my wants, I must not  
 Wink at your follies : that will ruin you.  
 You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—  
 Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,  
 Now you do see her made another man's,

And such a man's, so good, so popular !  
Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.  
The benefits you have done me are not lost,  
Nor cast away, they are purs'd here in my heart ;  
But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way  
Than to defend your vices, or to sooth them.

*Nov. jun.* Ha, ha ! what are my courses unto thee ?——

Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that  
That shall concern thyself. [*Exit.*

*Pont.* No more but scorn !

Move on then, stars, work your pernicious will :  
Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [*Exit.*

[*Here a passage over the stage, while the act is  
playing for the marriage of Charalois with  
Beaumelle, &c.*]

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### ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in Charalois' House.*

*Enter NOVALL junior, and BELLAPERT.*

*Nov. jun.* Fly not to these excuses ; thou hast  
been  
False in thy promise—and, when I have said.  
Ungrateful, all is spoken.

*Bell.* Good my lord ;  
But hear me only.

*Nov. jun.* To what purpose, trifler ?  
Can any thing that thou canst say make void  
The marriage, or those pleasures but a dream,  
Which Charalois, oh Venus ! hath enjoy'd ?

*Bell.* I yet could say that you receive advantage

In what you think a loss; would you vouchsafe me  
That you were never in the way, till now,  
With safety to arrive at your desires;  
That pleasure makes love to you, unattended  
By danger or repentance.

*Nov. jun.* That I could  
But apprehend one reason how this might be!  
Hope would not then forsake me.

*Bell.* The enjoying  
Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying,  
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,  
Confirm that I am faithful.

*Nov. jun.* Give some relish.  
How this may appear possible.

*Bell.* I will,  
Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy.  
You say my lady's married;—I confess it:  
That Charalois hath enjoy'd her;—'tis most true:  
That, with her, he's already master of  
The best part of my old lord's state—still better.  
But that the first or last should be your hinder-  
ance

I utterly deny; for but observe me;  
While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin,  
What courtesy could she, with her honour, give  
Or you receive with safety?—take me with you;  
When I say courtesy, do not think I mean  
A kiss, the tying of her shoe or garter,  
An hour of private conference; those are trifles.  
In this word courtesy we, that are gamesters,  
point at

The sport direct, where not alone the lover  
Brings his artillery, but uses it;  
Which word expounded to you, such a courtesy  
Do you expect, and sudden.

*Nov. jun.* But he tasted  
The first sweets, Bellapert.

*Bell.* He wrong'd you shrewdly !  
 He toil'd to climb up to the phoenix' nest,  
 And in his prints leaves your ascent more easy.  
 I do not know, you that are perfect criticks  
 In women's books, may talk of maidenheads—

*Nov. jun.* But for her marriage !

*Bell.* 'Tis a fair protection  
 'Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever.  
 Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study  
 To have one at thirteen ; but they are mad  
 That stay till twenty. Then, sir, for the pleasure,  
 To say adultery's sweeter, that is stale ;  
 This only—is not the contentment more,  
 To say, This is my cuckold, than my rival ?  
 More I could say—but briefly, she doats on you ;  
 If it prove otherwise, spare not, poison me  
 With the next gold you give me.

*Enter BEAUMELLE.*

*Beaumel.* How's this, servant !  
 Courting my woman ?

*Bell.* As an entrance to  
 The favour of the mistress. You are together ;  
 And I am perfect in my cue. [Going.

*Beaumel.* Stay, Bellapert.

*Bell.* In this I must not, with your leave, obey  
 you.  
 Your tailor and your tirewoman wait without,  
 And stay my counsel and direction for  
 Your next day's dressing. I have much to do,  
 Nor will your ladyship, now time is precious,  
 Continue idle ; this choice lord will find  
 So fit employment for you ! [Exit.

*Beaumel.* I shall grow angry.

*Nov. jun.* Not so ; you have a jewel in her,  
 madam.

*Re-enter BELLAPERT.*

*Bell.* I had forgot to tell your ladyship  
The closet is private, and your couch [there] ready;  
And, if you please that I shall lose the key,  
But say so, and 'tis done. *[Exit.*

*Beaumel.* You come to chide me, servant, and  
bring with you  
Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly,  
My father found too much obedience in me,  
By being won too soon; yet, if you please  
But to remember all my hopes and fortunes  
Had reference to his liking, you will grant,  
That though I did not well towards you, I yet  
Did wisely for myself.

*Nov. jun.* With too much fervour  
I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress,  
To esteem that an injury to me  
Which was to you convenient:—that is past  
My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady,  
In recompense of all my duteous service,  
(Provided that your will answer your power,)  
Become my creditress.

*Beaumel.* I understand you;  
And for assurance the request you make  
Shall not be long unanswered,—pray you sit,  
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find  
My passions are much fitter to desire,  
Than to be sued to.

*Enter ROMONT and FLORIMEL behind.*

*Flor.* Sir, it is not envy  
At the start my fellow has got of me in  
My lady's good opinion, that's the motive

Of this discovery ; but the due payment  
Of what I owe her honour.

*Rom.* So I conceive it.

*Flor.* I have observed too much, nor shall my  
silence

Prevent the remedy :—Yonder they are ;  
I dare not be seen with you. You may do  
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,  
The office of a faithful and tried friend  
To my young lord.

[*Exit.*

*Rom.* This is no vision : ha !

*Nov. jun.* With the next opportunity ?

*Beaumel.* By this kiss,  
And this, and this.

*Nov. jun.* That you would ever swear thus !

*Rom.* [*comes forward.*] If I seem rude, your  
pardon, lady ; yours

I do not ask : come ; do not dare to shew me  
A face of anger, or the least dislike ;  
Put on, and suddenly, a milder look,  
I shall grow rough else.

*Nov. jun.* What have I done, sir,  
To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you ?

*Rom.* Done, popinjay ! why, dost thou think,  
that, if

I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,  
Thou shouldst outlive it ?

*Beaumel.* This is something more  
Than my lord's friendship gives commission for.

*Nov. jun.* Your presence and the place make  
him presume  
Upon my patience.

*Rom.* As if thou e'er wert angry  
But with thy tailor ! and yet that poor shred  
Can bring more to the making up of a man,  
Than can be hoped from thee : thou art his  
creature ;



396 THE FATAL DOWRY.

And did he not, each morning, new create thee,  
Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten. I'll not change  
One syllable more with thee, until thou bring  
Some testimony, under good men's hands,  
Thou art a Christian: I suspect thee strongly,  
And will be satisfied; till which time, keep from  
me.—

The entertainment of your visitation  
Has made what I intended one, a business.

*Nov. jun.* So! we shall meet.—Madam.

*Rom.* Use that leg again,  
And I'll cut off the other.

*Nov. jun.* Very good. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* What a perfume the muskcat leaves  
behind him!

Do you admit him for a property,  
To save you charges, lady?

*Beaumel.* 'Tis not useless,  
Now you are to succeed him.

*Rom.* So I respect you,<sup>2</sup>  
Not for yourself, but in remembrance of  
Who is your father, and whose wife you now  
are,

That I choose rather not to understand  
Your nasty scoff, than——

*Beaumel.* What, you will not beat me  
If I expound it to you! Here's a tyrant  
Spares neither man nor woman!

*Rom.* My intents,

<sup>2</sup> *Rom.* What a perfume the muskcat leaves behind him!

Do you admit him for a property,  
To save you charges, lady?

*Beau.* 'Tis not useless,  
Now you are to succeed him.

*Rom.* So I respect you, &c.] These two speeches were inadvertently omitted by Mr. M. Mason: it was the more unfortunate as several of the succeeding lines depended on them.

Madam, deserve not this ; nor do I stay  
To be the whetstone of your wit : preserve it  
To spend on such as know how to admire  
Such colour'd stuff. In me, there now speaks  
to you

As true a friend and servant to your honour,  
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,  
As ever man did goodness :—but then, lady,  
You must endeavour not alone to BE,  
But to APPEAR, worthy such love and service.

*Beaumel.* To what tends this ?

*Rom.* Why, to this purpose, lady.

I do desire you should prove such a wife  
To Charalois (and such a one he merits)  
As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at ;  
Not only innocent from crime, but free  
From all taint and suspicion.

*Beaumel.* They are base  
That judge me otherwise.

*Rom.* But yet be careful :

Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not  
To wound the fame of princes, if it find  
But any blemish in their lives to work on.  
But I'll be plainer with you : had the people  
Been learn'd to speak but what even now I  
saw,

Their malice out of that would raise an engine  
To overthrow your honour. In my sight,  
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,  
You used familiarity beyond  
A modest entertainment : you embraced him  
With too much ardour for a stranger, and  
Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.  
But learn you to forget him, as I will  
Your bounties to him ; you will find it safer  
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.

*Beaumel.* This pretty rag<sup>3</sup> about your neck  
shews well,  
And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you  
As terrible as thrifty.

*Rom.* Madam !

*Beaumel.* Yes :  
And this strong belt, in which you hang your  
honour,  
Will outlast twenty scarfs.

*Rom.* What mean you, lady ?

*Beaumel.* And [then] all else about you cap-à-pié,  
So uniform in spite of handsomeness,  
Shews such a bold contempt of comeliness,  
That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer<sup>4</sup>  
Grew mad with love of you.

*Rom.* Is my free counsel  
Answer'd with this ridiculous scorn ?

*Beaumel.* These objects  
Stole very much of my attention from me ;  
Yet something I remember, to speak truth,  
Deliver'd gravely, but to little purpose,  
That almost would have made me swear some  
curate

Had stolen into the person of Romont,  
And, in the praise of goodwife honesty,  
Had read an homily.

*Rom.* By this hand——

*Beaumel.* And sword,  
I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.—

<sup>3</sup> *Beaumel.* *This pretty rag about your neck shews well,*] There is an allusion to this *rag* at p. 381.

“ What, he that wears a *clout* about his neck !”

<sup>4</sup> *That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer*] i. e. in the camp. So Lithgow, apologizing for the rudeness of his style, desires his readers “ to impute the faults thereof to a disordered *leaguer*.” His narrative was written at the siege of Breda. See *the Picture*, p. 117.

You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.  
 Do you come from the camp, which affords only  
 The conversation of cast suburb whores,  
 To set down to a lady of my rank  
 Limits of entertainment?

*Rom.* Sure a legion  
 Has possest this woman!

*Beaumel.* One stamp more would do well: yet  
 I desire not

You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.  
 You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean  
 linen;

Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,  
 That though a thousand watches were set on me,  
 And you the master-spy, I yet would use  
 The liberty that best likes me. I will revel,  
 Feast, kiss, embrace, perhaps grant larger favours;  
 Yet such as live upon my means shall know  
 They must not murmur at it. If my lord  
 Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you  
 To serve his jealousy this way, tell him this:  
 You have something to inform him. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* And I will;  
 Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, heaven,  
 But, hearing, pardon me; if these fruits grow  
 Upon the tree of marriage, let me shun it  
 As a forbidden sweet. An heir, and rich,  
 Young, beautiful, yet add to this—a wife,  
 And I will rather choose a spittle<sup>s</sup> sinner  
 Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,  
 And take it for a blessing, rather than  
 Be fetter'd to the hellish slavery  
 Of such an impudence.

<sup>s</sup> *And I will rather choose a spittle sinner*] For *spittle*, Mr. M. Mason reads, *spital*, as usual, and is, as usual, wrong. See the *City Madam*.

*Enter BEAUMONT with writings.*

*Beau.* Colonel, good fortune  
To meet you thus ! You look sad, but I'll tell you  
Something that shall remove it. O, how happy  
Is my lord Charalois in his fair bride !

*Rom.* A happy man, indeed !—pray you, in what ?

*Beau.* I dare swear, you would think so good  
a lady

A dower sufficient.

*Rom.* No doubt. But on.

*Beau.* So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed,  
All that is excellent !

*Rom.* Women have no cunning  
To gull the world !

*Beau.* Yet, to all these, my lord,  
Her father, gives the full addition of  
All he does now possess in Burgundy :  
These writings, to confirm it, are new seal'd,  
And I most fortunate to present him with them ;  
I must go seek him out. Can you direct me ?

*Rom.* You'll find him breaking a young horse.

*Beau.* I thank you.

[*Exit.*]

*Rom.* I must do something worthy Charalois'  
friendship.

If she were well inclined, to keep her so  
Deserved not thanks ; and yet, to stay a woman  
Spurr'd headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,  
Is harder than to prop a falling tower  
With a deceiving reed.

*Enter ROCHFORD, speaking to a Servant within.*

*Roch.* Some one seek for me  
As soon as he returns.

*Rom.* Her father ? ha !——

How if I break this to him? sure it cannot  
Meet with an ill construction: his wisdom,  
Made powerful by the authority of a father,  
Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.  
It shall be so.—My lord!

*Roch.* Your friend, Remont.

Would you aught with me?

*Rem.* I stand so engaged

To your so many favours, that I hold it  
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,  
Though with some imputation to myself,  
All doubts that may concern you.

*Roch.* The performance

Will make this protestation worth my thanks.

*Rem.* Then, with your patience, lend me your  
attention:

For what I must deliver, whisper'd only,  
You will with too much grief receive.

*Enter BEAUMELLE and BELLAPERT, behind.*

*Beaumel.* See, wench!

Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now  
Preferring his complaint; but be thou perfect,  
And we will fit him.

*Bell.* Fear not me; pox on him!

A captain turn informer against kissing!  
Would he were hang'd up in his rusty armour!—  
But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots  
Of such a mouldy murrion on itself;  
Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a call;  
With all the pleasures the night yields, forsake us!

*Roch.* This in my daughter! do not wrong her.

*Bell.* Now

Begin: the game's afoot, and we in distance.

*Beaumel.* [*comes forward.*] 'Tis thy fault, foolish  
girl! pin on my veil;

I will not wear those jewels. Am I not  
Already match'd beyond my hopes? yet still  
You prune and set me forth, as if I were  
Again to please a suitor.

*Bell.* 'Tis the course  
That our great ladies take.

*Beaumel.* A weak excuse!<sup>6</sup>  
Those that are better seen in what concerns  
A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.  
You wait well! in your absence, my lord's friend,  
The understanding, grave, and wise Romont—

*Rom.* Must I be still her sport?

*Beaumel.* Reproved me for it;  
And he has travell'd to bring home a judgment  
Not to be contradicted. You will say  
My father, that owes more to years than he,  
Has brought me up to musick, language, courtship,  
And I must use them: true; but not to offend,  
Or render me suspected.

*Roch.* Does your fine story  
Begin from this?

*Beaumel.* I thought a parting kiss  
From young Novall would have displeased no  
more  
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find  
I must restrain such favours now; look, therefore,  
As you are careful to continue mine,  
That I no more be visited. I'll endure  
The strictest course of life that jealousy  
Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour  
Shall call my fame in question.

*Rom.* Ten dissemblers  
Are in this subtle devil! You believe this?

<sup>6</sup> *Beaumel.* *A weak excuse!*] This hemistich has been hitherto given to Romont. It is evident, to me at least, that it belongs to Beaumelle. Romont could not call what Bellapert had urged, a *weak excuse*, for he was ignorant of its drift.

*Roch.* So far, that if you trouble me again  
With a report like this, I shall not only  
Judge you malicious in your disposition,  
But study to repent what I have done  
To such a nature.

*Rom.* Why, 'tis exceeding well.

*Roch.* And for you, daughter, off with this, off  
with it!

I have that confidence in your goodness, I,  
That I will not consent to have you live  
Like to a recluse in a cloister: Go,  
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry;  
Use all fit liberty.

*Bell.* Blessing upon you!

If this new preacher with the sword and feather  
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,  
We should have a fine world. [Exit.]

*Roch.* Sir, if you please  
To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,  
The house is at your service; but, if not,  
Though you seek company elsewhere, your  
absence

Will not be much lamented. [Exit.]

*Rom.* If this be

The recompense of striving to preserve  
A wanton gigglet honest, very shortly  
'Twill make all mankind panders.—Do you smile,  
Good lady looseness! your whole sex is like you,  
And that man's mad that seeks to better any:  
What new change have you next?

*Beaumel.* Oh, fear not you, sir,  
I'll shift into a thousand, but I will  
Convert your heresy.

*Rom.* What heresy? speak.

*Beaumel.* Of keeping a lady that is married  
From entertaining servants——



*Enter NOVALL junior, MALOTIN, LILADAM, —  
AYMER, and PONTALIER.*

—O, you are welcome !

Use any means to vex him,

And then with welcome follow me. [*Erit.*

*Nov. jun.* You are tired

With your grave exhortations, colonel !

*Lilad.* How is it ? faith, your lordship may do  
well

To help him to some church preferment : tis

The fashion now for men of all conditions,

However they have lived, to end that way.

*Aym.* That face would do well in a surplice.

*Rom.* Rogues,

Be silent—or—

*Pont.* 'Sdeath ! will you suffer this ?

*Rom.* And you, the master-rogue, the coward  
rascal,

I shall be with you suddenly.

*Nov. jun.* Pontalier,

If I should strike him, I know I should kill him ;

And therefore I would have thee beat him, for

He's good for nothing else.

*Lilad.* His back

Appears to me, as it would tire a headle ;

And then he has a-knotted brow would bruise

A courtlike hand to touch it.

7 *Pont.* 'Sdeath ! will you suffer this ?] Massinger has preserved the character of Pontalier from contamination, with great dexterity, through every scene. He is here the only one (with the exception of Malotin) who does not insult Romont, though he appears to feel some indignation at the contempt with which Novall and his followers are treated by him. He is grateful, but not obsequious ; and rather the affectionate tutor than the agent of his young lord, for whose honour he is more solicitous than for his own advantage.

*Aym.* He looks like  
A currier when his hides grow dear.

*Pont.* Take heed

He curry not some of you.

*Nov. jun.* Gads me ! he's angry.

*Rom.* I break no jests, but I can break my sword  
About your pates.

*Enter CHARALOIS and BEAUMONT.*

*Lilad.* Here's more.

*Aym.* Come, let's be gone :  
We are beleaguer'd.

*Nov. jun.* Look, they bring up their troops.

*Pont.* Will you sit down

With this disgrace ? you are abused most grossly.

*Lilad.* I grant you, sir, we are ; and you would  
have us

Stay, and be more abused.

*Nov. jun.* My lord, I'm sorry

Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.

*[Exeunt all but Charalois and Romont.]*

*Charal.* Prithce, Romont, what caused this  
uproar ?

*Rom.* Nothing ;

They laugh'd, and used their scurvy wits upon me.

*Charal.* Come, 'tis thy jealous nature : but I  
wonder

That you, which are an honest man and worthy,

Should foster this suspicion : no man laughs,

No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st

His conference and his scorn reflect on thee :

For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out,

So I not heard them ; beat me, not being there.

Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such

As are obnoxious to those foolish things -

As they can gibe at.

*Rom.* Well, sir.

*Charal.* Thou art known  
Valiant without defect, rightly defined,  
Which is as fearing to do injury,  
As tender to endure it; not a brabblers,  
A swearer——

*Rom.* Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord?  
If I be known none such, how vainly you  
Do cast away good counsel! I have loved you,  
And yet must freely speak; so young a tutor  
Fits not so old a soldier as I am:  
And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf  
I grew enraged thus, yet had rather die  
Than open the great cause a syllable further.

*Charal.* In my behalf! Wherein hath Charalois  
Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give  
The least occasion to the loosest tongue  
To throw aspersions on him? or so weakly  
Protected his own honour, as it should  
Need a defence from any but himself?  
They are fools that judge me by my outward  
seeming.

Why should my gentleness beget abuse?  
The lion is not angry that does sleep,  
Nor every man a coward that can weep.  
For God's sake, speak the cause.

*Rom.* Not for the world.

Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,  
Beyond the cure of physick; drink your blood,  
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,  
Leave you no eyes but to see misery,  
And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,  
Would I had perish'd in the prison's jaws,  
From whence I was redeem'd!—'twill wear you old,  
Before you have experience in that art  
That causes your affliction.

*Charal.* Thou dost strike

A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat,  
And shrink'st my liver like the calenture.  
Declare this foe of mine, and life's, that like  
A man I may encounter and subdue it.  
It shall not have one such effect in me  
As thou denouncest: with a soldier's arm,  
If it be strength, I'll meet it; if a fault  
Belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off  
With mine own reason, as a scholar should.  
Speak, though it make me monstrous.

*Rom.* I will die first.

Farewell; continue merry, and high heaven  
Keep your wife chaste!

*Charal.* Hum! Stay, and take this wolf  
Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or  
For ever lose me.

*Rom.* Lose not, sir, yourself,  
And I will venture:—so, the door is fast.

[*Locks the door.*]

Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself,  
Summon your spirits, muster all your strength  
That can belong to man; sift passion  
From every vein, and whatsoe'er ensues,  
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of  
Jealousy, discontent, slaughter, and ruin:  
Make me not parent to sin.—You will know  
This secret that I burn with?

*Charal.* Devil on't,  
What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish  
My wife's continuance of chastity.

*Rom.* There was no hurt in that.

*Charal.* Why, do you know  
A likelihood or possibility,  
Unto the contrary?

*Rom.* I know it not, but doubt it; these the  
grounds:  
The servant of your wife now, young Novall,

The son unto your father's enemy,  
 (Which aggravates presumption the more,)  
 I have been warn'd of, touching her :—nay, seen  
 them

Tied heart to heart, one in another's arms,  
 Multiplying kisses, as if they meant  
 To pose arithmetick ; or whose eyes would  
 Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.  
 I saw their mouths engender, and their palmas  
 Glew'd, as if love had lock'd them ; their words  
 flow

And melt each other's, like two circling flames,  
 Where chastity, like a phoenix, methought, burn'd,  
 But left the world nor ashes, nor an heir.—  
 Why stand you silent thus ? what cold dull phlegm,  
 As if you had no drop of choler mix'd  
 In your whole constitution, thus prevails,  
 To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this ?

*Charal.* You did not see him on my couch within,  
 Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed ?

*Rom.* No.

*Charal.* Ha ! ha !

*Rom.* Laugh you ! even so did your wife,  
 And her indulgent father.

*Charal.* They were wise :  
 Wouldst have me be a fool ?

*Rom.* No, but a man.

*Charal.* There is no dram of manhood to sus-  
 pect

On such thin airy circumstance as this ;  
 Mere compliment and courtship. Was this tale  
 The hideous monster which you so conceal'd ?  
 Away, thou curious impertinent,\*  
 And idle searcher of such lean, nice toys !

\* *Away, thou curious impertinent,*]. This is an allusion to the title of one of Cervantes' novels, which were much read and admired in Massinger's time.

Go, thou seditious sower of debate,  
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroom  
doubts

He holds not worth enough to countervail  
The virtue and the beauty of his wife !  
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,  
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,  
Whose venom time nor medicine could assuage,  
Thus do I put thee off ! and, confident  
In mine own innocency and desert,  
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,  
To put Novall in balance against me ;  
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.  
Hence, busybody ! thou'rt no friend to me,  
That must be kept to a wife's injury.

*Rom.* Is't possible ?—farewell, fine honest man !  
Sweet-temper'd lord, adieu ! What apoplexy  
Hath knit sense up ? is this Romont's reward ?  
Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father,  
With what a healthful hope I did administer  
This potion, that hath wrought so virulently !  
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would  
Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour,  
Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit.  
Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire,  
Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers point  
At Charalois, as a lamented story !<sup>9</sup>  
An emperor put away his wife for touching  
Another man ; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,  
And keep her, I think—Phoh ! I am a fire

<sup>9</sup> *Would I had seen thee graved with thy sire,  
Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers point  
At Charalois, as a lamented story !*] This is a most beautiful allusion to the ancient custom of placing an index (†) in the margin of books, to direct the reader's attention to the striking passages. Massinger follows Shakspeare in drawing his illustrations from the most familiar objects.

To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.  
 Bleed<sup>1</sup>—What a plague, a vengeance, is't to me,  
 If you will be a cuckold? here, I shew  
 A sword's point to thee, this side you may shun,  
 Or that, the peril; if you will run on,  
 I cannot help it.

*Charal.* Didst thou never see me  
 Angry, Romont?

*Rom.* Yes, and pursue a foe  
 Like lightning.

*Charal.* Prithee, see me so no more:  
 I can be so again. Put up thy sword;  
 And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.

*Rom.* Come, fright your foes with this, sir!  
 I'm your friend,  
 And dare stand by you thus.

*Charal.* Thou art not my friend,  
 Or being so, thou art mad; I must not buy  
 Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,  
 Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury  
 Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all  
 Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.  
 Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.  
 Farewell, uncivil<sup>2</sup> man! let's meet no more:  
 Here our long web of friendship I untwist.  
 Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,  
 For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,  
 That open'd mine to me? yes; if I do,  
 The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!  
 I am a Frenchman, no Italian born. [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> *Bleed*—] So the quarto; Coxeter has *Blood*; which Mr. M. Mason points as if it were an oath. This, however, is not the author's meaning: he was about to say, perhaps, *Bleed* (for one that feels not for himself!) or something equivalent to it: but his impatient indignation will not let him proceed, and he bursts out into exclamatory interrogations.

<sup>2</sup> *Farewell, uncivil man!*] i. e. unacquainted with the usages and customs of *civil* or municipal life. See Vol. II. p. 215.

*Rom.* A dull Dutch rather: fall and cool, my blood!

Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,  
That is so low and cold himself in't! Woman,  
How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!  
How thou dost rack us by the very horns!  
Now wealth, I see, change manners and the man.  
Something I must do mine own wrath to assuage,  
And note my friendship to an after-age. [*Exit.*]

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in Novall's House.*

NOVALL *junior* discovered seated before a looking-glass, with a Barber and Perfumer dressing his hair, while a Tailor adjusts a new suit which he wears. LILADAM, AYMER, and a Page attending.

*Nov. jun.* Mend this a little: pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh, fie upon't! O lard! he has made me smell for all the world like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber: Powder, powder, powder!

*Perf.* Oh, sweet lord!

*Page.* That's his perfumer.

*Tail.* Oh, dear lord!

*Page.* That's his tailor.

*Nov. jun.* Monsieur Liladam, Aymer, how allow you the model of these clothes?

*Aym.* Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord! assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee.



*Page.* Here's a fine cell! a lord, a tailor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: three to three; as little wit in the one, as honesty in the other. 'Sfoot! I'll into the country again, learn to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my father's tenants: here I hear nothing all day, but—*Upon my soul, as I am a gentleman, and an honest man!*

*Aym.* I vow and affirm, your tailor must needs be an expert geometrician; he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely—here's a lace laid as directly as if truth were a tailor.

*Page.* That were a miracle.

*Lilad.* With a hair's-breadth's error, there's a shoulder-piece cut, and the base of a pickadille in *puncto*.

*Aym.* You are right, monsieur; his vestaments sit as if they grew upon him, or art had wrought them on the same loom as nature framed his lordship; as if your tailor were deeply read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body with a Jacob's staff, an ephimerides.

*Tail.* I am bound t'ye, gentlemen.

*Page.* You are deceived; they'll be bound to you: you must remember to trust them none.

*Nov. jun.* Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable neat artificer, give the devil his due.

*Page.* Ay, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still.

*Nov. jun.* I now want only my mistress' approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite punctual queen of dressing in all Burgundy—pah! and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country: is't not true, Liladam?

*Lilad.* True, my lord! as if any thing your

lordship could say could be otherwise than true.

*Nov. jun.* Nay, o' my soul, 'tis so; what fouler object in the world, than to see a young, fair, handsome beauty unhandsomely dighted, and incongruently accouter'd; or a hopeful chevalier unmethodically appointed in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habiliment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.<sup>3</sup>

*Page.* An admirable lecture! oh, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify!

*Aym.* By the Lard, sweet lard, thou deservest a pension o' the state.

*Page.* O' the tailors: two such lords were able to spread tailors o'er the face of the whole kingdom.

*Nov. jun.* Pox o' this glass! it flatters.—I could find in my heart to break it.

*Page.* O, save the glass, my lord, and break their heads;

They are the greater flatterers, I assure you.

<sup>3</sup> This empty coxcomb was afterwards improved into the sedate and entertaining fop of Cibber and Vanbrough's age. Whether they copied from nature I cannot say; but the bean of our dramas, whose wit lies altogether in the restless activity of his legs and arms, resembles no animal rational or irrational, with which I am acquainted, unless it be a monkey that has just snapt its chain.

414 THE FATAL DOWRY.

*Aym.* Flatters ! detracts, impairs—yet, put it  
by,

Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus like, should'st doat  
Upon thyself, and die ; and rob the world  
Of nature's copy, that she works form by.

*Lilad.* Oh that I were the infanta queen of  
Europe !

Who but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me ?

*Nov. jun.* I marry ! were there a queen o'the  
world, not I.

Wedlock ! no ; padlock, horselock ;—I wear spurs  
[*He capers.*

To keep it off my heels. Yet, my Aymer,  
Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows,  
I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch,  
Feed in my neighbour's pastures, pick my choice  
Of all their fair-maned mares : but married once,  
A man is staked or poun'd, and cannot graze  
Beyond his own hedge.

*Enter PONTALIER and MALOTIN.*

*Pont.* I have waited, sir,  
Three hours to speak wi'ye, and not take it well  
Such magpies are admitted, whilst I dance  
Attendance.

*Lilad.* Magpies ! what d'ye take me for ?

*Pont.* A long thing with a most unpromising  
face.

*Aym.* I'll never ask him what he takes me for.

*Malot.* Do not, sir,  
For he'll go near to tell you.

*Pont.* Art not thou  
A barber-surgeon ?

*Barb.* Yes, sirrah ; why ?

*Pont.* My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.

*Lilad. Aym.* Hum——

*Pont.* I prithee cure him of them.

*Nov. jun.* Pish ! no more,  
Thy gall sure's overflown ; these are my council,  
And we were now in serious discourse.

*Pont.* Of perfume and apparel ! Can you rise,  
And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these ?

*Nov. jun.* Thou'ldst have me be a dog : up,  
stretch, and shake,  
And ready for all day.

*Pont.* Sir, would you be  
More curious in preserving of your honour trim,  
It were more manly. I am come to wake  
Your reputation from this lethargy  
You let it sleep in ; to persuade, impórtune,  
Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account  
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong  
Which, like a burthen, he hath laid upon you,  
And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under.  
'Tis all the town talks ;<sup>4</sup> and, believe it, sir,  
If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone,  
Utterly lost ; you will be scorn'd and baffled,  
By every lacquey : season now your youth  
With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour  
Even to your death, beyond, and on your tomb  
Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir, this  
life,

Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted mine ;  
I borrow'd it of you, and now will pay it :  
I tender you the service of my sword  
To bear your challenge, if you'll write, your fate  
I'll make mine own ; whate'er betide you, I,  
That have lived by you, by your side will die.

*Nov. jun.* Ha ! ha ! wouldst have me challenge  
poor Romont ?—

<sup>4</sup> 'Tis all the town talks,] So the quarto ; which is surely  
better than *town-talk*, which the modern editors have substituted  
in its place.

416 THE FATAL DOWRY.

Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare not ;<sup>5</sup>

Do not mistake me, coz, I am very valiant ;

But valour shall not make me such an ass.

What use is there of valour now-a-days ?

'Tis sure or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.

Fight thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade ;

Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont !

No, I'll not fight under a lord.

*Pont.* Farewell, sir !

I pity you.

Such living lords walk, their dead honour's graves,

For no companions fit but fools and knaves.

Come, Malotin. [*Exeunt Pontalier and Malotin.*]

*Enter ROMONT.*

*Lilad.* 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant !

*Aym.* He has brought a battle in his face, let's go.

*Page.* Colbrand, d'ye call him ? he'll make some of you<sup>6</sup>

Smoke, I believe.

*Rom.* By your leave, sirs !

<sup>5</sup> *Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare not :*] Cor-eter and Mr. M. Mason point this as if they supposed *close breeches* referred to Romont ; but it is not so. In answer to the charge of cowardice, Novall tells Pontalier, that though he may conclude, from his finical appearance, and his *vestments sitting as if they grew upon him*, that he was afraid of Romont, he was mistaken. It is the poverty, not the close breeches of his enemy, which prevents his challenging him.

<sup>6</sup> *Page.* Colbrand, d'ye call him ? he'll make some of you Smoke, I believe.] It is as rare to find a conceit in Massinger as to miss one in his contemporaries : here, however, there appears something like an attempt to find a resemblance between Colbrand and cold-brand ! In justice to the author it should be added, that it is put into the mouth of a page ; Colbrand was a Danish giant, as may be seen in the renowned *History of Guy Earl of Warwick*, every child's delight.

*Aym.* Are you a consort?'

*Rom.* Do you take me for

A fiddler? you're deceived: look! I'll pay you.  
[Kicks them.

' *Aym.* Are you a consort?'] i. e. come you here to be played on. COXETER.

This cannot be the meaning, for a concert is not played on. M. MASON.

A concert is understood to mean instruments played upon. DAVIES.

And thus the text is illustrated! Not one of these gentlemen had the slightest idea of what Massinger was saying, nor, which though not uncommon, is yet somewhat more extraordinary, of what he was saying himself.

In the author's age, the taverns were infested with itinerant bands of musicians, each of which (jointly and individually) was called a noise or *consort*: these were sometimes invited to play to the company, but seem more frequently to have thrust themselves, unasked, into it, with an offer of their services: their intrusion was usually prefaced with, "By your leave, gentlemen, will you hear any musick?" One example, in a case where hundreds may be produced, will make all clear:

"Enter Fiddler to the Company.

"*Fid.* Will't please you, gentlemen, to hear any musick?

"*Boo.* Shall we have any?

"*Seb.* By no means; it takes from our mirth.

"*Boo.* Begone, then.

"*Fid.* A very good song, an't please you?

"*Seb.* This is the trick of taverns, when men desire to be private." Shirley's *Love's Cruelty*.

Romont, who had broken into Novall's dressingroom, with the customary phrase, *By your leave, gentlemen*, naturally draws from Aymer (a musician) the question he puts; and Romont, who understands him, as naturally replies, I will shew you that I am not: musicians are *paid*, whereas I will *pay* (beat) you. This is the sense of the passage. I have before remarked on the strange conduct of Mr. M. Mason, in changing *consort* to *concert*, as often as it occurs.

Not many years since, a volume of *Comments on the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*, was published by the Right Honourable

*Page.* It seems he knows you one, he bum-fiddles you so.

*Lilad.* Was there ever so base a fellow?

*Aym.* A rascal.

*Lilad.* A most uncivil groom.

*Aym.* Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's chamber! a pox o' your manners!

*Lilad.* Let him alone, let him alone: thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow; if we stir against thee, hang us.

*Page.* 'Sfoot! I think they have the better on him though they be kick'd, they talk so.

*Lilad.* Let's leave the mad ape. [Going.

*Nov. jun.* Gentlemen!

*Lilad.* Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.

*Nov. jun.* Hark you!

*Aym.* We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much as to take your lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands!

*Page.* I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier beats man, woman, and child.

[*Exeunt all but Novall jun. and Romont.*

J. Monck Mason; in which, among other passages, I was somewhat struck with the following:

"Or be of some good concert." *The Captain.*

"The old reading is *consort*, which the editors have *injudiciously* changed to *concert*, a *mistake* which the editors of *Shakspeare* have also run into." p. 217.

Though this may be true, it required a certain degree of intrepidity to enable a man who never saw the word in Massinger without corrupting it, to hazard a sneer of this nature at the editors of *Shakspeare*. It must be remembered, that I speak on the supposition that the author of the *Comments* was also the editor of Massinger.

*Nov. jun.* What mean you, sir? My people!

*Rom.* Your boy's gone, [*Locks the door.*  
And your door's lock'd; yet for no hurt to you,  
But privacy. Call up your blood again:—  
Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir;<sup>a</sup>  
And, therefore, come, without more circumstance,  
Tell me how far the passages have gone  
'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle.  
Tell me the truth, and, by my hope of heaven,  
It never shall go further.

*Nov. jun.* Tell you! why, sir,  
Are you my confessor?

*Rom.* I will be your confounder, if you do not.  
[*Draws a pocket dag.*<sup>9</sup>

Stir not, nor spend your voice.

*Nov. jun.* What will you do?

*Rom.* Nothing, but line your brain-pan, sir,  
with lead,  
If you not satisfy me suddenly:  
I am desperate of my life, and command yours.

<sup>a</sup> *Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir,*] This line is wholly omitted in the most correct of all editions.

<sup>9</sup> *Draws a pocket dag.*] So the old copy. Coxeter not understanding the word, absurdly corrupted it into *dagger*! which gave an occasion to Mr. M. Mason to evince his sagacity: "Yet," says he, with a triumph over poor Massinger, "Romont's very next speech *shews* that this *dagger* was a *pistol*." To sophisticate an author's text for the sake of charging him with an absurdity, is hard dealing. It is singular that neither of these editors of an ancient poet, especially the last, who tells us of the necessity of consulting contemporary authors, should be apprized of the meaning of this term: *dag* was used by our old writers for a pocket, in contradistinction to, what we now call, a horse-pistol; and is thus found in many dramas of the 16th and 17th centuries. Thus, in *the Spanish Tragedy*, which Coxeter, if not Mr. M. Mason, must have read:

"*Serb.* Wherefore should he send for me so late?

"*Pend.* For this, Serberine, and thou shalt have it.

[*Shoots the dag.*  
"*Watch.* Hark! gentlemen; this is a *pistol-shot*."



*Nov. jun.* Hold ! hold ! I'll speak. I vow to  
 heaven and you,  
 She's yet untouch'd, more than her face and hands.  
 I cannot call her innocent ; for, I yield,  
 On my solicitous wooing,<sup>1</sup> she consented,  
 Where time and place met opportunity,  
 To grant me all requests.

*Rom.* But may I build  
 On this assurance ?

*Nov. jun.* As upon your faith.

*Rom.* Write this, sir ; nay, you must.

*Nov. jun.* Pox of this gun !

*Rom.* Withal, sir, you must swear, and put  
 your oath  
 Under your hand, (shake not,) ne'er to frequent  
 This lady's company, nor ever send  
 Token, or message, or letter, to incline  
 This, too much prone already, yielding lady.

*Nov. jun.* 'Tis done, sir.

*Rom.* Let me see this first is right :  
 And here you wish a sudden death may light  
 Upon your body, and hell take your soul,  
 If ever more you see her, but by chance ;  
 Much less allure her. Now, my lord, your  
 hand.

*Nov. jun.* My hand to this !

*Rom.* Your heart else, I assure you.

*Nov. jun.* Nay, there 'tis.

*Rom.* So ! keep this last article  
 Of your faith given, and, stead of threatenings, sir,  
 The service of my sword and life is yours.  
 But not a word of it :—'tis fairies' treasure,  
 Which but reveal'd, brings on the blabber's ruin.  
 Use your youth better, and this excellent form

<sup>1</sup> On my solicitous wooing,] The quarto erroneously reads  
 wrongs : amended by Mr. M. Mason.

THE FATAL DOWRY. 421

Heaven hath bestow'd upon you. So, good morrow  
To your lordship ! [Exit.

*Nov. jun.* Good devil to your rogueship ! No  
man's safe——

I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber,  
Against such roaring rogues.

*Enter BELLAPERT, hastily.*

*Bell.* My lord, away !  
The caroch stays : now have your wish, and judge  
If I have been forgetful.

*Nov. jun.* Hah !

*Bell.* Do you stand  
Humming and hahing now ? [Exit.

*Nov. jun.* Sweet wench, I come.  
Hence, fear !

I swore—that's all one ; my next oath I'll keep  
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.  
No pain is due to lovers' perjury :  
If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*A Hall in Aymer's House.*

*Enter CHARALOIS and BEAUMONT.*

*Beau.* I grieve for the distaste, though I have  
manners  
Not to enquire the cause, fallen out between  
Your lordship and Romont,

*Charal.* I love a friend,  
So long as he continues in the bounds  
Prescribed by friendship ; but, when he usurps

Too far on<sup>a</sup> what is proper to myself,  
 And puts the habit of a governor on,  
 I must and will preserve my liberty.  
 But speak of something else, this is a theme  
 I take no pleasure in. What's this Aymer,  
 Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in  
 The chiefest parts of musick, you bestow  
 Such praises on?

*Beau.* He is a gentleman  
 (For so his quality<sup>3</sup> speaks him) well received  
 Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds  
 His main dependence from the young lord Novall.  
 Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,  
 As all musicians have, and more of him  
 I dare not author: but, when you have heard him,  
 I may presume your lordship so will like him,  
 That you'll hereafter be a friend to musick.

*Charal.* I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont,<sup>4</sup>  
 Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion  
 Of those old captains, that thought nothing  
 musical  
 But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,

<sup>a</sup> *Too far on what &c.*] The modern editors omit *on*, to the manifest injury both of the metre and the sense; but indeed their omissions in this play are innumerable.

<sup>3</sup> (*For so his quality speaks him*.)] His *quality*, i. e. his *profession* of a musick-master. In the following lines there is an allusion to another profession, (of a less honourable nature,) which, at that time, was commonly united to the former, that of keeping a bawdyhouse.

<sup>4</sup> *Charal. I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont, &c.*] I suspect that Mr. Steevens, the coryphæus of commentators, was but little acquainted with Massinger; he would not otherwise have failed to contrast this speech with that celebrated one of Shakespeare, *The man that has no musick*, &c. with which he was known to be highly offended. What Steevens neglected, the reader has now an opportunity of executing; and, though I will not anticipate his judgment, I must yet be permitted to say that the beauties of this speech are of no ordinary kind.

Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums, and trumpets:

Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,  
Affirm the world was made by musical discord;  
Or that the happiness of our life consists  
In a well-varied note upon the lute:  
I love it to the worth of't, and no further.—  
But let us see this wonder.

*Beau.* He prevents  
My calling of him.

*Enter AYMER, speaking to one within.*

*Aym.* Let the coach be brought  
To the back gate, and serve the banquet up.—  
My good lord Charalois! I think my house  
Much honour'd in your presence.

*Charal.* To have means  
To know you better, sir, has brought me hither  
A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome  
In making me a witness to your skill,  
Which, crediting from others, I admire.

*Aym.* Had I been one hour sooner made acquainted  
With your intent, my lord, you should have  
found me

Better provided: now, such as it is,  
Pray you grace with your acceptance.

*Beau.* You are modest.

*Aym.* Begin the last new air.

*[To the Musicians within.]*

*Charal.* Shall we not see them?

*Aym.* This little distance from the instruments  
Will to your ears convey the harmony  
With more delight.

*Charal.* I'll not contend.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Charal.* *I'll not contend.*] The old reading is, I'll not consent. It appears to me that a wrong name has been prefixed

*Aym.* You are tedious. [To the Musicians.]  
By this means shall I with one banquet please  
Two companies, those within and these gulls here.

## MUSICK, AND A SONG.

*Beaumel.* [within.] Ha! ha! ha!

*Charal.* How's this! It is my lady's laugh, most certain.

When I first pleased her, in this merry language  
She gave me thanks. [Aside.]

*Beau.* How like you this?

*Charal.* 'Tis rare——

Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,  
Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly  
To write myself in the black list of those  
I have declaim'd against, and to Romont. [Aside.]

*Aym.* I would he were well off!——Perhaps  
your lordship

Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new song,  
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;  
'Tis call'd *the Happy Husband*.

*Charal.* Pray you, sing it.

## SONG BY AYMER.

*Beaumel.* [within.] Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom!

*Charal.* Do I hear this,  
And yet stand doubtful? [Rushes out.]

*Aym.* Stay him—I am undone,  
And they discover'd.

*Beau.* What's the matter?

*Aym.* Ah!

That women, when they're well pleased, cannot  
hold,

But must laugh out.

to this short speech, and that it belongs to Beaumelle, who speaks within. Aymer is evidently solicitous to keep Charalois out of hearing; and the artifice is not to be praised by which his lady is made so clamorous and so incautious. The alteration is by Coxeter.

*Re-enter CHARALOIS, with his sword drawn, pursuing NOVALL junior, BEAUMELLE, and BELLAPERT.*

*Nov. jun.* Help! save me! murder! murder!

*Beaumel.* Undone, undone, for ever!<sup>6</sup>

*Charal.* Oh, my heart!

Hold yet a little—do not hope to scape  
By flight, it is impossible. Though I might  
On all advantage take thy life, and justly;  
Thissword, my father's sword, that ne'er was drawn  
But to a noble purpose, shall not now  
Do the office of a hangman. I reserve it  
To right mine honour, not for a revenge  
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off  
Thy family, with all that are allied  
To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of  
All terms of satisfaction. Draw!

*Nov. jun.* I dare not:

I have already done you too much wrong,  
To fight in such a cause.

*Charal.* Why, darest thou neither  
Be honest, coward, nor yet valiant, knave!  
In such a cause come, do not shame thyself:  
Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to  
themselves<sup>7</sup>

Could never heat, are yet in the defence  
Of their whores, daring. Look on her again:

<sup>6</sup> *Beaumel. Undone, undone, for ever!* This short speech is taken by the modern editors from Beaumelle, and given to Bellapert! Nothing was ever more injudicious. It is all she says, and all she properly could say.

<sup>7</sup> *Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to themselves &c.* I believe this means, those whose bloods *general* or *individual* injuries could never heat, &c. If this be not allowed, we must read, *and wrong done to themselves*, instead of *or*, the sense will then be sufficiently clear. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason evidently misunderstood the passage, which is misprinted in both.

You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,  
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel to  
Venture your body.

*Beau.* No, he fears his clothes,  
More than his flesh.

*Charal.* Keep from me! guard thy life;  
Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt  
Die like a sheep.

*Nov. jun.* Since there's no remedy,  
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!

*[They fight, Novall falls.]*

*Charal.* How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown!  
Lend me your hand;  
Bear this to the caroch—come, you have taught me  
To say, you must and shall:

*[Exeunt Beaumont and Bellapert, with the Body  
of Novall; followed by Beaumelle.]*

I wrong you not,  
You are but to keep him company you love.—

*Re-enter BEAUMONT.*

Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care  
All you can apprehend within the house  
May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?

*Beau.* No, sir.

*Charal.* My griefs are now thus to be born;  
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn.

*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.

*A Street.*

*Enter ROMONT and PONTALIER.*

*Pont.* I was bound to seek you, sir.

*Rom.* And, had you found me  
In any place but in the street, I should

Have done,—not talk'd to you. Are you, the captain,

The hopeful Pontalier, whom I have seen  
Do in the field such service as then made you  
Their envy that commanded, here at home  
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,  
And, it may be, the pander?

*Pont.* Without this,

I come to call you to account for what  
Is past already. I, by your example  
Of thankfulness to the dead general,  
By whom you were raised, have practised to be so  
To my good lord Novall, by whom I live;  
Whose least disgrace that is or may be offer'd,  
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes  
I will make good on you, or any man  
That has a hand in't: and, since you allow me  
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt  
You will except against me. You shall meet  
With a fair enemy: you understand  
The right I look for, and must have?

*Rom.* I do,

And with the next day's sun you shall hear from  
me. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

*A Room in Charalois' House.*

*Enter CHARALOIS with a casket, BEAUMELLE,  
and BEAUMONT.*

*Charal.* Pray bear this to my father, at his  
leisure

He may peruse it: but with your best language  
Entreat his instant presence. You have sworn  
Not to reveal what I have done.



*Beau.* Nor will I—but——

*Charal.* Doubt me not; by heaven, I will do nothing

But what may stand with honour. Pray you, leave me *[Exit Beaumont.]*

To my own thoughts.—If this be to me, rise; *[Beaumelle kneels.]*

I am not worth the looking on, but only To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you, Who, with the loss of your fair name, have caused it, Were too much cruelty.

*Beaumel.* I dare not move you To hear me speak. I know my fault is far Beyond qualification or excuse; That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you To think of mercy; only I presume To entreat you would be pleased to look upon My sorrow for it, and believe these tears Are the true children of my grief, and not A woman's cunning.

*Charal.* Can you, Beaumelle, Having deceived so great a trust as mine, Though I were all credulity, hope again To get belief? No, no; if you look on me With pity, or dare practise any means To make my sufferings less, or give just cause To all the world to think what I must do Was call'd upon by you, use other ways: Deny what I have seen, or justify What you have done; and, as you desperately Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore, Use the arms of such a one, and such defence, And multiply the sin with impudence. Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth, That you have done but what is warranted By great examples, in all places where Women inhabit; urge your own deserts,

Or want of me in merit; tell me how  
Your dower from the low gulf of poverty  
Weighed up my fortunes to what they now are :  
That I was purchased by your choice and practice,

To shelter you from shame, that you might sin  
As boldly as securely : that poor men  
Are married to those wives that bring them  
wealth,

One day their husbands, but observers ever.  
That when, by this proud usage, you have blown  
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,  
I then may kill you, and yet say 'twas done  
In heat of blood, and after die myself,  
To witness my repentance.

*Beaumel.* O my fate !

That never would consent that I should see  
How worthy you were both of love and duty,  
Before I lost you ; and my misery made  
The glass in which I now behold your virtue !  
While I was good I was a part of you,  
And of two, by the virtuous harmony  
Of our fair minds, made one ; but, since I wander'd

In the forbidden labyrinth of lust,  
What was inseparable is by me divided.—  
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,  
And from your memory wash the remembrance  
That e'er I was ; like to some vicious purpose,  
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,  
And study to forget.

*Charal.* O Beaumelle,

That you can speak so well, and do so ill !  
But you had been too great a blessing, if  
You had continued chaste: see, how you force me  
To this, because mine honour will not yield  
That I again should love you.

*Beaumel.* In this life

It is not fit you should: yet you shall find,  
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,  
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed  
matrons,

That are canonized worthy of our sex,  
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;  
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,  
Ambitious of no honour after life,  
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

*Charal.* How pity steals upon me! should I  
hear her [Knocking within.

But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks,  
go in. [Exit Beaumelle.

That to be merciful should be a sin!

*Enter* ROCHFORD.

O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your cloak,  
I must not be denied.—Here are your robes,  
As you love justice, once more put them on.  
There is a cause to be determined of,  
That does require such an integrity  
As you have ever used.—I'll put you to  
The trial of your constancy and goodness:  
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed  
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole  
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat;  
I will be for<sup>s</sup> you presently. [Exit.

*Roch.* Angels guard me!

To what strange tragedy does this induction<sup>s</sup>  
Serve for a prologue?

<sup>s</sup> *I will be for you presently.*] So the quarto: the modern editors read, *I will before you presently*: but whether by mistake, or from an idea of improving the text, I cannot tell.

<sup>s</sup> *To what strange tragedy does this induction*  
*Serve for a prologue?*] The old copy reads, *does this de-*

*Re-enter CHARALOIS, BEAUMELLE, and BEAUMONT, with Servants bearing the Body of NOVALL junior.*

*Charal.* So, set it down before  
The judgment-seat,—[*Exeunt Servants.*—]—and  
stand you at the bar:

For me, I am the accuser.

*Roch.* Novall slain!

And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place  
Of one to be arraign'd!

*Charal.* O, are you touch'd!

I find that I must take another course.

Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes;

[*He binds his eyes.*]

For justice should do so, when 'tis to meet  
An object that may sway her equal doom  
From what it should be aim'd at.—Good, my lord,  
A day of hearing.

*Roch.* It is granted, speak——

You shall have justice.

*Charal.* I then here accuse,

Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter,  
For whom I owed so much to you; your daughter,  
So worthy in her own parts, and that worth  
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,  
Truth witness with me, in the place of service  
I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,  
To be a false adulteress.

*Roch.* With whom?

*Charal.* With this Novall here dead.

*Roch.* Be well advised;

struction &c. The amendment, which is a happy one, was suggested by Mr. M. Mason. Thus in the *Guardian*:

“This is but an *induction*; I'll draw

“The curtains of the *tragedy*, hereafter.”

And ere you say *adulteress* again,  
Her fame depending on it, be most sure  
That she is one.

*Charal.* I took them in the act:  
I know no proof beyond it.

*Roch.* O my heart!

*Charal.* A judge should feel no passions.

*Roch.* Yet remember  
He is a man, and cannot put off nature.  
What answer makes the prisoner?

*Beaumel.* I confess  
The fact I am charged with, and yield myself  
Most miserably guilty.

*Roch.* Heaven take mercy  
Upon your soul, then! it must leave your body.—  
Now free mine eyes; I dare unmoved look on her,  
[*Charalais unbinds his eyes.*

And fortify my sentence with strong reasons.  
Since that the politick law provides that servants,  
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die  
If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,  
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up  
All he received from his brave ancestors,  
Or he could leave to his posterity,  
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety  
All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,  
Which thy - - -<sup>1</sup> lust, a thief, hath now stolen  
from him;

And therefore—

*Charal.* Stay, just judge;—may not what's lost  
By her one fault (for I am charitable,  
And charge her not with many) be forgotten  
In her fair life hereafter?

<sup>1</sup> Which *thy* - - - - *lust, a thief, &c.*] Some epithet to *lust*,  
has been lost at the press; the reader may supply the break  
with *hot, foul*, or any other monosyllable of a kindred meaning.

*Roch.* Never, sir.

The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed  
Repentant tears can never expiate;  
And be assured, to pardon such a sin  
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

*Charal.* I may not then forgive her?

*Roch.* Nor she hope it.

Nor can she wish to live: no sun shall rise,  
But, ere it set, shall shew her ugly lust  
In a new shape, and every one more horrid.  
Nay, even those prayers which, with such humble  
fervour,

She seems to send up yonder, are beat back,  
And all suits which her penitence can proffer,  
As soon as made, are with contempt thrown out  
Of all the courts of mercy.

*Charal.* Let her die, then! [*He stabs her.*  
Better prepared, I'm sure, I could not take her,  
Nor she accuse her father, as a judge  
Partial against her.

*Beaumel.* I approve his sentence,  
And kiss the executioner. My lust  
Is now run from me in that blood in which  
It was begot and nourish'd. [*Dies.*

*Roch.* Is she dead, then?

*Charal.* Yes, sir; this is her heart-blood, is it  
not?

I think it be.

*Roch.* And you have kill'd her?

*Charal.* True,  
And did it by your doom.

*Roch.* But I pronounced it  
As a judge only, and a friend to justice;  
And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,  
Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off  
The love and soft affection of a father.  
I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe

Of red-died cruelty ; but, in return,  
 You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.  
 I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband ; but  
 You closed your eyes against me as a father.  
 O Beaumelle ! my daughter !

*Charal.* This is madness.

*Roch.* Keep from me !—Could not one good  
 thought rise up,  
 To tell you that she was my age's comfort,  
 Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,  
 And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty ?  
 Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,  
 To urge my many merits, which I may  
 Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,  
 Flint-hearted Charalois !

*Charal.* Nature does prevail  
 Above your virtue.

*Roch.* No ; it gives me eyes  
 To pierce the heart of your design against me :  
 I find it now, it was my state was aim'd at.  
 A nobler match was sought for, and the hours  
 I lived grew tedious to you : my compassion  
 Tow'rd's you hath render'd me most miserable,  
 And foolish charity undone myself.  
 But there's a heaven above, from whose just  
 wreak

No mists of policy can hide offenders.

*Nov. sen.* [*within.*] Force ope the doors !—

*Enter NOVALL senior, with Officers.*

O monster ! cannibal !  
 Lay hold on him. My son, my son !—O Rochfort,  
 'Twas you gave liberty to this bloody wolf,  
 To worry all our comforts :—but this is  
 No time to quarrel ; now give your assistance  
 For the revenge—

*Roch.* Call it a fitter name,  
Justice for innocent blood.

*Charal.* Though all conspire  
Against that life which I am weary of,  
A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,  
To shew, in spite of malice and their laws,  
His plea must speed, that hath an honest cause.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Street.*

*Enter Tailor, and two Bailiffs with LILADAM.*

*Lilad.* Why, 'tis both most unconscionable and  
untimely,  
To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before  
He has worn them out: besides, you said you  
ask'd

My name in my-lord's bond but for form only,  
And now you'll lay me up for't! Do not think  
The taking measure of a customer  
By a brace of varlets,<sup>2</sup> though I rather wait  
Never so patiently, will prove a fashion  
Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man  
Would follow willingly.

*Tail.* There I believe you.  
But, sir, I must have present monies, or  
Assurance to secure me when I shall;  
Or I will see to your coming forth.

<sup>2</sup> *By a brace of varlets,]* So our old writers call the sheriff's officers.



*Lilad.* Plague on't!

You have provided for my entrance in,  
That coming forth you talk of concerns me.  
What shall I do? you have done me a disgrace  
In the arrest, but more in giving cause  
To all the street to think I cannot stand  
Without these two supporters for my arms.  
Pray you, let them loose me: for their satisfac-  
tion,

I will not run away.

*Tail.* For theirs you will not;  
But for your own you would. Look to him, fellows.

*Lilad.* Why, do you call them fellows? do not  
wrong

Your reputation so. As you are merely  
A tailor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants,  
You are a companion at a ten-crown supper  
For cloth of bodkin, and may with one lark  
Eat up three manchets, and no man observe you,  
Or call your trade in question for't. But, when  
You study your debt-book, and hold correspon-  
dence

With officers of the hanger, and leave swordsmen,  
The learn'd conclude, the tailor and the serjeant,  
In the expression of a knave and thief,  
To be synonyma.<sup>3</sup> Look, therefore, to it,  
And let us part in peace; I would be loth  
You should undo yourself.

<sup>3</sup> *To be synonyma.*] Here again Mr. M. Mason follows Coxeter in reading synonymous: but the old word was that which I have given. So Jonson:

“Where every tinker for his chink may cry,

“Rogue, bawd, and cheater, call you by the surnames

“And known *synonyma* of your profession.” *The New Inn.*  
See *the Emperor of the East*, p. 247.

*Enter NOVALL senior, and PONTALIER.*

*Tail.* To let you go  
Were the next way. But see! here's your old  
lord;

Let him but give his word I shall be paid,  
And you are free.

*Lilad.* 'Slid! I will put him to't,  
I can be but denied: or—what say you?  
His lordship owing me three times your debt,  
If you arrest him at my suit, and let me  
Go run before, to see the action enter'd,  
'Twould be a witty jest!

*Tail.* I must have earnest:  
I cannot pay my debts so.

*Pont.* Can your lordship  
Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,  
Your son's death shall be unrevenged?

*Nov. sen.* I know not  
One reason why you should not do like others:  
I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him,  
I cannot see in any, now he's gone,  
In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign  
Of sorrow for him.

*Pont.* All his bounties yet  
Fell not in such unthankful ground: 'tis true,  
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from;  
And, though none sooth'd them less than I, (for  
now,

To say that I foresaw the dangers that  
Would rise from cherishing them, were but  
untimely,)

I yet could wish the justice that you seek for  
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,  
And not the uncertain issue of the laws.  
It has robb'd me of a noble testimony

Of what I durst do for him:—but, however,  
My forfeit life redeem'd by him, though dead,  
Shall do him service.

*Nov. sen.* As far as my grief  
Will give me leave, I thank you.

*Lilad.* O, my lord !

Oh my good lord ! deliver me from these Furies.

*Pont.* Arrested ! this is one of them, whose  
base

And abject flattery help'd to dig his grave :

He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.

Go to the basket, and repent.\*

*Nov. sen.* Away !

I only know thee now to hate thee deadly :

I will do nothing for thee.

*Lilad.* Nor you, captain ?

*Pont.* No ; to your trade again ; put off this case :

It may be, the discovering what you were,

When your unfortunate master took you up,

May move compassion in your creditor.

Confess the truth.

[*Exeunt Novall sen. and Pontalier.*]

*Lilad.* And now I think on't better,

I will.<sup>5</sup> Brother, your hand ; your hand, sweet  
brother :

I'm of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,

Out of which these two fearful apparitions,

Against my will, have waked me. This rich  
sword

\* *Go to the basket and repent.* ] The allusion is to the sheriff's basket, in which broken meat was collected for the use of prisoners for debt. See the *City Madam*.

<sup>5</sup> *Lilad.* And now I think on't better,

*I will, &c.* ] This is most exquisite mock-heroick ; it is, perhaps, a little out of place ; but it serves opportunely enough to prove how differently the comick part of this drama would have appeared, if the whole had fortunately fallen into the hands of Massinger.

Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;  
These hangers from my vails and fees in hell;  
And where as now this beaver sits, full often  
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,  
Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat  
Cross-legg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been seen:  
Our breakfasts, famous for the butter'd loaves,  
I have with joy been oft acquainted with;  
And therefore use a conscience, though it be  
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,  
To me, that, as I have been, will again  
Be of the brotherhood.

1 *Bail.* I know him now;  
He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.

*Lilad.* And from thence brought by my young  
lord, now dead,  
Unto Dijon, and with him, till this hour;  
Have been received here for a complete monsieur,  
Nor wonder at it: for but tithe our gallants,  
Even those of the first rank, and you will find  
In every ten, one, peradventure two,  
That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle,  
The pantofle or pressing-iron:—but hereafter  
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up  
My suits again, there cannot be much loss;  
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one  
Addition more you know of, and what wants  
I will work out.

*Tail.* Then here our quarrel ends:  
The gallant is turn'd tailor, and all friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Court of Justice.**Enter ROMONT and BEAUMONT.**Rom.* You have them ready?*Beau.* Yes, and they will speak  
Their knowledge in this cause, when you think  
fit

To have them call'd upon.

*Rom.* 'Tis well; and something  
I can add to their evidence, to prove  
This brave revenge, which they would have  
call'd murder,  
A noble justice.*Beau.* In this you express  
(The breach by my lord's want of you new made  
up)<sup>6</sup>  
A faithful friend.*Rom.* That friendship's raised on sand,  
Which every sudden gust of discontent,  
Or flowing of our passions, can change,  
As if it ne'er had been:—but do you know  
Who are to sit on him?*Beau.* Monsieur Du Croy,  
Assisted by Charmi.

<sup>6</sup> (*The breach by my lord's want of you new made up*) ] For *new made up*, Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, *now made up*, although it be not easy to discover what is gained by the alteration. For the rest, this Romont still continues a most noble fellow. How Rowe could read his next speech and degrade his copy (*Horatio*) into a sentimental rhapsodist, querulous, captious, and unfeeling, I cannot conjecture, unless it were that he determined to create no violent interest for any of his characters but the hero and the heroine of the piece.

*Rom.* The advocate  
That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,  
And was check'd for it by Novall?

*Beau.* The same.

*Rom.* How fortunes that?

*Beau.* Why, sir, my lord Novall  
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge;  
Nor would grieved Rochfort but lord Charalois,  
However he might wrong him by his power,  
Should have an equal hearing.

*Rom.* By my hopes  
Of Charalois' acquittal, I lament  
That reverend old man's fortune.

*Beau.* Had you seen him,  
As, to my grief, I have, now promise patience,  
And, ere it was believed, though spake by him  
That never brake his word,<sup>7</sup> enraged again  
So far as to make war upon those hairs,  
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume  
To touch, but with a superstitious fear,  
As something sacred;—and then curse his  
daughter,  
But with more frequent violence, himself,  
As if he had been guilty of her fault,  
By being incredulous of your report,  
You would not only judge him worthy pity,  
But suffer with him:—but here comes the  
prisoner;

*Enter Officers with CHARALOIS.*

I dare not stay to do my duty to him;  
Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me  
To do him service keeps you company. [*Exit.*

<sup>7</sup> *That never brake his word,*] See the old copy. Mr. M.  
Mason reads, *breaks his word!*

*Rom.* It is not doubted.

*Charal.* Why, yet as I came hither,  
The people, apt to mock calamity,  
And tread on the oppress'd, made no horns at me,  
Though they are too familiar I deserve them.  
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath  
drunk,

In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear  
To shake their heads, or to revile me for  
A murderer; they rather all put on,  
As for great losses the old Romans used,  
A general face of sorrow, waited on  
By a sad murmur breaking through their silence:  
And no eye but was readier with a tear  
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could  
Discern a face made up with scorn against me.  
Why should I, then, though for unusual wrongs  
I chose unusual means to right those wrongs,  
Condemn myself, as over-partial  
In my own cause?—Romont!

*Rom.* Best friend, well met!  
By my heart's love to you, and join to that,  
My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,  
I look upon you now with more true joy  
Than when I saw you married.

*Charal.* You have reason  
To give you warrant for't: my falling off  
From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered  
Your too prophetick counsel, may well move you  
To think your meeting me, going to my death,  
A fit encounter for that hate which justly  
I have deserved from you.

\* *My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,*] i. e. to the old marshal, whom Romont never forgets, nor suffers his hearers to forget.

*Rom.* Shall I still, then,  
Speak truth, and be ill understood?

*Charal.* You are not.

I am conscious I have wrong'd you; and allow me  
Only a moral man,<sup>9</sup>—to look on you,  
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,  
Must of necessity be more terrible to me,  
Than any death the judges can pronounce  
From the tribunal which I am to plead at.

*Rom.* Passion transports you.

*Charal.* For what I have done  
To my false lady, or Novall, I can  
Give some apparent cause; but touching you,  
In my defence, child-like, I can say nothing  
But, I am sorry for't; a poor satisfaction!  
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more  
Than I will speak, to have my pardon sign'd  
For all I stand accused of.

*Rom.* You much weaken  
The strength of your good cause, should you  
but think,  
A man for doing well could entertain  
A pardon, were it offer'd: you have given  
To blind and slow-paced justice wings and eyes,  
To see and overtake impieties,  
Which, from a cold proceeding, had received  
Indulgence or protection.

*Charal.* Think you so?

*Rom.* Upon my soul! nor should the blood  
you challenged,  
And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple  
In your soft conscience, than if your sword



Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear,<sup>1</sup>  
That in their bowels would have made your  
tomb.

To injure innocence is more than murder :  
But when inhuman lusts transform us, then  
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men  
To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever  
Perform an act so worthy the applause  
Of a full theatre of perfect men,  
As he hath done in this. The glory got  
By overthrowing outward enemies,  
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,  
We cannot, but by pieces, call our own :  
But, when we conquer our intestine foes,  
Our passions bred within us, and of those  
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love,  
Our reason suffering us to like no longer  
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,  
That's a true victory ! which, were great men  
Ambitious to achieve, by your example  
Setting no price upon the breach of faith,  
But loss of life, 'twould fright adultery  
Out of their families, and make lust appear  
As loathsome to us in the first consent,  
As when 'tis waited on by punishment.

*Charal.* You have confirm'd me. Who would  
love a woman,  
That might enjoy in such a man a friend !  
You have made me know the justice of my cause,  
And mark'd me out the way how to defend it.

*Rom.* Continue to that resolution constant,

<sup>1</sup> *Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear,*] The allusion is to Novall and Beaumelle; but Mr. M. Mason, who had already forgotten that the former had fallen by the hand of Charalois, alters *tiger* to *tigress*. Such a passion for innovation, with so little discretion to direct it, is surely seldom found in the same person.

And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,  
Come off with honour—here they come.

*Charal.* I am ready.

*Enter DU CROY, CHARMI, ROCHFORD, NOVALL  
senior, PONTALIER, and BEAUMONT.*

*Nov. sen.* See, equal judges, with what confidence

The cruel murderer stands, as if he would  
Outface the court and justice !

*Roch.* But look on him,  
And you shall find, for still methinks I do,  
Though guilt hath died him black, something  
good in him,

That may perhaps work with a wiser man  
Than I have been, again to set him free,  
And give him all he has.

*Charm.* This is not well.

I would you had lived so, my lord, that I  
Might rather have continued your poor servant,  
Than sit here as your judge.

*Du Croy.* I am sorry for you.

*Roch.* In no act of my life I have deserved  
This injury from the court, that any here  
Should thus uncivilly usurp on what  
Is proper to me only.

*Du Croy.* What distaste  
Receives my lord ?

*Roch.* You say you are sorry for him ;  
A grief in which I must not have a partner.  
'Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised  
The building of my life, for seventy years,  
Upon so sure a ground, that all the vices  
Practised to ruin man, though brought against  
me,  
Could never undermine, and no way left

To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,  
 Virtue, that was my patroness, betray'd me.  
 For, entering, nay, possessing this young man,  
 It lent him such a powerful majesty  
 To grace whate'er he undertook, that freely  
 I gave myself up, with my liberty,  
 To be at his disposing. - Had his person,  
 Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour,  
 Or any other seeming good, that yet  
 Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on  
 me,

I might have born it better : but, when goodness  
 And piety itself in her best figure  
 Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,  
 Though I forget to suffer like a man,  
 Or rather act a woman ?

*Beau.* Good, my lord !—

*Nov. sen.* You hinder our proceeding.

*Char.* And forget

The parts of an accuser.

*Beau.* Pray you, remember

To use the temper which to me you promised.

*Roch.* Angels themselves must break, Beau-  
 mont, that promise

Beyond the strength and patience of angels.

But I have done : —My good lord, pardon me,

A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that;

A miserable father ; yet be careful

That your compassion of my age, nor his,

Move you to any thing that may misbecome<sup>2</sup>

The place on which you sit.

*Char.* Read the indictment.

*Charal.* It shall be needless ; I myself, my lords,

<sup>2</sup> ————— that may misbecome] The  
 old copy reads *dis-become*, an unusual word, but regularly  
 formed. I thought it worth noticing, though I have not dis-  
 turbed Coxeter's fancied improvement.

Will be my own accuser, and confess  
All they can charge me with, nor will I spare  
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance  
They seek to load me with; only I pray,  
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,  
I may not be denied it for myself, when I  
Shall urge by what unanswerable reasons  
I was compell'd to what I did, which yet,  
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

*Roch.* The motion's honest.

*Char.* And 'tis freely granted.

*Charal.* Then I confess, my lords, that I stood  
bound,

When, with my friends, even hope itself had left  
me,

To this man's charity, for my liberty;  
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:  
For, after my enlargement, cherishing  
The good he did, he made me master of  
His only daughter, and his whole estate.  
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge:  
Could any one, fee'd by you, press this further?—  
But yet consider, my most honour'd lords,  
If to receive a favour make a servant,  
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker  
To the imperious will of him that gives,  
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,  
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.  
Can it be call'd magnificence in a prince,  
To pour down riches with a liberal hand  
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind  
him

To play the soothing parasite to his vices?  
Or any man, because he saved my hand,  
Presume my head and heart are at his service?  
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom  
(When my captivity was honourable)

By making myself here, and fame hereafter,  
Bondslaves to men's scorn, and calumnious  
tongues?—

Had his fair daughter's mind been like her feature,  
Or, for some little blemish, I had sought  
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others  
My body and her dower; my forehead then  
Deserved the brand of base ingratitude:  
But if obsequious usage, and fair warning  
To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her  
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,  
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me,  
What should I do? Let any free-born spirit  
Determine truly, if that thankfulness,  
Choice form, with the whole world given for a  
dowry,

Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,  
As with a willing neck to undergo  
The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittol.

*Char.* What proof have you she did play false,  
besides

Your oath?

*Charal.* Her own confession to her father:  
I ask him for a witness.

*Roch.* 'Tis most true.

I would not willingly blend my last words  
With an untruth.

*Charal.* And then to clear myself,  
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at,  
But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle  
Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold  
Which Brennus took from Delphos,<sup>3</sup> whose pos-  
session

Brought with it ruin to himself and army:

<sup>3</sup> ————— like the fatal gold  
Which Brennus took from Delphos,] This was so destructive to  
all who shared it, that it grew into a proverb. See *Eras. Adag.*

Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent  
All grants and writings back which made it mine,  
Before his daughter died by his own sentence,  
As freely as, unask'd, he gave it to me.

*Beau.* They are here to be seen.

*Char.* Open the casket.

—Peruse that deed of gift.

*Rom.* Half of the danger  
Already is discharged ; the other part  
As bravely ; and you are not only free,  
But crown'd with praise for ever !

*Du Croy.* 'Tis apparent.

*Char.* Your state, my lord, again is yours.

*Roch.* Not mine ;

I am not of the world. If it can prosper,  
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine  
Why it should be so fatal,) do you bestow it  
On pious uses : I'll go seek a grave.  
And yet, for proof I die in peace, your pardon  
I ask ; and, as you grant it me, may heaven,  
Your conscience, and these judges, free you from  
What you are charged with ! So, farewell for  
ever !—

[*Erit.*

*Nov. sen.* I'll be mine own guide. Passion nor  
example

Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son,  
A son, grave judges ; I require his blood  
From his accursed homicide.

*Char.* What reply you,  
In your defence, for this ?

*Charal.* I but attended  
Your lordship's pleasure.—For the fact, as of  
The former, I confess it ; but with what  
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,  
To my few words there are some other proofs  
To witness this for truth. When I was married,  
For there I must begin, the slain Novall

Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,  
A most devoted servant; but yet aimed at  
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,  
His heart being never warm'd by lawful fires,  
As mine was, lords: and though, on these pre-  
sumptions,

Join'd to the hate between his house and mine,  
I might, with opportunity and ease,  
Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;  
But still he had the freedom as before,  
When all was mine: and, told that he abused it  
With some unseemly license, by my friend,  
My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit  
To the reporter, but reprov'd him for it,  
As one uncourtly and malicious to him.  
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this,  
He did continue in his first pursuit,  
Hotter than ever, and at length obtain'd it;  
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge,  
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,  
I dare not say.

*Nov. sen.* If all may be believed  
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish  
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?  
No, my grave lords; in his impunity  
But give example unto jealous men  
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never  
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.

*Char.* You must find other proofs, to strengthen  
these

But mere presumptions.

*Du Croy.* Or we shall hardly  
Allow your innocence.

*Charal.* All your attempts  
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,  
That break themselves; or waves against a rock,  
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury

But foam and splinters: my innocence, like these,  
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve  
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest.  
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate  
can,

Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.

*Rom.* May it please the court, I may be heard?

*Nov. sen.* You come not

To rail again? but do—you shall not find  
Another Rochfort.

*Rom.* In Novall I cannot;

But I come furnished with what will stop  
The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life  
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this cha-  
racter?

*Nov. sen.* Yes, 'tis my son's.

*Rom.* May it please your lordships, read it:  
And you shall find there, with what vehemency  
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he got  
A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;  
How after, he abjured her company,  
And yet—but that 'tis fit I spare the dead—  
Like a damn'd villain, as soon as recorded,  
He brake that oath:—to make this manifest,  
Produce his bawds and her's.

*Enter Officers with* AYMER, FLORIMEL, *and*  
BELLAPERT.

*Char.* Have they ta'en their oaths?

*Rom.* They have, and, rather than endure the  
rack,

Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act;  
What would you more? only this matron made  
A free discovery to a good end;  
And therefore I sue to the court she may not  
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents.



*Pont.* I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me,  
And I shall do—— [Aside.

*Char.* 'Tis evident.

*Nov. sen.* That I  
Till now was never wretched: here's no place  
To curse him or my stars. [Exit.

*Char.* Lord Charalois,  
The injuries you have sustain'd appear  
So worthy of the mercy of the court,  
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond  
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.

*Pont.* But, in Novall, I do condemn him—  
thus. [Stabs him.

*Charal.* I am slain.

*Rom.* Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch!  
Thy challenge now I answer. So! die with him.  
[Stabs Pontalier.

*Char.* A guard! disarm him.

*Rom.* I yield up my sword  
Unforced—Oh, Charalois!

*Charal.* For shame, Romont,  
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived;  
Still constant and unmoved; what's fall'n upon  
me

Is by heaven's will, because I made myself  
A judge in my own cause, without their warrant:  
But he that lets me know thus much in death,  
With all good men—forgive me! [Dies.

*Pont.* I receive  
The vengeance which my love, not built on virtue,  
Has made me worthy, worthy of.\* [Dies.

*Char.* We are taught  
By this sad precedent, how just soever

\* *Has made me worthy, worthy of.*] The old copy repeats *worthy*, which has a good effect; when we add to this, that it also completes the verse, we shall wonder at its omission by the former editors.

Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,  
 We are yet to leave them to their will and power  
 That, to that purpose, have authority.  
 For you, Romont, although, in your excuse,  
 You may plead what you did was in revenge  
 Of the dishonour done unto the court,  
 Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,  
 We banish you the state: for these, they shall,  
 As they are found guilty or innocent,  
 Or be set free, or suffer punishment. [*Exeunt.*]

A DIRGE. See p. 375.

*Fie! cease to wonder,  
 Though you hear Orpheus with his ivory lute,  
 Move trees and rocks,  
 Charm bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute;  
 Weak foolish singer, here is one  
 Would have transform'd thyself to stone.*

A SONG BY AYMER. See p. 381.

*A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.*

Man. *Set, Phæbus, set; a fairer sun doth rise  
 From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes  
 Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;  
 Each hair a golden line, each word a hook,  
 The more I strive, the more still I am took.*

Wom. *Fair servant, come; the day these eyes do lend  
 To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend,  
 Come, strangle breath.*

Man. *What note so sweet as this,  
 That calls the spirits to a further bliss?*

Wom. *Yet this out-savours wine, and this perfume.*

Man. *Let's die; I languish, I consume.*

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his life of Rowe, pronounces of *the Fair Penitent*, "that it is one of the most pleasing Tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably

will long keep them, for that there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story," he observes, "is domestick, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or sprightly as occasion requires." Few people, I believe, will think this character of *the Fair Penitent* too lavish on the score of commendation; the high degree of publick favour in which this Tragedy has long stood, has ever attracted the best audiences to it, and engaged the talents of the best performers in its display. As there is no drama more frequently exhibited, or more generally read, I propose to give it a fair and impartial examination, jointly with the more unknown and less popular Tragedy from which it is derived.

*The Fair Penitent* is in fable and character so closely copied from *the Fatal Dowry*, that it is impossible not to take that Tragedy along with it; and it is matter of some surprise to me that Rowe should have made no acknowledgment of his imitation, either in his dedication or prologue, or any where else that I am apprised of.

This Tragedy of *the Fatal Dowry* was the joint production of Massinger and Nathaniel Field; it takes a wider compass of fable than *the Fair Penitent*, by which means it presents a very affecting scene at the opening, which discovers young Charalois, attended by his friend Romont, waiting with a petition in his hand to be presented to the judges, when they shall meet, praying the release of his dead father's body, which had been seized by his creditors, and detained in their hands for debts he had incurred in the publick service, as field-marshal of the armies of Burgundy. Massinger, to whose share this part of the Tragedy devolved, has managed this pathetick introduction with consummate skill and great expression of nature; a noble youth in the last state of worldly distress, reduced to the humiliating yet pious office of soliciting an unfeeling and unfriendly judge to allow him to pay the solemn rites of burial to the remains of an illustrious father, who had fought his country's battles with glory, and had sacrificed life and fortune in the defence of an ingrateful state, impresses the spectator's mind with pity and respect, which are felt through every passage of the Play: one thing in particular strikes me at the opening of the scene, which is the long silence that the poet has artfully imposed upon his principal character (Charalois) who stands in mute sorrow with his petition in his hand, whilst his friend Romont, and his advocate Charmi, urge him to present himself to the judges, and solicit them in person: the judges now make their entrance, they stop upon the stage; they offer him the fairest opportunity for tendering his petition and soliciting his

suit : Charalois remains fixed and speechless ; Romont, who is all eagerness in his cause, presses him again and again :

“ Now, put on your spirits.—

“ Now, sir, lose not this offer'd means : their looks

“ Fix'd on you with a pitying earnestness,

“ Invite you to demand their furtherance

“ To your good purpose.”

The judges point him out to each other ; they lament the misfortunes of his noble house ; they observe,

“ ————— It is young Charalois,

“ Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits

“ His fame and virtues only.

“ *Rom.* Ha ! they name you.

“ *Du Croy.* His father died in prison two days since.

“ *Roch.* Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state ;

“ That such a master in the art of war,

“ So noble and so highly meriting

“ From this forgetful country, should, for want

“ Of means to satisfy his creditors

“ The sums he took up for the general good,

“ Meet with an end so infamous.

“ *Rom.* Dare you ever

“ Hope for like opportunity ?”

It is in vain ; the opportunity passes off, and Charalois opens not his mouth, nor even silently tenders his petition.

I have, upon a former occasion, both generally and particularly observed upon the effects of dramatick silence : the stage cannot afford a more beautiful and touching instance than this before us : to say it is not inferiour to the silence of Hamlet upon his first appearance, would be saying too little in its favour. I have no doubt but Massinger had this very case in his thoughts, and I honour him no less for the imitating, than I should have done for striking out a silence so naturally and so delicately preserved. What could Charalois have uttered to give him that interest in the hearts of his spectators, which their own conclusions during his affecting silence have already impressed ? No sooner are the judges gone, than the ardent Romont again breaks forth :—

“ ————— This obstinate spleen,

“ You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well

“ With your black suits.”

This is Hamlet himself, his *inky cloak*, and *customary suits of solemn black*. The character of Charalois is thus fixed before he speaks ; the poet's art has given the prejudice that is to bear him in our affections through all the succeeding events of the fable ; and a striking contrast is established between the undiscerning

fiery zeal of Romont, and Charalois' fine sensibility and high-born dignity of soul.

A more methodical and regular dramatist would have stopped here, satisfied that the impression already made was fully sufficient for all the purposes of his plot; but Massinger, according to the busy spirit of the stage for which he wrote, is not alarmed by a throng of incidents, and proceeds to open the court and discuss the pleadings on the stage: the advocate Charmi, in a set harangue, moves the judges for dispensing with the rigour of the law in favour of creditors, and for rescuing the marshal's corpse out of their clutches; he is browbeaten and silenced by the presiding judge old Novall: the plea is then taken up by the impetuous Romont, and urged with so much personal insolence, that he is arrested on the spot, put in charge of the officers of the court, and taken to prison. This is a very striking mode of introducing the set oration of Charalois; a son recounting the military achievements of a newly deceased father, and imploring mercy from his creditors and the law towards his unburied remains, now claims the attention of the court, who had been hitherto unmoved by the feeble formality of a hired pleader, and the turbulent passion of an enraged soldier. Charalois' argument takes a middle course between both; the pious feelings of a son, tempered by the modest manners of a gentleman: the creditors however are implacable, the judge is hostile, and the law must take its course:

" *Cred.* It is the city doctrine;

" We stand bound to maintain it.

" *Charal* Be constant in it;

" And since you are as merciless in your natures,

" As base and mercenary in your means

" By which you get your wealth, I will not urge

" The court to take away one scruple from

" The right of their laws, or [wish] one good thought

" In you to mend your disposition with.

" I know there is no musick to your ears

" So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,

" And that the tears of widows, and the cries

" Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you.

" That to be in your danger, with more care

" Should be avoided than infectious air,

" The loathed embraces of diseased women,

" A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—

" Yet rather than my father's reverend dust

" Shall want a place in that fair monument,

" In which our noble ancestors lie intomb'd,

" Before the court I offer up myself

" A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons

"That have worn out his life; in my best strength  
 "I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,  
 "And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter,  
 "So he may be released."

There was yet another incident, which the poet's passion for business and spectacle induced him to avail himself of, viz. the funeral of the marshal; this he displays on the stage, with a train of captains and soldiers following the body of their general: Charalois and Romont, under custody of their gaolers, appear as chief mourners, and a party of creditors are concerned in the groupe.

After this solemnity is dispatched, the poet proceeds to develop the amiable generosity of old Rochfort, who, being touched with the gallant spirit of Romont, and still more penetrated with the filial piety of young Charalois, delivers them both from imprisonment and distress, by discharging the debts of the marshal, and dismissing the creditors: this also passes before the eyes of the spectators. Before Charalois has given full expression to his gratitude for this extraordinary benefaction, Rochfort follows it with a further act of bounty, which he introduces in the style of a request—

"Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit to you,  
 "Would you requite me.——  
 "This is my only child."

Beaumelle, Rochfort's daughter, is presented to Charalois; the scene is hurried on with a precipitation almost without example: Charalois asks the lady,

"Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?  
 "*Beaumel.* Yes, my lord.  
 "*Charal* You need not question me if I can you:  
 "You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,  
 "And Rochfort is your father."

The match is agreed upon as soon as proposed, and Rochfort hastens away to prepare the celebration.

In this cluster of incidents I must not fail to remark, that the poet introduces young Novall upon the scene, in the very moment when the short dialogue above quoted was passing: this Novall had before been exhibited as a suitor to Beaumelle, and his vain frivolous character had been displayed in a very ridiculous and contemptible light; he is now again introduced to be a witness of his own disappointment, and his only observation upon it is—  
 "What's this change?"—Upon the exit of the father, however, he addresses himself to the lady, and her reply gives the alarming hint, that makes discovery of the fatal turn which the plot is now about to take; for when Novall turning aside to Beaumelle, by

one word—"Mistress!"—conveys the reproach of inconstancy, she replies,

"Oh, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!

"Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:—

"You will undo me, if you speak again." [Exit.

Young Novall is left on the scene with certain followers and dependants, which hang upon his fortune, one of which, (Pontalier by name,) a man under deep obligations to him, yet of an honest nature, advises him to an honourable renunciation of all further hopes or attempts to avail himself of the affections of Beaumelle—

"——— Though you have saved my life,

"Rescued me often from my wants, I must not

"Wink at your follies, that will ruin you.

"You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—

"Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,

"Now you do see her made another man's."

This honourable advice is rejected with contempt: Novall, in whose mean bosom there does not seem a trace of virtue, avows a determined perseverance; and the poet having in this hasty manner completed these inauspicious nuptials, closes the second act of his Tragedy.

We have now expended two entire acts of *the Fatal Dowry*, in advancing to that period in the fable, at which the Tragedy of *the Fair Penitent* opens. If the author of this Tragedy thought it necessary to contract Massinger's plot, and found one upon it of a more regular construction, I know not how he could do this any otherwise, than by taking up the story at the point where we have now left it, and throwing the antecedent matter into narration; and though these two prefatory acts are full of very affecting incidents, yet the pathos which properly appertains to the plot, and conduces to the catastrophe of the Tragedy, does not in strictness take place before the event of the marriage. No critick will say that the pleadings before the judges, the interference of the creditors, the distresses of Charalois, or the funeral of the marshal, are necessary parts of the drama; at the same time no reader will deny (and neither could Rowe himself overlook) the effect of these incidents: he could not fail to foresee that he was to sacrifice very much of the interest of his fable, when he was to throw that upon narration, which his original had given in spectacle; and the loss was more enhanced by falling upon the hero of the drama; for who that compares Charalois, at the end of the second act of Massinger, with Rowe's Altamont at the opening scene of *the Fair Penitent*, can doubt which character has most interest with the spectators? We have seen the former in all the most amiable offices which filial piety could perform; enduring insults from his inveterate oppressors, and voluntarily surrendering him-

self to a prison to ransom the dead body of his father from unrelenting creditors. Altamont presents himself before us in his wedding suit, in the splendour of fortune, and at the summit of happiness; he greets us with a burst of exultation—

“ Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,

“ No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;

“ Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings!

“ Let happy lovers ever make it holy,

“ Choose it to bless their hopes and crown their wishes;

“ This happy day, that gives me my Calista!”

The rest of the scene is employed by him and Horatio alternately in recounting the benefits conferr'd upon them by the generous Sciolto; and the very same incident of the seizure of his father's corpse by the creditors, and his redemption of it, is recited by Horatio:—

“ ————— When his hard creditors,

“ Urged and assisted by Lothario's father,

“ (Foe to thy house and rival of their greatness,)

“ By sentence of the cruel law forbade

“ His venerable corpse to rest in earth,

“ Thou gavest thyself a ransom for his bones;

“ With piety uncommon didst give up

“ Thy hopeful youth to slaves, who ne'er knew mercy.”

It is not however within the reach of this, or any other description, to place Altamont in that interesting and amiable light, as circumstances have already placed Charalois; the happy and exulting bridegroom may be an object of our congratulation, but the virtuous and suffering Charalois engages our pity, love, and admiration. If Rowe would have his audience credit Altamont for that filial piety, which marks the character he copied from, it was a small oversight to put the following expression into his mouth—

“ Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!”

A closer attention to character would have reminded him that it was possible for Altamont to express his gratitude to Sciolto without setting him above a father, to whose memory he had paid such devotion.

From this contraction of his plot, by the defalcation of so many pathetick incidents, it became impossible for the author of *the Fair Penitent* to make his Altamont the hero of his Tragedy, and the leading part is taken from him by Horatio, and even by Lothario, throughout the drama. There are several reasons, which concur to sink Altamont upon the comparison with Charalois, the chief of which arises from the captivating colours in which Rowe has painted his libertine: on the contrary, Massinger gives a contemptible picture of his young Novall; he makes him not only vicious, but ridiculous; in foppery and impertinence he is the counterpart



of Shakspeare's Osrick; vain-glorious, purse-proud, and overbearing amongst his dependants; a spiritless poltroon in his interview with Romont. "Lothario," as Johnson observes, "with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness." His high spirit, brilliant qualities, and fine person are so described, as to put us in danger of false impressions in his favour, and to set the passions in opposition to the moral of the piece: I suspect that the gallantry of Lothario makes more advocates for Calista than she ought to have. There is another consideration, which operates against Altamont, and it is an indelicacy in his character, which the poet should have provided against: he marries Calista with the full persuasion of her being averse to the match; in his first meeting with Sciolto he says—

"Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,

"One kind remembrance in Calista's breast—

"——— I found her cold

"As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;

"A rising storm of passion shook her breast,

"Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,

"And then she sigh'd as if her heart were breaking.

"With all the tenderest eloquence of love

"I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief;

"But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,

"Sadly replied, her sorrows were her own,

"Nor in a father's power to dispose of."

I am aware that Sciolto attempts to parry these facts, by an interpretation too gross and unbecoming for a father's character, and only fit for the lips of a Lothario; but yet it is not in nature to suppose that Altamont could mistake such symptoms, and it fixes a meanness upon him, which prevails against his character throughout the play. Nothing of this sort, could be discovered by Mas-singer's bridegroom, for the ceremony was agreed upon and performed at the very first interview of the parties; Beaumelle gave a full and unreserved assent, and though her character suffers on the score of hypocrisy on that account, yet Charalois is saved by it: less hypocrisy appears in Calista, but hers is the deeper guilt, because she was already dishonoured by Lothario, and Beaumelle's coquetry with Novall had not yet reached the length of criminality. Add to this, that Altamont appears in the contemptible light of a suitor, whom Calista had apprised of her aversion, and to whom she had done a deliberate act of dishonour, though his person and character must have been long known to her. The case is far otherwise between Charalois and Beaumelle, who never met before, and every care is taken by the poet to save his hero from such a deliberate injury, as might convey contempt; with

this view the marriage is precipitated ; nothing is allowed to pass, that might open the character of Charalois to Beaumelle : she is hurried into an assignation with Novall immediately upon her marriage ; every artifice of seduction is employed by her confidante Bellapert, and Aymer, the parasite of Novall, to make the meeting criminal ; she falls the-victim of passion, and when detection brings her to a sense of her guilt, she makes this penitent and pathetick appeal to Charalois——

“ Oh my fate !  
 “ That never would consent that I should see  
 “ How worthy you were both of love and duty,  
 “ Before I lost you ; and my misery made  
 “ The glass in which I now behold your virtue !  
 “ With justice therefore you may cut me off,  
 “ And from your memory wash the remembrance  
 “ That e’er I was ; like to some vicious purpose,  
 “ Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,  
 “ And study to forget——  
 “ ——— Yet you shall find,  
 “ Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,  
 “ I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,  
 “ That are canonized worthy of our sex,  
 “ Transcend me in their sanctity of life ;  
 “ I yet will equal them in dying nobly,  
 “ Ambitious of no honour after life,  
 “ But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.”

Compare this with the conduct of Calista, and then decide which frail fair one has the better title to the appellation of a *penitent*, and which drama conveys the better moral by its catastrophe.

There is indeed a grossness in the older poet, which his more modern imitator has refined ; but he has only sweetened the poison, not removed its venom ; nay, by how much more palatable he has made it, so much more pernicious it is become in his tempting, sparkling cup, than in the coarse deterring dose of Massinger.

Rowe has no doubt greatly outstepped his original in the striking character of Lothario, who leaves Novall as far behind him as Charalois does Altamont : it is admitted then that Calista has as good a plea as any wanton could wish, to urge for her criminality with Lothario, and the poet has not spared the ear of modesty in his exaggerated description of the guilty-scene ; every luxurious image, that his inflamed imagination could crowd into the glowing rhapsody is there to be found, and the whole is recited in numbers so flowing and harmonious, that they not only arrest the passions but the memory also, and perhaps have been, and still can be, as generally repeated as any passage in English poetry. Massinger,

with less elegance, but not with less regard to decency, suffers the guilty act to pass within the course of his drama; the greater refinement of manners in Rowe's day did not allow of this, and he anticipated the incident; but when he revived the recollection of it by such a studied description, he plainly shewed that it was not from moral principle that he omitted it; and if he has presented his heroine to the spectators with more immediate delicacy during the compass of the play, he has at the same time given her greater depravity of mind; her manners may be more refined, but her principle is fouler than Beaumelle's. Calista, who yielded to the gallant, gay Lothario, "hot with the Tuscan grape," might perhaps have disdained a lover who addressed her in the holiday language which Novall uses to Beaumelle:

- "Best day to nature's curiosity,
- "Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!
- "Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,
- "Whose breath is perfume to our continent!——
- "See! Flora trimm'd in her varieties.——
- "No autumn nor no age ever approach
- "This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,
- "She lost her needle, and did then despair
- "Ever to work so lively and so fair!"

The letter of Calista (which brings about the discovery by the poor expedient of Lothario's dropping it and Horatio's finding it) has not even the merit of being characteristically wicked, and is both in its matter and mode below tragedy. It is, *Lothario's cruelty has determined her to yield a perfect obedience to her father, and give her hand to Altamont, in spite of her weakness for the false Lothario.*—If the lady had given her *perfect obedience* its true denomination, she had called it a most dishonourable compliance; and, if we may take Lothario's word, (who seems full correct enough in describing facts and particulars,) she had not much cause to complain of his being false; for he tells Rossano:

- "I liked her, would have married her,
- "But that it pleased her father to refuse me,
- "To make this honourable fool her husband."

It appears by this, that Lothario had not been *false* to her in the article of marriage, though he might have been *cruel* to her on the score of passion, which indeed is confessed on his part with as much *cold indifference*, as the most barefaced avowal could express.—But to return to the letter: She proceeds to tell him—*that she could almost wish she had that heart, and that honour to bestow with it, which he has robbed her of*—But lest this half wish should startle him, she adds—*But oh! I fear, could I retrieve them, I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lothario.*—This must be owned as full a reason as she could give, why she should only

*almost wish* for her lost honour, when she would make such an use of it, if she had it again at her disposal. And yet the very next paragraph throws every thing into contradiction, for she tells him—*this is the last weakness of her pen, and to morrow shall be the last in which she will indulge her eyes.* If she could keep to that resolution, I must think the recovery of her innocence would have been worth a whole wish, and many a wish; unless we are to suppose she was so devoted to guilt, that she could take delight in reflecting upon it: this is a state of depravity, which human nature hardly ever attains, and seems peculiar to Calista. She now grows very humble, and concludes in a style well suited to her humility—*Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from—*

*The lost CALISTA.*

It was very ill done of Horatio's curiosity to read this letter, and I must ever regret that he has so unhandsomely exposed a lady's private correspondence to the world.

Though the part which Horatio takes in the business of the drama is exactly that which falls to the share of Romont in *the Fatal Dowry*, yet their characters are of a very different cast; for, as Rowe had bestowed the fire and impetuosity of Romont upon his Lothario, it was a very judicious opposition to contrast it with the cool deliberate courage of the sententious Horatio, the friend and brother-in-law of Altamont.

When Horatio has read Calista's letter, which Lothario had dropped, (an accident which more frequently happens to gentlemen in comedies than in tragedies,) he falls into a very long meditation, and closes it with putting this question to himself:

"What if I give this paper to her father?"

"It follows that his justice dooms her dead,

"And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return

"For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!"

"Hold, let me take a moment's thought.—"

At this moment he is interrupted in his reflections by the presence of Lavinia, whose tender solicitude fills up the remaining part of the dialogue, and concludes the act without any decisive resolution on the part of Horatio; an incident well contrived, and introduced with much dramatick skill and effect: though pressed by his wife to disclose the cause of his uneasiness, he does not impart to her the fatal discovery he has made; this also is well in character. Upon his next entrance he has withdrawn himself from the company, and being alone resumes his meditation:

"What, if, while all are here intent on revelling,

"I privately went forth and sought Lothario?"

- "This letter may be forged; perhaps the wantonness

"Of his vain youth to stain a lady's fame;

- " Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.  
 " Oh ! no, my heart forebodes it must be true.  
 " Methought e'en now I mark'd the starts of guilt  
 " That shook her soul, though damn'd dissimulation  
 " Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to publick view  
 " A specious face of innocence and beauty."

This soliloquy is succeeded by the much-admired and striking scene between him and Lothario; rigid criticism might wish to abridge some of the sententious declamatory speeches of Horatio, and shorten the dialogue to quicken the effect; but the moral sentiment and harmonious versification are much too charming to be treated as intruders, and the author has also struck upon a natural expedient for prolonging the dialogue, without any violence to probability, by the interposition of Rossano, who acts as a mediator between the hostile parties. This interposition is further necessary to prevent a decisive rencounter, for which the fable is not ripe; neither would it be proper for Horatio to anticipate the revenge, which is reserved for Altamont: The altercation therefore closes with a challenge from Lothario:

- " West of the town a mile, amongst the rocks,  
 " Two hours ere noon to morrow I expect thee;  
 " Thy single hand to mine."

The place of meeting is not well ascertained, and the time is too long deferred for strict probability; there are, however, certain things in all dramas, which must not be too rigidly insisted upon, and provided no extraordinary violence is done to reason and common sense, the candid critick ought to let them pass: this I take to be a case in point; and though Horatio's cool courage and ready presence of mind, are not just the qualities to reconcile us to such an oversight, yet I see no reason to be severe upon the incident, which is followed by his immediate recollection:

- " Two hours ere noon to morrow ! Hah ! Ere that  
 " He sees Calista.—Oh ! unthinking fool !  
 " What if I urged her with the crime and danger ?  
 " If any spark from heaven remain unquench'd  
 " Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.  
 " Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt  
 " My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster."

Whether this be a measure altogether in character with a man of Horatio's good sense and discretion, I must own is matter of doubt with me. I think he appears fully satisfied of her actual criminality; and in that case it would be more natural for him to lay his measures for intercepting Lothario, and preventing the assignation, than to try his rhetoric in the present crisis upon the agitated mind of Calista. As it has justly occurred to him, that he has been over-reached by Lothario in the postponement of the duel,

the measure I suggest would naturally tend to hasten that rencounter. Now, though the business of the drama may require an explanation between Horatio and Calista, whereupon to ground an occasion for his interesting quarrel with Altamont; yet I do not see any necessity to make that a premeditated explanation, nor to sacrifice character, by a measure that is inconsistent with the better judgment of Horatio. The poet, however, has decreed it otherwise, and a deliberate interview with Calista and Horatio accordingly takes place. This, although introduced with a solemn invocation on his part, is very clumsily conducted :

“ Teach me, some Power ! that happy art of speech

“ To dress my purpose up in gracious words,

“ Such as may softly steal upon her soul,

“ And never waken the tempestuous passions.”

Who can expect, after this preparation, to hear Horatio thus break his secret to Calista ?

“ Lothario and Calista !—Thus they join

“ Two names, which heaven decreed should never meet.

“ Hence have the talkers of this populous city

“ A shameful tale to tell for publick sport,

“ Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,

“ Who plightd to a noble youth her faith,

“ When she had given her honour to a wretch.”

This I hold to be totally out of nature ; first, because it is a palpable departure from his resolution to use “ gracious words ;” next, because it has a certain tendency to produce rage and not repentance ; and thirdly, because it is founded in exaggeration and falsehood ; for how is he warranted to say that the story is the publick talk and sport of the city ? If it were so, what can his interference avail ? why seek this interview ?

“ Why come to tell her how she might be happy ?

“ To soothe the secret anguish of her soul ?

“ To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,

“ And teach her steps to know the paths of peace ?”

No judge of nature will think he takes the means to lead her into the “ paths of peace,” by hurrying her to the very brink of desperation. I need not enlarge upon this observation, and shall therefore only remark, that the scene breaks up, as might be expected, with the following proof of her penitence, and his success in persuasion :

“ Henceforth, thou officious fool,

“ Meddle no more, nor dare, even on thy life,

“ To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue :

“ I am myself the guardian of my honour,

“ And will not bear so insolent a monitor.”

Let us now enquire how Romont (the Horatio of Massinger)

conducts this incident, a character from whom less discretion is to be expected than from his philosophical successor. Romont himself discovers Beaumelle and Novall engaged in the most wanton familiarities, and with a warmth suitable to his zeal, breaks up the amorous conference by driving Novall off the scene with inefable contempt: he then applies himself to the lady, and with a very natural and manly spirit says,

“ ——— I respect you,

“ Not for yourself, but in remembrance of

“ Who is your father, and whose wife you now are.”

She replies to him with contempt and ridicule; he resumes the same characteristick strain he set out with, and proceeds :

“ ——— My intents,

“ Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay

“ To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it

“ To spend on such as know how to admire

“ Such colour’d stuff. In me, there now speaks to you

“ As true a friend and servant to your honour,

“ And one that will with as much hazard guard it,

“ As ever man did goodness:——but then, lady,

“ You must endeavour, not alone to BE,

“ But to APPEAR, worthy such love and service.”

We have just now heard Horatio reproach Calista with the reports that were circulated against her reputation; let us compare it with what Romont says upon the same subject:

“ ——— But yet be careful:

“ Detraction’s a bold monster, and fears not

“ To wound the fame of princes, if it find

“ But any blemish in their lives to work on.

“ But I’ll be plainer with you: had the people

“ Been learn’d to speak but what even now I saw,

“ Their malice out of that would raise an engine

“ To overthrow your honour. In my sight,

“ With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,

“ You used familiarity beyond

“ A modest entertainment: you embraced him

“ With too much ardour for a stranger, and

“ Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.

“ But learn you to forget him, as I will

“ Your bounties to him; you will find it safer

“ Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.”

What avails it to attempt drawing a comparison between this conduct and that of Horatio’s, where no comparison is to be made? I leave it to the reader, and decline a task at once so unnecessary and ungrateful.

When Romont finds no impression is to be made upon Beau-

melle, he meets her father, and immediately falls into the same reflection that Horatio had struck upon:

“ ————— Her father?—ha!—

“ How if I break this to him? sure it cannot

“ Meet with an ill construction: his wisdom,

“ Made powerful by the authority of a father,

“ Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.

“ It shall be so.—

If this step needs excuse, the reader will consider that it is a step of prevention. The experiment however fails, and he is rebuffed with some asperity by Rochfort; this draws on a scene between him and Charalois, which, as it is too long to transcribe, so it is throughout too excellent to extract any part from it. I can only express my surprise, that the author of *the Fair Penitent*, with this scene before him, could conduct his interview between Altamont and Horatio upon a plan so widely different, and so much inferior: I must suppose he thought it a strong incident to make Altamont give a blow to his friend, else he might have seen an interview carried on with infinitely more spirit, both of language and character, between Charalois and Romont, in circumstances exactly similar, where no such violence was committed, or even meditated. Was it because Pierre had given a blow to Jaffier, that Altamont was to repeat the like indignity to Horatio, for a woman, of whose aversion he had proofs not to be mistaken? Charalois is a character at least as high and irritable as Altamont, and Romont is out of all comparison more rough and plain-spoken than Horatio: Charalois might be deceived into an opinion of Beaumelle's affection for him; Altamont could not deceive himself into such a notion, and the lady had testified her dislike of him in the strongest terms, accompanied with symptoms which he himself had described as indicating some rooted and concealed affliction: could any solution be more natural than what Horatio gives? Novall was a rival so contemptible, that Charalois could not, with any degree of probability, consider him as an object of his jealousy; it would have been a degradation of his character, had he yielded to such a suspicion: Lothario, on the contrary, was of all men living the most to be apprehended by a husband, let his confidence or vanity be ever so great. Rowe, in his attempt to *surprise*, has sacrificed nature and the truth of character for stage-effect; Massinger, by preserving both nature and character, has conducted his friends through an angry altercation with infinitely more spirit, more pathos, and more dramatic effect, and yet dismissed them with the following animated and affecting speech from Charalois to his friend:

“ ————— Thou art not my friend,

“ Or being so, thou art mad: I must not buy

“ Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,



"Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury  
 "Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all  
 "Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.  
 "Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.  
 "Farewell, uncivil man! let's meet no more:  
 "Here our long web of friendship I untwist.  
 "Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,  
 "For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,  
 "That open'd mine to me? yes; if I do,  
 "The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!  
 "I am a Frenchman, no Italian born."

[Exit.

It is plain that Altamont at least was an exception to this remark upon Italian husbands. I shall pursue this comparison no further, nor offer any other remark upon the incident of the blow given by Altamont, except with regard to Horatio's conduct upon receiving it; he draws his sword, and immediately suspends resentment upon the following motive:

"Yet hold! By heav'n, his father's in his face!  
 "Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness,  
 "And I could rather die myself than hurt him."

We must suppose it was the martial attitude that Altamont had put himself into, which brought the resemblance of his father so strongly to the observation of Horatio, otherwise it was a very unnatural moment to recollect it in, when he had just received the deepest insult one man can give to another: it is however worth a remark, that this father of Altamont should act on both sides, and yet miscarry in his mediation; for it is but a few passages before that Altamont says to Horatio:

"Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee well;  
 "A venerable mark of him  
 "Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.  
 "I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee."

What this mark was is left to conjecture; but it is plain it was as seasonable for Horatio's rescue at this moment, as it was for Altamont a few moments after, who had certainly overlooked it when he struck the very friend against whom he could not, dared not lift his sword.

When Lavinia's entrance has parted Altamont and Horatio, her husband complains to her of the ingratitude with which he has been treated, and says:

"He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,  
 "With barbarous bloody malice sought my life."

These are very extraordinary terms for a man like Horatio to use, and seem to convey a charge very unfit for him to make, and of a very different nature from the hasty insult he had received;

in fact it appears as if the blow had totally reversed his character, for the resolution he takes in consequence of this personal affront, is just such an one as would be only taken by the man who dared not to resent it:

“ From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,

“ To some more honest distant clime we'll go;

“ Nor will I be beholden to my country

“ For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.”

That Horatio's heroism did not consist in the ready forgiveness of injuries, is evident from the obstinate sullenness with which he rejects the penitent apologies of Altamont in the further progress of the play; I am at a loss therefore to know what colour the poet meant to give his character, by disposing him to quit his country with this insult unatoned for, and the additional stigma upon him of running away from his appointment with Lothario for the next morning “ amongst the rocks.” Had he meant to bring him off upon the repugnance he felt of resenting any injury against the son of a father, whose image was so visible “ in his face,” that his “ heart ran o'er with fondness in spite of his wrongs, and he could rather die than hurt him ;” surely that image would have interceded no less powerfully for him, when, penetrated with remorse, he intercedes for pity and forgiveness, and even faints at his feet with agony at his unrelenting obduracy: It would be unfair to suppose he was more like his father when he had dealt him an insulting blow, than when he was atoning for an injury by the most ample satisfaction and submission.

This is the light in which the conduct of Horatio strikes me; if I am wrong, I owe an atonement to the manes of an elegant poet, which upon conviction of my error, I will study to pay in the fullest manner I am able.

It now remains only to say a few words upon the catastrophe, in which the author varies from his original, by making Calista destroy herself with a dagger, put into her hand for that purpose by her father: If I am to moralize upon this proceeding of Sciolto, I know full well the incident cannot bear up against it; a Roman father would stand the discussion better than a Christian one; and I also know that the most natural expedient is unluckily a most undramatick one; yet the poet did not totally overlook it, for he makes Sciolto's first thought turn upon a convent, if I rightly understand the following passage:

“ Hence from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee:

“ Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,

“ Where, on the confines of eternal night,

“ Mourning, misfortunes, cares, and anguish dwell ;

“ Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,

“ And death and hell detested rule maintain ;

"There howl out the remainder of thy life,

"And wish thy name may be no more remember'd."

Whilst I am transcribing these lines a doubt strikes me that I have misinterpreted them, and yet Calista's answer seems to point to the meaning I had suggested; perhaps however they are mere ravings in fine numbers without any determinate idea: whatever they may be, it is clear they do not go to the length of death: he tells Altamont, as soon as she is departed:

"I wo' not kill her;

"Yet by the ruin she has brought upon us,

"The common infamy that brands us both,

"She sha' not 'scape."

He seems in this moment to have formed the resolution, which he afterwards puts upon execution; he prompts her to self-murder, and arms her for the act: this may save the spectators a sight too shocking to behold, but does it convey less horror to the heart, than if he had put her to death with his own hand? a father killing his child for incontinence with the man whom he had not permitted to marry her, when he solicited his consent, is an act too monstrous to reflect upon: is that father less a monster, who, deliberately and after full reflection, puts a dagger into her hand and bids her commit self-murder? I should humbly conceive the latter act a degree in guilt beyond the former; especially when I hear that father coolly demanding of his victim, if she has reflected upon what may happen after death:

"Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?

"How thy account may stand, and what to answer?"

A parent surely would turn that question upon his own heart, before he precipitated his unprepared child to so awful and uncertain an account: rage and instant revenge may find some plea; sudden passion may transport even a father to lift his hand against his own offspring; but this act of Sciolto has no shelter but in heaven authority:

"'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,

"That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome

"Was mistress of the world."

Did ever poetry beguile a man into such an allusion? and to what does that piece of information tend "that Rome was mistress of the world?" If this is human nature, it would almost tempt one to reply in Sciolto's own words:

"I cou'd curse nature."

But it is no more like nature, than the following sentiments of Calista are like the sentiments of a penitent, or a Christian:

"That I must die it is my only comfort.

"Death is the privilege of human nature,

"And life without it were not worth our taking—"

And again,

- " Yet heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect natures,
- " How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
- " Makes not too strict enquiry for offences,
- " But is aton'd by penitence and prayer.
- " Cheap recompense! here 'twould not be receiv'd;
- " Nothing but blood can make the expiation.

Such is the catastrophe of Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, such is the representation he gives us of human nature, and such the moral of his tragedy.

I shall conclude with an extract or two from the catastrophe of *the Fatal Dowry*: and first for the penitence of Beaumelle, I shall select only the following speech addressed to her husband:

- " ——— I dare not move you
- " To hear me speak. I know my fault is far
- " Beyond qualification or excuse;
- " That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
- " To think of mercy; only I presume
- " To entreat you would be pleased to look upon
- " My sorrow for it, and believe these tears
- " Are the true children of my grief, and not
- " A woman's cunning."

I need not point out the contrast between this and the quotations from Calista. It will require a longer extract to bring the conduct of Rochfort into comparison with that of Sciolto: the reader will observe that Novall's dead body is now on the scene, Charalois, Beaumelle, and Rochfort her father, are present. The charge of adultery is urged by Charalois, and appeal is made to the justice of Rochfort in the case:

- " *Roch.* What answer makes the prisoner?
- " *Beaumel.* I confess
- " The fact I am charged with, and yield myself
- " Most miserably guilty.
- " *Roch.* Heaven take mercy
- " Upon your soul, then! it must leave your body.—
- " —Since that the politick law provides that servants,
- " To whose care we commit our goods, shall die
- " If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,
- " To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up
- " All he received from his brave ancestors,
- " Or he could leave to his posterity,
- " His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety
- " All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,
- " Which thy - - lust, a thief, hath now stolen from him;
- " And therefore——
- " *Charal.* Stay, just judge;—may not what's lost
- " By her one fault (for I am charitable,

"And charge her not with many) be forgotten

"In her fair life hereafter ?

"*Rock.* Never, sir.

"The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed

"Repentant tears can never expiate;

"And be assured, to pardon such a sin

"Is an offence as great as to commit it."

In consequence of this the husband strikes her dead before her father's eyes: the act indeed is horrid; even Tragedy shrinks from it, and nature with a father's voice instantly cries out—"Is she dead then?—and you have kill'd her?"—Charalois avows it, and pleads his sentence for the deed; the revolting agonized parent breaks forth into one of the most pathetick, natural, and expressive lamentations, that the English drama can produce :

"————— But I pronounced it

"As a judge only, and a friend to justice;

"And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,

"Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off

"The love and soft affection of a father.

"I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe

"Of red-died cruelty; but, in return,

"You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.

"I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband; but

"You closed your eyes against me as a father.

"O Beaumelle! my daughter!

"*Charal.* This is madness.

"*Rock.* Keep from me!—Could not one good thought rise up,

"To tell you that she was my age's comfort,

"Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,

"And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?

"Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth

"To urge my many merits, which I may

"Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,

"Flint-hearted Charalois!—

"*Charal.* Nature does prevail

"Above your virtue."

What conclusions can I draw from these comparative examples, which every reader would not anticipate? Is there a man, who has any feeling for real nature, dramatick character, moral sentiment, tragick pathos, or nervous diction, who can hesitate, even for a moment, where to bestow the palm? CUMBERLAND. *Observer*, Nos. LXXVII. LXXVIII. LXXIX.

This fine Tragedy has obtained more attention than usual from the criticks; yet less has been said of its direct, than its relative merits; and *the Fatal Dowry* has been chiefly studied

for the sake of a comparison with *the Fair Penitent*. I do not know if some injury has not been done to it by this mode of treatment. Under the influence of a double enquiry, some circumstances have been passed by with little or no notice; and others, perhaps, have been unduly magnified. The question has been, not what was written by Massinger, but what was imitated by Rowe. While both the dramas have been thus considered together, the scope of one of them has not been exactly defined: and what was gained by a complication of design, was lost to simplicity of judgment. Indeed, no great benefit of either kind can be derived from the brief and desultory views of Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Davies: but the reader will receive both pleasure and instruction from the comparison of Mr. Cumberland.

Not to have a strong and intimate feeling of *the Fatal Dowry*, is to be hardened against the most affecting representation of virtue goaded by injuries to an unlawful revenge. The story is strongly and circumstantially unfolded, and fixes our attention to its progress by the impression, which it generally wears, of common life. The language too, is, with some exceptions, which will be presently noticed, the language of nature and of business. The characters are drawn with a profusion of force and variety. Charalois is placed twice before the seat of justice: and Massinger has had the address to preserve an extraordinary interest for him, whether he appears as a suppliant or a criminal. He unites many rare and apparently opposite qualities. His severity and reserve are happily reconciled with the tenderness of his filial piety, his intrepidity with his gentleness of temper, his inflexible firmness with his melting compassion. He is marked with the gracefulness as well as the force of virtue: nor can the rash act of which he is guilty compel the reader to abandon him, though it shocks our feelings. His provocations secure our pity; his dying acknowledgments tend to restore our esteem; and, in his own words, there is

“ ——— no eye, but is ready with a tear

“ To witness ’tis shed for him ——— ”

Romont is well contrasted with him; he is marked with all the vehemence of honesty; irritation is the characteristick attendant of his fidelity; he loses his own temper in the noble zeal of preserving the innocence of others: and he draws his sword upon his best friend, that he may compel him to give more attention to his security. Pontalier again is a variety of Romont, though of an inferiour cast. He carries his friendship to crime, and murders Charalois to shew his gratitude to Novall. There is a secret link which binds these characters together. They wish to be virtuous; but, by too much indulgence of passion concerning it, they fall into imprudence or guilt. On

the other hand, the fixed quality of Rochfort is the admiration of virtue. On this is founded the condemnation of Beaumelle, as well as his generosity to Charalois. Indeed at her fall he melts into sudden tenderness towards her: and nothing can be more finely natural than his grief and his reproaches of the man whom he loves. But after this burst of feeling, he returns to his settled principle; and the rash but much injured Charalois is still the object of his regard.

Old Novall might be designed only as an enemy to the cause of Charalois, and as a contrast to Rochfort. But the reprobation of him is so frequently indulged, and with such vehemence and accumulation of circumstances, as to raise a suspicion that a portrait was intended. His hard and insulting disposition, his savage abuse, and his readiness to "cross every deserving soldier and scholar," seem to allude to Sir Edward Coke, and to the base and unfeeling treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh. But it is impossible to notice all the observable parts of this admirable Tragedy. I will proceed to the moral, after the discussion of a point or two with Mr. M. Mason. In a very summary manner he has pronounced that the second, third, and part of the fourth act, were not written by Massinger.

There is an apparent change of writing in the second act; and Charalois himself, though some of his thoughts and expressions are excellent, spoils his grief with too much fondness for antitheses, and metaphors coldly and formally drawn out. He becomes a quibbler too as he proceeds, and does not express, with his usual frankness, either his gratitude or his love. The business is also unduly hurried on; (though Massinger himself is strongly marked with this precipitation,) and the musick which lately played at the funeral of the marshal, is too quickly called upon to celebrate the marriage of Charalois. But in the third act Massinger seems to me to return. The proof of this shall not rest upon the general style of it, for that would not so effectually determine the question, but upon the similarity of thoughts and expressions scattered throughout his other plays. In the very first scene, Bellapert uses a significant image which Antoninus has employed in *the Virgin Martyr*. Romont afterwards observes, that it is as easy to "prop a falling tower," as to "stay a woman" who has once given herself to viciousness: and this thought, with the very expression of it, has been used by Mathias in *the Picture*. Charalois infers that the lion is not to be insulted because he does not happen to be angry: and Theodosius has lately dwelt with some enlargement on this very instance. Romont hopes that his discovery of Beaumelle's infidelity will not "meet with an ill construction," and uses perhaps the most common phrase of Massinger. He remarks

too that women have "no cunning to gull the world;"—a method of affirmation frequent with Massinger. Shall I add more proof? Rochfort says to Beaumelle, "I have that confidence in your goodness, I"—a reduplication which cannot be missed by any reader of these plays. Yet the language of Rochfort himself is adduced by Mr. M. Mason, to prove that this act was not written by Massinger. Rochfort utters scarcely more than twenty lines in the whole act; and from that small portion the above is one instance to the contrary of the assertion. It would be superfluous to say more, though similar incidents might also be produced. I shall only draw the proper conclusion: if this Play was written at the early time supposed by Mr. Malone, Massinger must either have made it a storehouse from which to draw incidents and images for his future plays, a supposition not very probable, or he must have consented to adopt for ever the thoughts of Field in preference to his own: a supposition still less probable. Again,—if it was written in the order in which it is now printed, Field would hardly have been allowed to plunder him of his most familiar thoughts by way of assisting him. In either case the third act must be given to Massinger. Field is welcome to the first scene of the fourth act, if that is the part claimed for him by Mr. M. Mason.

I pass, with pleasure, from this uninteresting enquiry to a great moral, which, after all the discussion bestowed upon this Play, is as yet fresh and untouched.

Charalois slew an offending wife, and the partner of her crime, with his own hand, and was himself slain. Vengeance belongs to heaven; and by the divine will, the administration of it for moral purposes is vested in the laws. To avenge our own cause is to despise the seat of justice, and the order of providence; and to involve ourselves in guilt and the punishment of it. Virtue must employ only virtuous means in the coercion of vice itself. Her injuries will therefore wait upon the laws; for in the very forms of justice there is virtue. DR. IRELAND.



By an oversight, for which it is scarcely worth accounting, the following despicable rhymes were omitted after those which are given at the conclusion of this Play. They are supposed to be sung p. 424. By a fatality in blundering which seems to attend Mr. M. Mason and his coadjutor, Davies, they are referred to "the end of the second act"! though one of them is expressly quoted by Aymer, as what he was about to sing, Act IV. sc. ii.

*Citizens' SONG of the Courtier.*

*Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,  
From this lesson learn to thrive;  
If thou match a lady, that passes thee in birth and  
state,  
Let her curious garments be  
Twice above thine own degree;  
This will draw great eyes upon her,  
Get her servants, and thee honour.*

*Courtier's SONG of the Citizens.*

*Poor citizen, if thou will be  
A happy husband, learn of me  
To set thy wife first in thy shop;  
A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor man  
up.  
What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare,  
A woman still is current ware;  
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;  
But, whilst thou art at t'other end,  
Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,  
Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;  
And after supper, for her sake,  
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake;  
What though the gallants call thee Mome!  
Yet with thy lantern light her home;  
Then look into the town, and tell  
If no such tradesmen there do well.*

**A**

**NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.**

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.] This "Comedy" does not appear in Sir Henry Herbert's book ; it must, however, have been produced on the stage before 1633,\* in which year it was printed for Henry Seyle. The author of *the Companion to the Playhouse* terms it "one of the best of the old comedies, and, in his opinion, the very best of Massinger's writing." It is, indeed, a most admirable piece ; but while *the City Madam*, and two or three others of this writer's comedies remain, it will not, I think, be universally placed at the head of the list.

This play is preceded by two short commendatory poems, by Sir Thomas Jay, and Sir Henry Moody ; the former of which must have been peculiarly gratifying to Massinger, as Sir Thomas was no flatterer.

*The New Way to pay Old Debts* was extremely well received on its first appearance, and, as the quarto informs us, "often acted at the Phoenix in Drurie Lane." It has been revived at different periods with considerable success, and still holds a distinguished place on the stage.

\* There are several allusions to a state of war in it ; and peace had been made with France and Spain in 1629.

TO  
The Right Honourable,  
ROBERT EARL OF CARNARVON,  
MASTER-FALCONER OF ENGLAND.

MY GOOD LORD,

*PARDON, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady,\* and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,*

*your honour's true servant,*

PHILIP MASSINGER.

\* Anna Sophia, daughter of Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and wife of Robert Dormer Earl of Carnarvon, who was slain at Newbury, fighting for his king, 20th September, 1643. MALONE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Lord Lovell.*

*Sir Giles Overreach, a cruel extortioner.*

*Frank Wellborn, a prodigal.*

*Tom Allworth, a young gentleman, page to lord Lovell.*

*Greedy, a hungry justice of peace.*

*Marrall, a term-driver; a creature of sir Giles Overreach.*

*Order, steward*

*Amble, usher*

*Furnace, cook*

*Watchall, porter*

*Willdo, a parson.*

*Tapwell, an alehouse keeper.*

*Creditors, Servants, &c.*

*Lady Allworth, a rich widow.*

*Margaret, Overreach's daughter.*

*Froth, Tapwell's wife.*

*Chambermaid.*

*Waiting Woman.*

*SCENE, the country near Nottingham.*

# NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Before Tapwell's House.*

*Enter WELLBORN in tattered apparel, TAPWELL, and FROTH.*

*Well.* No bouse? nor no tobacco?

*Tap.* Not a suck, sir;

Nor the remainder of a single can

Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.

*Froth.* Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

*Well.* Verity, you brache!<sup>1</sup>

The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?

*Tap.* Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,

To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me, And take the name yourself.

*Well.* How, dog!

*Tap.* Even so, sir.

<sup>1</sup> *Well.* Verity, you brache!

*The devil turn'd precisian!]* For brache see Vol. I. p. 209. A precisian is a puritan; a very general object of dislike in those times.

## 482 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

And I must tell you, if you but advance  
Your Plymouth cloak,<sup>2</sup> you shall be soon in-  
structed

There dwells, and within call, if it please your  
worship,

A potent monarch, call'd a constable,  
That does command a citadel call'd the stocks;  
Whose guards are certain files of rusty<sup>3</sup> billmen,  
Such as with great dexterity will haul  
Your tatter'd, lousy——

*Well.* Rascal! slave!

*Froth.* No rage, sir.

*Tap.* At his own peril: Do not put yourself  
In too much heat, there being no water near  
To quench your thirst; and, sure, for other  
liquor,

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,  
You must no more remember; not in a dream,  
sir.

<sup>2</sup> *And I must tell you, if you but advance*

*Your Plymouth cloak,*] Coxeter, ignorant of the meaning  
of this expression, boldly changed it to *pile-worn cloak*! and so  
it stands in his, and Mr. M. Mason's precious editions; though  
why Tapwell should be so irritated by the *advancing of a pile-  
worn cloak*, neither of the gentlemen have thought fit to explain.  
When Wellborn exclaims, "How, dog!" he raises his *cudgel*  
to beat Tapwell, who threatens him, in his turn, with a con-  
stable, &c. if he presumes to *strike* him; this is the purport of  
the passage. That a *staff* was anciently called a *Plymouth cloak*  
may be proved by many instances; but the two following will  
be sufficient:

"Whose cloak, at Plymouth spun, was crab-tree wood."

DAVENANT, Fol. p. 229.

"Do you hear, frailty? shall I walk in a *Plymouth cloak*, that  
is to say, like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a *crab-tree*  
*cudgel* in my hand?" *The Honest Whore*.

<sup>3</sup> *Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,*] Coxeter and  
Mr. M. Mason have—*lusty billmen*: the old reading is surely  
more humorous.

*Well.* Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

*Tap.* I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell Does keep no other register.

*Well.* Am not I he  
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? wert thou not  
Born on my father's land, and proud to be  
A drudge in his house?

*Tap.* What I was, sir, it skills not;  
What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell,  
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,  
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,  
My quondam master, was a man of worship,  
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and  
quorum,

And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*;  
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great  
house,

Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,  
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,  
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—

*Well.* Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

*Froth.* Very hardly;  
You cannot out\* of your way.

*Tap.* But to my story:  
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,  
And I your under butler; note the change now:  
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,  
With choice of running horses: mistresses  
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot  
As their embraces made your lordships melt;

\* *You cannot out of your way.*] The modern editors misunderstanding this simple phrase, have been pleased to adapt it to their own conceptions; they read,

*You cannot be out of your way!*



## 484 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,  
(Resolving not to lose a drop of them,)  
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,  
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left  
you.

*Well.* Some curate hath penn'd this invective,  
mongrel,  
And you have studied it.

*Tap.* I have not done yet :  
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a  
token,<sup>5</sup>  
You grew the common borrower ; no man scaped  
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman  
To the beggars on highways, that sold you  
switches

In your gallantry.

*Well.* I shall switch your brains out.

*Tap.* Where<sup>6</sup> poor Tim Tapwell, with a little  
stock,  
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage ;  
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,  
Gave entertainment——

*Well.* Yes, to whores and canters,<sup>7</sup>  
Clubbers by night.

<sup>5</sup> *Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,*] “During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thenceforward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of the publick, therefore, tradesmen were permitted to coin small money, or *tokens*, as they were called, which were used for change.” *Old Plays*, Vol. III. p. 267. These little pieces are mentioned by most of our old writers ; their value is not ascertained, but seems to have been about a farthing.

<sup>6</sup> *Where poor Tim Tapwell, &c.*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *When poor Tim Tapwell, &c.* but the quarto is right. *Where* stands for *whereas*, as it frequently does in our ancient writers.

<sup>7</sup> ————— *canters,*] i. e. Rogues, sturdy beggars, &c.

*Tap.* True, but they brought in profit,  
And had a gift to pay for what they called for;  
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor  
income

I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish  
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time  
May rise to be overseer of the poor;  
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,  
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter,  
And you shall thank my worship.

*Well.* Thus, you dog-bolt,  
And thus—— [*Beats and kicks him.*]

*Tap.* Cry out for help!

*Well.* Stir, and thou diest!  
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save  
you.

Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! did not I  
Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots,  
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to  
clean them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever  
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst  
Live like an emperor; 'twas I that gave it  
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

*Tap.* I must, sir;  
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,  
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound  
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,  
If they grew poor like you.

*Well.* They are well rewarded  
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds  
rich.

Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!—  
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help  
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar;  
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*]

486 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Tap.* Oh !

*Froth.* Ask mercy.

*Enter ALLWORTH.*

*Well.* 'Twill not be granted.

*All.* Hold, for my sake hold.

Deny me, Frank ! they are not worth your anger.

*Well.* For once thou hast redeem'd them from  
this sceptre ;\*

But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,  
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

*Froth.* This comes of your prating, husband ;  
you presumed

On your ambling wit, and must use your glib  
tongue,

Though you are beaten lame for't.

*Tap.* Patience, Froth ;

There's law to cure our bruises.

[*They go off on their hands and knees.*]

*Well.* Sent to your mother ?<sup>2</sup>

*All.* My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all !

She's such a mourner for my father's death,

And, in her love to him, so favours me,

That I cannot pay too much observance to her :

There are few such stepdames.

*Well.* 'Tis a noble widow,

And keeps her reputation pure, and clear

\* *Well.* For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre ;]  
The old copy has a marginal explanation here ; it says, " his  
cudgel," i. e. the *Plymouth cloak* mentioned in a former page.

<sup>2</sup> *Well.* Sent to your mother ?] If Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason  
had but patience to have read a little further, they would have  
seen that Allworth was dispatched on his present errand by Lord  
Lovell ; and might then have suffered the text to stand as Mas-  
singer left it. They inaccurately read :

*Well.* Sent for to your mother !

From the least taint of infamy ; her life,  
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no  
tongue

To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,  
Has she no suitors ?

*All.* Even the best of the shire, Frank,  
My lord, excepted ; such as sue, and send,  
And send, and sue again, but to no purpose ;  
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence.  
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,  
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her  
A liberal entertainment : I can give you  
A catalogue of her suitors' names.

*Well.* Forbear it,  
While I give you good counsel : I am bound to it.  
Thy father was my friend ; and that affection  
I bore to him, in right descends to thee ;  
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,  
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,  
If I with any danger can prevent it.

*All.* I thank your noble care ; but, pray you,  
in what  
Do I run the hazard ?

*Well.* Art thou not in love ?  
Put it not off with wonder.

*All.* In love, at my years !

*Well.* You think you walk in clouds, but are  
transparent.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.*] The old reading was,

*You think you walk in clouds, but are transient,*  
Which was certainly an error of the press. COXETER and M.  
MASON.

So say the former editors: the truth, however, is, that the old reading is *trans-rent*, and the omission of *pa* was solely occasioned by a break in the line. It is pleasant to see Mr. M. Mason vouch for the reading of a copy into which he never

# 488. A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;

And, with my finger, can point out the north star  
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;

And, to confirm this true, what think you of  
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir  
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it<sup>2</sup> blush and  
start,

To hear her only named? blush at your want  
Of wit and reason.

*All.* You are too bitter, sir.

*Well.* Wounds of this nature are not to be  
cured

With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:  
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's  
lodge,<sup>3</sup>

And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,  
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear  
'Twill be concluded for impossible,  
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,  
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,  
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him;  
Court-waiters not exempted.

*All.* This is madness.

Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,  
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever  
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,  
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,  
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer  
There's such disparity in their conditions,

condescended to look, and of the existence of which it is for  
his credit to suppose him altogether ignorant.

<sup>2</sup> Does it *blush and start*,] So the quarto; the modern editors  
poorly read—Dost *blush*, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge*,] The first  
degree of servitude, as I have already observed; see Vol I,  
p. 292.

Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,  
And the base churl her father.

*Well.* Grant this true,  
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope  
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father  
Ruin'd thy state?

*All.* And your's too.

*Well.* I confess it.'

True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,  
That, where impossibilities are apparent,  
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.  
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)  
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great  
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,  
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his  
own too,——

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,  
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,  
And prosper in it.

*All.* You have well advised me.

But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious  
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own:  
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

*Well.* No matter, no matter.

*All.* Yes, 'tis much material:

You know my fortune, and my means; yet some-  
thing

I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

*Well.* How's this?

*All.* Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces,  
To put you in better fashion.

*Well.* Money from thee!

*Well.* I confess it.

*True; I must &c.*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M.  
Mason, that they may spoil the metre of two lines, read,

*Well.* I confess it true.

*I must &c.*

## 490 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

From a boy ! a stipendiary ! one that lives  
At the devotion of a stepmother,  
And the uncertain favour of a lord !  
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune  
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me ;  
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,  
And thus accoutred ; know not where to eat,  
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy ;  
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer ;  
And as I, in my madness, broke my state,  
Without the assistance of another's brain,  
In my right wits I'll piece it ; at the worst,  
Die thus, and be forgotten.

*All.* A strange humour !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Lady Allworth's House.*

*Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL.*

*Ord.* Set all things right, or, as my name is  
Order,

And by this staff of office, that commands you,  
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,  
Whoever misses in his function,  
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his  
breakfast,

And privilege in the wine-cellar.

*Amb.* You are merry,  
Good master steward.

*Furn.* Let him ; I'll be angry.

*Amb.* Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve  
o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taking up ; then 'tis allow'd  
Cooks, by their places, may be cholerick.

*Furn.* You think you have spoke wisely, good-man Amble,  
My lady's go-before !

*Ord.* Nay, nay, no wrangling.

*Furn.* 'Twit me with the authority of the kitchen !

At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry ;  
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers  
I will be angry.

*Amb.* There was no hurt meant.

*Furn.* I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.

*Ord.* With whom ?

*Furn.* No matter whom : yet, now I think on it,  
I am angry with my lady.

*Watch.* Heaven forbid, man !

*Ord.* What cause has she given thee ?

*Furn.* Cause enough, master steward.

I was entertained by her to please her palate,  
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.  
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,  
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting  
sauces,

And raise fortifications<sup>s</sup> in the pastry,  
Such as might serve for models in the Low  
Countries ;

Which, if they had been practised at Breda,  
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er  
took it —

<sup>s</sup> *And raise fortifications in the pastry —*

*Which, if they had been practised at Breda,*

*Spinola &c.*] This was one of the most celebrated sieges of the time, and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Spinola sat down before Breda on the 26th of August, 1624, and the town did not surrender until the 1st of July in the following year. The besieged suffered incredible hardships : " butter," says the historian, Herman Hugo, " was sold for six florins a pound ; a calf of 17 days old, for forty-eight ; a hog,



## 492 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Amb.* But you had wanted matter there to work on.

*Furn.* Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,

I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.

*Ord.* But what's this to your pet against my lady?

*Furn.* What's this? marry this; when I am three parts roasted,

And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare herviands,  
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,  
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

*Ord.* But your art is seen in the dining-room.

*Furn.* By whom?

By such as pretend love to her; but come  
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies  
That do devour her, I am out of charity  
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire  
That's stolen into commission.

*Ord.* Justice Greedy?

*Furn.* The same, the same: meat's cast away  
upon him,

It never thrives; he holds this paradox,  
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:  
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,  
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.

[*Knocking within.*

*Watch.* One knocks.

[*Exit.*

for one hundred and fifteen; and tobacco, for one hundred florins the lb.:" this was after they had consumed most of the horses. A few days after, the narrator adds, that "as much tobacco as in other places might have been had for ten florins, was sold in Breda for twelve hundred!" It appears that this tobacco was used as "physick, it being the only remedy they had against the scurvy."

The raising of fortifications in pastry seems to have been a fashionable practice, since I scarcely recollect the details of any great entertainment in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, where the fortifications of the cook or the confectioner are not duly commemorated.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 493

*Ord.* Our late young master!

*Re-enter WATCHALL with ALLWORTH.*

*Amb.* Welcome, sir.

*Furn.* Your hand;

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

*Ord.* His father's picture in little.

*Furn.* We are all your servants.

*Amb.* In you he lives.

*All.* At once, my thanks to all;  
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*

*Ord.* Her presence answers for us.

*L. All.* Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

*[Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.]*

*Furn.* You air and air;

But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?

To what use serve I?

*L. All.* Prithee, be not angry;  
I shall ere long; i'the mean time, there is gold  
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

*Furn.* I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.\*

*L. All.* And, as I gave directions, if this morning  
I am visited by any, entertain them  
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,  
I am indisposed.

*Ord.* I shall, madam.

*L. All.* Do, and leave me.

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

*[Exeunt Order, Ambler, Furnace, and Watchall.]*

\* I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.] Old copy  
cook; amended by Coxeter.

494 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*All.* I shall gladly grow here,  
To wait on your commands.

*L. All.* So soon turn'd courtier!

*All.* Style not that courtship, madam, which is  
duty  
Purchased on your part.

*L. All.* Well, you shall o'ercome;  
I'll not contend in words. How is it with  
Your noble master?

*All.* Ever like himself;  
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:  
He did command me, pardon my presumption,  
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss  
Your ladyship's fair hands.

*L. All.* I am honour'd in  
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose  
For the Low Countries?

*All.* Constantly, good madam;  
But he will in person first present his service.

*L. All.* And how approve you of his course?  
you are yet

Like virgin parchment, capable of any  
Inscription, vicious or honourable.  
I will not force your will, but leave you free  
To your own election.

*All.* Any form, you please,  
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,  
With humble emulation I would follow  
The path my lord marks to me.

*L. All.* 'Tis well answer'd,  
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,  
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours  
Before the will of heaven took him from me,  
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties  
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;  
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to hear  
With such respect as if he lived in me.

He was my husband, and howe'er you are not.  
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,  
Provided you deserve it.

*All.* I have found you,  
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;  
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,  
Will labour that you never may repent  
Your bounties shower'd upon me.

*L. All.* I much hope it.  
These were your father's words: *If e'er my son  
Follow the war, tell him it is a school  
Where all the principles tending to honour  
Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such  
As repair thither, as a place in which  
They do presume they may with license practise  
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit  
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly  
In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,  
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;  
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;  
To bear with patience the winter's cold,  
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,  
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;  
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,  
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.*

*All.* There's no syllable  
You speak, but is to me an oracle,  
Which but to doubt were impious.

*L. All.* To conclude:  
Beware ill company, for often men  
Are like to those with whom they do converse;  
And, from one man I warn you, and that's  
Wellborn:

Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;  
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,  
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.  
'Tis true your father loved him, while he was

496 A NEW WAY. TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Worthy the loving ; but if he had lived  
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,  
As you must do.

*All.* I shall obey in all things.

*L. All.* Follow me to my chamber, you shall  
have gold

To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,  
As I hear from you.

*All.* I am still your creature. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE,  
FURNACE, WATCHALL, and MARRALL.*

*Greedy.* Not to be seen !

*Over.* Still cloister'd up ! Her reason,  
I hope, assures her, though she make herself  
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,  
'Twill not recover him.

*Ord.* Sir, it is her will,  
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,  
And not dispute : howe'er, you are nobly wel-  
come ;

And if you please to stay, that you may think so,  
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe  
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself  
For my lady's honour.

*Greedy.* Is it of the right race ?

*Ord.* Yes, master Greedy.

*Amb.* How his mouth runs o'er !

*Furn.* I'll make it run, and run. Save your  
good worship !

*Greedy.* Honest master cook, thy hand ; again :  
how I love thee !

Are the good dishes still in being ? speak, boy.

*Furn.* If you have a mind to feed, there is a  
chine

Of beef, well seasoned.

*Greedy.* Good !

*Furn.* A pheasant, larded.

*Greedy.* That I might now give thanks for't !

*Furn.* Other kickshaws.

Besides, there came last night, from the forest of  
Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

*Greedy.* A stag, man !

*Furn.* A stag, sir ; part of it prepared for  
dinner,

And baked in puff-paste.

*Greedy.* Puff-paste too ! Sir Giles,

A ponderous chine of beef ! a pheasant larded !  
And red deer too, sir Giles, and baked in puff-  
paste !

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

*Furn.* How the lean skeleton's rapt !

*Over.* You know we cannot.

*Mar.* Your worships are to sit on a commission,  
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

*Greedy.* Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for  
such a dinner,

We may put off a commission : you shall find it  
*Henrici decimo quarto.*

*Over.* Fie, master Greedy !

Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner ?

No more, for shame ! we must forget the belly  
When we think of profit.

*Greedy.* Well, you shall o'er-rule me ;  
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master cook,  
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,

498 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,  
Send you—a brace of three-pences.

*Furn.* Will you be so prodigal?

*Enter WELLBORN.*

*Over.* Remember me to your lady. Who have  
we here?

*Well.* You know me.<sup>7</sup>

*Over.* I did once, but now I will not;  
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!  
If ever thou presume to own me more,  
I'll have thee caged, and whipt.

*Greedy.* I'll grant the warrant.  
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!

[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.*]

*Watch.* Will you out, sir?  
I wonder how you durst creep in.

*Ord.* This is rudeness,  
And saucy impudence.

*Amb.* Cannot you stay  
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,<sup>8</sup>  
But you must press into the hall?

*Furn.* Prithee, vanish  
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie;  
My scullion shall come to thee.

<sup>7</sup> Well. *You know me.*] For this dignified answer the modern editors, with equal elegance and harmony, read—*Don't you know me?*

<sup>8</sup> *To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,*] i. e. from the broken bread and meat which, in great houses, was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge, or reserved to be carried every night to the prisons for debtors and other necessitous persons. Hence, perhaps, the allusion of *Amble*. Thus *Shirley*: "I'll have you clapt up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate, for a meal at night from the basket." *Bird in a Cage.*

*Enter ALLWORTH.*

*Well.* This is rare :

Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom !

*All.* We must be strangers ;

Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

*[Exit.*

*Well.* Better and better. He contemns me too !

*Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*

*Woman.* Foh, what a smell's here ! what thing's this ?

*Cham.* A creature

Made out of the privy ; let us hence, for love's sake,

Or I shall swoon.

*Woman.* I begin to faint already.

*[Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*

*Watch.* Will you know your way ?

*Amb.* Or shall we teach it you

By the head and shoulders ?

*Well.* No ; I will not stir ;

Do you mark, I will not : let me see the wretch

That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,

Created only to make legs, and cringe ;

To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher ;

That have not souls only to hope a blessing

Beyond blackjacks or flagons ; you, that were born

Only to consume meat and drink, and batten

Upon reversions !—who advances ? who

Shews me the way ?

*Ord.* My lady !



500 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*

*Cham.* Here's the monster.

*Woman.* Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.

*Cham.* Or let me

Fetch some perfumes may be predominant ;  
You wrong yourself else.

*Well.* Madam, my designs  
Bear me to you.

*L. All.* To me !

*Well.* And though I have met with  
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,  
I hope from you to receive that noble usage  
As may become the true friend of your husband,  
And then I shall forget these.

*L. All.* I am amazed  
To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,  
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,  
That I, who to the best men of this country  
Denied my presence, since my husband's death,  
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee ?  
Thou son of infamy ! forbear my house,  
And know, and keep the distance that's between  
us ;

Or, though it be against my gentler temper,  
I shall take order you no more shall be  
An eyesore to me.

*Well.* Scorn me not, good lady ;  
But, as in form you are angelical,  
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe  
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant  
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble  
As that which fills your veins ; those costly  
jewels,

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 501

And those rich clothes you wear, your men's  
observance,

And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;  
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.  
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;  
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more  
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn  
For your late noble husband.

*Ord.* How she starts !

*Furn.* And hardly can keep finger from the eye,  
To hear him named.

*L. All.* Have you aught else to say ?

*Well.* That husband, madam, was once in his  
fortune

Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels  
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought  
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.  
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword  
That did on all occasions second his;  
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;  
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,  
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up,  
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,  
And set him upright.

*Furn.* Are not we base rogues  
That could forget this ?

*Well.* I confess, you made him  
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,  
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame  
you for it;

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind  
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;  
So winning a behaviour, not to be  
Resisted, madam.

9 ————— not to be buoy'd up,] So  
Dodsley, and perhaps rightly: the quarto reads, bung'd up.

562 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*L. All.* 'Tis most true, he had.

*Well.* For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,  
Do not condemn me.

*L. All.* For what's past excuse me,  
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman  
A hundred pounds.

*Well.* No, madam, on no terms :  
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,  
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.  
Only one suit I make, which you deny not  
To strangers ; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*

*L. All.* Fie ! nothing else ?

*Well.* Nothing, unless you please to charge  
your servants,  
To throw away a little respect upon me.

*L. All.* What you demand is yours. [*Exit.*

*Well.* I thank you, lady.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit  
Is yet in supposition : I have said all ;  
When you please, you may retire :—nay, all's  
forgotten ;

And, for a lucky omen to my project,  
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

*Ord.* Agreed, agreed.

*Furn.* Still merry master Wellborn. [*Ereunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in Overreach's House.*

*Enter OVERREACH and MARRALL.*

*Over.* He's gone, I warrant thee ; this commission crush'd him.

*Mar.* Your worships' have the way on't, and ne'er miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air : and yet  
The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,  
For your advantage, the certificate,  
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,  
With your good favour, to the utter ruin  
Of the poor farmer.

*Over.* 'Twas for these good ends  
I made him a justice : he that bribes his belly  
Is certain to command his soul.

*Mar.* I wonder,  
Still with your license, why, your worship having  
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,  
You are not in't yourself ?

*Over.* Thou art a fool ;  
In being out of office I am out of danger ;  
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,  
I might or out of wilfulness, or errour,  
Run myself finely into a premunire,

<sup>1</sup> *Mar.* *Your worships have the way on't, and ne'er miss*] This I take to be the genuine reading, for the quarto is both incorrect and ungrammatical here. The former editors read, *Your worship has &c.* as if a compliment were intended to Overreach ; but Overreach was not in the commission which is here said to *have the way on't*.

504 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

And so become a prey to the informer.  
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep  
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve  
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;  
Friendship is but a word.

*Mar.* You are all wisdom.

*Over.* I would be worldly wise; for the other  
wisdom,  
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,  
And to do right to others, as ourselves,  
I value not an atom.

*Mar.* What course take you,  
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor  
Of your neighbour, master Frugal? as 'tis said  
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;  
And his land lying in the midst of your many  
lordships  
Is a foul blemish.

*Over.* I have thought on't, Marrall,  
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,  
And I the only purchaser.

*Mar.* 'Tis most fit, sir.

*Over.* I'll therefore buy some cottage near his  
manor,<sup>2</sup>  
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his  
fences,

<sup>2</sup> *Over.* I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor, &c.]  
Sir Giles is a bold and daring oppressor, sufficiently original in  
his general plans, and not scrupulous of the means employed  
in their execution. Here, however, he is but an imitator; the  
methods of wresting a defenceless neighbour's envied pro-  
perty from him have been understood, and practised, by the  
Overreaches of all ages, from that of Ahab to the present.—  
*Licet agros agris adjiciat*, says Seneca, *vicinum vel pretio pellat*  
*aris, vel injuria*. And Juvenal, more at large:

*majorque videtur,*  
*Et melior vicina seges; mercuris et hanc, et*  
*Arbusta, et densa montem qui canet oliva.*

Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night  
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs :  
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,

*Quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,  
Nocte boves macri, lassoque famelica collo  
Jumenta ad virides hujus mittentur aristas.  
Dicere vix possis, quam multi talia plorent,  
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.*

Sat. xiv. ver. 142.

Sir Giles has been usually accounted the creature of the poet. Fortunately for mankind, indeed, such monstrous anomalies in the moral world do not often appear ; there can, however, be no doubt of their reality, and the age of Massinger was not without a proof of it.

Sir Giles Mompesson was undoubtedly the prototype of Sir Giles Overreach. He and one Michel had obtained of the facile James a patent for the sole manufacturing of gold and silver thread, which they abused to the most detestable purposes. " They found out," says Wilson, " a new alchemistical way to make gold and silver lace with copper and other sophistical materials, to couzen and deceive the people. And so poysonous were the drugs that made up this deceitful composition, that they rotted the hands and arms, and brought lameness upon those that wrought it ; some losing their eyes, and many their lives, by the venom of the vapours that came from it."

The clamours were so great on this occasion, that the king was obliged to call in the patent, and prosecute the offenders. There is an allusion to these circumstances in *the Bondman*, which was published while the affair was yet recent :

" Here's another,

" Observe but what a cozening look he has!—

" Hold up thy head, man ; if, for drawing gallants

" Into mortgages for commodities, cheating heirs

" With you: new counterfeit gold thread, and gumm'd velvets,

" He does not transcend all that went before him,

" Call in his patent ;"

Act II. sc. iii.

But to proceed : " Sir Giles Mompesson had fortune enough in the country to make him happy, if that sphere could have contained him, but the vulgar and universal error of satiety with present enjoyments, made him too big for a rustically condition, and when he came at court he was too little for that, so that some novelty must be taken up to set him in æquilibrium to the place he was in, no matter what it was, let it be never so pestilent and mischievous to others, he cared not, so he found benefit

## 506 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.  
When I have harried him thus two or three year,  
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite  
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

*Mar.* The best I ever heard: I could adore you.

*Over.* Then, with the favour of my man of law,  
I will pretend some title: want will force him  
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell  
For half the value, he shall have ready money,  
And I possess his land.

*Mar.* 'Tis above wonder!  
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not  
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

*Over.* Well thought on.  
This varlet, Marrall,<sup>3</sup> lives too long, to upbraid me  
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold  
Nor hunger kill him?

by it. To him Michel is made compartner; a poor sneaking justice, that lived among the brothels near Clarton-wel, whose clerk and he picked a livelyhood out of those corners, giving warrants for what they did, besides anniversary stipends (the frequent revenue of some justices of those times) for conniving. This thing was a poysonous plant in its own nature, and the fitter not be an ingredient to such a composition—whereby he took liberty to be more ravenous upon poor people, to the grating of the bones, and sucking out the very marrow of their substance." *Wilson's Life and Reign of James I. sub anno 1621, Fol. 155.*

From this apposite extract, which I owe to the kindness of my ingenious friend Mr. Gilchrist, it will be sufficiently apparent not only from whence Massinger derived his principal character, but also where he found Marrall and Greedy. The *sneaking justice*, Michel, undoubtedly sat for the latter, and his clerk for the "term-driving" Marrall; whose hopeful education will now enable the reader to account for his knowledge of the "minerals, which he incorporated with the ink and wax" of Wellborn's bond.

<sup>3</sup> *This varlet, Marrall, lives too long,*] So the old copy. The modern editors, for no apparent cause, at least none that I can discover, choose to read, *This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long!*

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 507

*Mar.* I know not what to think on't.  
I have used all means; and the last night I caused  
His host the tapster to turn him out of doors;  
And have been since with all your friends and  
tenants,  
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,  
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him  
from starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.

*Over.* That was something, Marrall; but thou  
must go further,  
And suddenly, Marrall.

*Mar.* Where, and when you please, sir.

*Over.* I would have thee seek him out, and, if  
thou canst,  
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;  
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,  
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.  
Do any thing to work him to despair,  
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

*Mar.* I will do my best, sir.

*Over.* I am now on my main work with the  
lord Lovell,  
The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,  
The minion of the people's love. I hear  
He's come into the country, and my aims are  
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,  
And then invite him to my house.

*Mar.* I have you :  
This points at my young mistress.

*Over.* She must part with  
That humble title, and write honourable,  
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable  
daughter;

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it !  
I'll have her well attended ; there are ladies  
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,



508 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.  
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,  
To have their issue whom I have undone  
To kneel to mine, as bondslaves.

*Mar.* 'Tis fit state, sir.

*Over.* And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-  
maid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,  
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.  
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been  
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,  
Between us and true gentry.

*Enter WELLBORN.*

*Mar.* See, who's here, sir.

*Over.* Hence, monster! prodigy!

*Well.* Sir, your wife's nephew;<sup>4</sup>  
She and my father tumbled in one belly.

*Over.* Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious,  
rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, Marrall — this is the time to work  
him. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* I warrant you, sir.

*Well.* By this light, I think he's mad.

*Mar.* Mad! had you ta'en compassion on  
yourself,

You long since had been mad.

*Well.* You have ta'en a course  
Between you and my venerable uncle,  
To make me so.

<sup>4</sup> *Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;*] Coxeter thinks something is lost, because when Overreach exclaims *monster! prodigy!* Wellborn replies, *Sir, your wife's nephew.* But all is as it should be; his answer evidently implies, *Sir, I am neither one nor the other, but, &c.* This is a common form of speech.

*Mar.* The more pale-spirited<sup>5</sup> you,  
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply——

*Well.* By what?

*Mar.* By my religion.

*Well.* Thy religion!

The devil's creed! — but what would you have done?

*Mar.* Had there been but one tree in all the shire,

Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,  
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,  
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.  
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,<sup>6</sup>

And presently, as you love your credit.

*Well.* I thank you.

*Mar.* Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?——

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,  
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,  
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,  
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,

And so dispatch the business?

<sup>5</sup> *Mar.* *The more pale-spirited you.*] Surely this is very good sense; and yet the modern editors choose to read, *The more dull-spirited you.* I am weary of these everlasting sophistications without judgment and without necessity.

Since this was written I have found the same expression in *the Parliament of Love.*

“————— To what purpose,

“Poor and pale-spirited man; should I expect

“From thee the satisfaction” &c. Act II. sc. ii.

So that the old reading is established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

<sup>6</sup> *I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,*

*And presently,*] This line is wholly omitted both by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, though the sense of the next depends upon it. Less care to amend their author, and more to exhibit him faithfully, might be wished in both of them.

510 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Well.* Here's variety,  
I must confess; but I'll accept of none  
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

*Mar.* Why, have you hope ever to eat again,  
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?  
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take  
some course

For your reputation.

*Well.* 'Twill not do, dear tempter,  
With all the rhetorick the fiend hath taught you.  
I am as far as thou art from despair;  
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,  
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

*Mar.* Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air  
Will not persuade me or to give or lend  
A token to you.

*Well.* I'll be more kind to thee:  
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

*Mar.* With you!

*Well.* Nay more, dine gratis.

*Mar.* Under what hedge, I pray you? or at  
whose cost?  
Are they padders, or abram-men<sup>7</sup> that are your  
consorts?

*Well.* Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine  
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;  
With me, and with a lady.

*Mar.* Lady! what lady?  
With the lady of the lake,<sup>8</sup> or queen of fairies?  
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

*Well.* With the lady Allworth, knave.

<sup>7</sup> *Are they padders, or abram-men that are your consorts?* An abram-man was an impudent impostor, who, under the garb and appearance of a lunatick, rambled about the country, and compelled, as Decker says, the servants of small families "to give him, through fear, what ever he demanded." A padder (a term still in use) is a lurker in the highways, a footpad.

<sup>8</sup> *With the lady of the lake,*] This is a very prominent

*Mar.* Nay, now there's hope  
Thy brain is crack'd.

*Well.* Mark there with what respect  
I am entertain'd.

*Mar.* With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.  
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

*Well.* 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine  
own eyes.

*Mar.* Troth, in my hope, or my assurance  
rather,  
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a  
blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,  
I will endure thy company.

*Well.* Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Lady Allworth's House.*

*Enter ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, Chamber-  
maid, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCH-  
ALL.*

*Woman.* Could you not command your leisure  
one hour longer?

*Cham.* Or half an hour?

*All.* I have told you what my haste is:  
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,  
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,  
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,  
I should neglect my lord.

*Woman.* Pray you do me the favour

character in *Morte Arthur*, and in many of our old romances.  
She seems to be the Circe of the dark ages; and is frequently  
mentioned by our old dramatists.

512 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket,  
They are of mine own preserving.

*Cham.* And this marmalade ;  
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

*Woman.* And, at parting,  
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

*Cham.* You are still before me. I move the same  
suit, sir. [*Allworth kisses them severally.*]

*Fur.* How greedy these chamberers are of a  
beardless chin !

I think the tits will ravish him.

*All.* My service

To both.

*Woman.* Ours waits' on you.

*Cham.* And shall do ever.

*Ord.* You are my lady's charge, be therefore  
careful

That you sustain your parts.

*Woman.* We can bear, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*]

*Fur.* Here, drink it off; the ingredients are  
cordial,

And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd  
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence  
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,  
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow,  
Coral, and ambergris: were you two years older,  
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,  
I durst trust you with neither: you need not bait  
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's  
long;

You may ride on the strength of this till to mor-  
row morning.

*All.* Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much  
grieve

<sup>9</sup> *Woman.* Ours waits on you.] i. e. Our service: corrupted by  
the former editors into—Ours wait on you.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 513

To part from such true friends ; and yet find  
comfort,

My attendance on my honourable lord,  
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,  
Will speedily bring me back.

[Knocking within. Exit Watchall.

Mar. [within.] Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. [within.] Yes, yes, and knock again.

Ord. 'Tis he ; disperse !

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[Exeunt all but Allworth.

Re-enter WATCHALL, introducing WELLBORN and  
MARRALL.

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay !  
most welcome ;

You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.

Mar. For his sake !

Well. Mum ; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it in  
my primer.

All. When I have given you reasons for my  
late harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me ; for, believe me,  
Though now I part abruptly, in my service  
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service ! with a vengeance !

Well. I am satisfied : farewell, Tom.

All. All joy stay with you ! [Exit.

514 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

*Re-enter AMBLE.*

*Amb.* You are happily encounter'd; I yet never Presented one so welcome as, I know, You will be to my lady.

*Mar.* This is some vision;  
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;  
It cannot be a truth.

*Well.* Be still a pagan,  
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,  
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

*Re-enter FURNACE.*

*Furn.* I am glad you are come; until I know  
your pleasure,  
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

*Mar.* His pleasure! is it possible?

*Well.* What's thy will?

*Furn.* Marry, sir, I have some growse, and  
turkey chicken,  
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask  
you

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,  
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

*Mar.* The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for  
his palate,  
That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-  
month,

Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread  
on Sundays!

*Well.* That way I like them best.

*Furn.* It shall be done, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Well.* What think you of the hedge we shall  
dine under?

Shall we feed gratis?

*Mar.* I know not what to think;  
Pray you make me not mad.

*Re-enter ORDER.*

*Ord.* This place becomes you not;  
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

*Well.* I am well here  
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

*Mar.* Well here, say you?  
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought  
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

*Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*

*Woman.* O! sir, you are wish'd for.

*Cham.* My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

*Woman.* And the first command she gave, after  
she rose,  
Was, (her devotions done,) to give her notice  
When you approach'd here.

*Cham.* Which is done, on my virtue.

*Mar.* I shall be converted; I begin to grow  
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels  
Could have won me to have faith in.

*Woman.* Sir, my lady!

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH.*

*L. All.* I come to meet you, and languish'd till  
I saw you.

This first kiss is for form;\* I allow a second  
To such a friend. [*Kisses Wellborn.*]

*Mar.* To such a friend! heaven bless me!

\* *This firstkiss is for form;*] So the quarto: Coxeter absurdly  
reads for me.



516 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Well.* I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please

To grace this gentleman with a salute——

*Mar.* Salute me at his bidding!

*Well.* I shall receive it

As a most high favour.

*L. All.* Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to salute Marrall.*]

*Well.* Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!

*Mar.* To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour I am unworthy of.

[*Offers to kiss her foot.*]

*L. All.* Nay, pray you rise;

And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:

You shall dine with me to day, at mine own table.

*Mar.* Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough

To sit at your steward's board.

*L. All.* You are too modest:

I will not be denied.

*Re-enter FURNACE.*

*Furn.* Will you still be babbling,  
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still;  
My art ne'er thought on!

*L. All.* Your arm, master Wellborn:——

Nay, keep us company.

[*To Marrall.*]

*Mar.* I was ne'er so graced.

[*Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Amble, Marrall, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*]

*Ord.* So! we have play'd our parts, and are come off well;

But if I know the mystery why my lady  
Consented to it, or why master Wellborn  
Desired it, may I perish!

*Furn.* Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated him,  
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 517

By fire ! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,  
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants  
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met  
A match to sir Giles Overreach.

*Watch.* What will you take  
To tell him so, fellow Furnace ?

*Furn.* Just as much  
As my throat is worth, for that would be the  
price on't.

To have a usurer that starves himself,  
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years  
On' a suit of fourteen groats bought of the  
hangman,

To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common :  
But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,  
Who must at his command do any outrage ;  
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses ;  
Yet he to admiration still increases  
In wealth, and lordships.

*Ord.* He frights men out of their estates,  
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb  
ill men,

As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.  
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never  
Lodged so unluckily.<sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter* AMBLE.

*Amb.* Ha ! ha ! I shall burst.

*Ord.* Contain thyself, man.

*Furn.* Or make us partakers  
Of your sudden mirth.

<sup>1</sup> On a suit &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, Or a suit, which totally destroys the author's meaning. But in their editions every page, and almost every speech, of this fine Comedy is replete with similar blunders.

<sup>2</sup> The character of sir Giles is unfolded by these men with great spirit and precision.

518 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Amb.* Ha ! ha ! my lady has got  
Such a guest 'at her table !—this term-driver,  
Marrall,

This snip of an attorney——

*Furn.* What of him, man ?

*Amb.* The knave thinks still he's at the cook's  
shop in Ram Alley,<sup>3</sup>

Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to  
choose ;

And feeds so slovenly !

*Furn.* Is this all ?

*Amb.* My lady

Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please  
master Wellborn ;

As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish

In which there were some remnants of a boil'd  
capon,

And pledges her in white broth !

*Furn.* Nay, 'tis like

The rest of his tribe.

*Amb.* And when I brought him wine,  
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,  
Most humbly thanks my worship.

*Ord.* Risen already !

*Amb.* I shall be chid.

*Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and  
MARRALL.*

*Furn.* My lady frowns.

*L. All.* You wait well :

<sup>3</sup> ——— the cook's shop in Ram Alley,] *Ram Alley* is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet Street : the number of its *cooks' shops* is alluded to in Barry's comedy :

" And though Ram Alley stinks with *cooks* and ale,

" Yet say, there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber

" That butts upon it."

*Ram Alley*, Act I.

Let me have no more of this; I observed your  
jeering:

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy  
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,  
When I am present, is not your companion.

*Ord.* Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

*Furn.* This refreshing  
Follows your flux of laughter.

*L. All.* [*To Wellborn.*] You are master  
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,  
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,  
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house  
That is your own.

*Well.* Mark that.

*Mar.* With reverence, sir,  
An it like your worship.\*

*Well.* Trouble yourself no further;  
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service,  
However in my language I am sparing.  
Come, master Marrall.

*Mar.* I attend your worship.

[*Exeunt Wellborn and Marall.*]

*L. All.* I see in your looks you are sorry, and  
you know me  
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.  
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give  
you

Further directions.

*Ord.* What you please.

*Furn.* We are ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *Mar.* With reverence, sir,

*An it like your worship.*] This change of language in Marrall  
is worth notice: it is truly characteristic.

SCENE. III.

*The Country near Lady Allworth's House.*

*Enter WELLBORN and MARRALL.*

*Well.* I think I am in a good way.

*Mar.* Good ! sir ; the best way,  
The certain best way.

*Well.* There are casualties  
That men are subject to.

*Mar.* You are above them ;  
And as you are already worshipful,  
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,  
And be, right worshipful.

*Well.* Prithee do not flout me :  
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease  
You keep your hat off ?

*Mar.* Ease, an it like your worship !  
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,  
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,  
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd  
When your worship's present.

*Well.* Is not this a true rogue,  
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,  
Can turn thus suddenly ? 'tis rank already. [*Aside.*

*Mar.* I know your worship's wise, and needs  
no counsel :  
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,  
I humbly offer my advice, (but still  
Under correction,) I hope I shall not  
Incur your high displeasure.

*Well.* No ; speak freely.

*Mar.* Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple  
judgment

(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you  
A better habit, for this cannot be  
But much distasteful to the noble lady  
(I say no more) that loves you : for, this morning,  
To me, and I am but a swine to her,  
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,  
You savour'd not of amber.

*Well.* I do now then !

*Mar.* This your baton hath got a touch of  
it.—— [*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*]  
Yet if you please, for change, I have twenty  
pounds here,  
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently  
Lay down at your worship's feet ; 'twill serve to  
buy you  
A riding suit.

*Well.* But where's the horse ?

*Mar.* My gelding  
Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me,  
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble  
To walk afoot. Alas ! when you are lord  
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,  
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd  
Knave's-acre,  
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

*Well.* I thank thy love, but must make no use  
of it ;

What's twenty pounds ?

*Mar.* 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

*Well.* Dost thou think, though I want clothes,  
I could not have them,  
For one word to my lady ?

*Mar.* As I know not that !<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *As I know not that !* ] This, like too many others, is printed  
by the modern editors as an imperfect sentence : the expression  
is, however, complete, and means, in colloquial language, *As if*  
I do, or did, not know that you might !

522 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Well.* Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.

I'll not give her the advantage, though she be  
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,  
(There being no woman, but is sometimes forward,)

To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced  
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on  
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.  
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,  
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-  
acre,

When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* I thank your worship.

How was I cozen'd in the calculation  
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,  
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;  
For that is our profession! Well, well, master  
Wellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be  
cheated:

Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd  
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.  
I'll presently think of the means.

[*Walks by, musing.*

*Enter OVERREACH, speaking to a servant within.*

*Over.* Sirrah, take my horse.

I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,  
And exercise will keep me from being purse-y.  
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps  
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do  
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels  
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,  
So it be done. Marrall!

*Mar.* Sir.

*Over.* How succeed we  
• In our plot on Wellborn?

*Mar.* Never better, sir.

*Over.* Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

*Mar.* No, sir, he lives;  
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,  
A greater prey than ever.

*Over.* Art thou in thy wits?  
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

*Mar.* A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

*Over.* With him! what lady?

*Mar.* The rich lady Allworth.

*Over.* Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?

*Mar.* I speak truth,  
And I do so but once a year, unless  
It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,  
I thank his worship.

*Over.* His worship!

*Mar.* As I live, sir,  
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,  
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd  
him,

And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;  
But I was not so audacious, as some youths are,<sup>6</sup>  
That dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd,  
And sad after performance.

<sup>6</sup> *But I was not so audacious, and some youths are,]* Mr. Dodsley has,

*But I was not so audacious as some youths are,  
And dare do any thing, &c.*

I think the old reading right. COXETER.

Mr. M. Mason differs from the judicious Coxeter, and thinks "Dodsley's is the most simple *amendment*." All this is truly ridiculous: what both the editors term the *emendation* of Dodsley is really the *old* reading; and what they call the old reading, a dream of their own, no where to be found. In the next verse, for *And*, which was probably taken, by a common error, from the word immediately under it, I have ventured to substitute *That*.



524 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Over.* Why, thou rascal!  
To tell me these impossibilities.  
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!——  
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,  
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew  
open,  
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,  
In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?  
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Well-  
born,  
Were brought into her presence, feasted with  
her!——

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,  
This most incredible lie would call up one  
On thy buttermilk cheeks.

*Mar.* Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,  
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

*Over.* You shall feel me, if you give not over,  
sirrah:

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd  
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids  
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond  
these

Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you  
From my employments.

*Mar.* Will you credit this yet?  
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd  
Wellborn——

I would give a crown now I durst say his wor-  
ship—— [Aside.

My nag, and twenty pounds.

*Over.* Did you so, ideot! [Strikes him down.  
Was this the way to work him to despair,  
Or rather to cross me?

*Mar.* Will your worship kill me?

*Over.* No, no; but drive the lying spirit out  
of you.

*Mar.* He's gone.

*Over.* I have done then: now, forgetting  
Your late imaginary feast and lady,  
Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to morrow.  
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;  
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,  
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll  
thank them:

There's a piece for my late blows.

*Mar.* I must yet suffer:  
But there may be a time—

[*Aside.*

*Over.* Do you grumble?

*Mar.* No, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Country near Overreach's House.*

*Enter Lord LOVELL, ALLWORTH, and Servants.*

*Lov.* Walk the horses down the hill: some-  
thing in private  
I must impart to Allworth, [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*All.* O, my lord,  
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,  
Although I could put off the use of sleep,  
And ever wait on your commands to serve them;  
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,  
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,  
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;

<sup>7</sup> *Exeunt Servants.*] *Exeunt Servi*, says the quarto; this Coxeter translates *Exeunt Servant*, and is faithfully followed by Mr. M. Mason in his correctest of all editions!

526 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

But still the retribution will fall short  
Of your bounties shower'd upon me?

*Lov.* Loving youth;

Till what I purpose be put into act,  
Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted  
me

With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,  
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd  
Treachery shall never open. I have found you  
(For so much to your face I must profess,  
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush  
for't)

More zealous in your love and service to me,  
Than I have been in my rewards.

*All.* Still great ones,  
Above my merit.

*Lov.* Such your gratitude calls them:  
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper  
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine  
They part from the respect due to their honours,  
If they use not all such as follow them,  
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.  
I am not so condition'd: I can make  
A fitting difference between my footboy,  
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.

*All.* 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have  
been

More like a father to me than a master:  
Pray you, pardon the comparison.

*Lov.* I allow it;

And to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't,  
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,  
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,  
I can command my passions.

*All.* 'Tis a conquest  
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.  
—Oh!

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 527

*Lov.* Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful  
of me?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,  
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,  
I will not be more true to mine own honour,  
Than to my Allworth!

*All.* As you are the brave lord Lovell,  
Your bare word only given is an assurance  
Of more validity and weight to me,  
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,  
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers  
practise:

Yet being a man (for, sure, to style you more  
Would relish of gross flattery) I am forced,  
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,  
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

*Lov.* So young, and jealous!

*All.* Were you to encounter with a single foe,  
The victory were certain; but to stand  
The charge of two such potent enemies,  
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,  
And those too seconded with power, is odds  
Too great for Hercules.

*Lov.* Speak your doubts and fears,  
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,  
That I may understand them.

*All.* What's your will,  
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided  
They may advantage you,) must be obey'd.  
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,  
The cannon of her more than earthly form,  
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath  
it,

And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,  
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses  
Could batter none, but that which guards your  
sight.

## 528 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue  
 Make musick to you, and with numerous sounds  
 Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if [he]  
 Now lived again,\* howe'er he stood the Syrens,  
 Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubtful  
 Between your reason and rebellious passions.  
 Add this too; when you feel her touch, and  
 breath

Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er  
 Arabia, creating gums and spices;  
 And in the van, the nectar of her lips,  
 Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,  
 Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,  
 And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—  
 Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,  
 To follow such a Venus.

*Lov.* Love hath made you  
 Poetical, Allworth.

*All.* Grant all these beat off,  
 Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,  
 Mammon, in sir Giles Overreach, steps in  
 With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,  
 To make her more remarkable, as would tire  
 A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.  
 O my good lord! these powerful aids, which  
 would

Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,  
 (Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,  
 That in herself is all perfection,) must  
 Prevail for her: I here release your trust;

\* ————— (such as Ulysses, if [he]

Now lived again, &c.] As this passage stands in the former editions it is scarcely reconcileable either to grammar or sense. I have hazarded the transposition of one word (if) and the addition of another (in brackets). For the former, I make no apology, as the incorrect state of the old copies frequently renders it necessary; for the latter, I solicit the reader's indulgence.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 529

'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,  
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon  
her.

*Lov.* Why, shall I swear?

*All.* O, by no means, my lord;  
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,  
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,  
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing  
Divers great men are rivals for.

*Lov.* Suspend  
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it  
To Overreach' house?

*All.* At the most some half hour's riding;  
You'll soon be there.

*Lov.* And you the sooner freed  
From your jealous fears.

*All.* O that I durst but hope it! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*A Room in Overreach's House.*

*Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.*

*Over.* Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack  
with the weight  
Of curious viands.

*Greedy.* Store indeed's no sore, sir.

*Over.* That proverb fits your stomach, master  
Greedy.

And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,  
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the  
matter

That it is made of; let my choicest linen  
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,

## 530 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,  
That he may' with envy wish to bathe so ever.

*Mar.* 'Twill be very chargeable.

*Over.* Avaunt, you drudge!

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,  
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,  
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,  
And plenty of them——

*Greedy.* As I do, indeed, sir,  
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

*Over.* I do confer that providence,<sup>1</sup> with my  
power  
Of absolute command to have abundance,  
To your best care.

*Greedy.* I'll punctually discharge it,  
And give the best directions. Now am I  
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least  
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked,

<sup>9</sup> ———— let my choicest linen

*Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,*

*With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,*

*That he may &c.]* Such is the reading of the quarto. Coxeter, who probably misunderstood it, adapted it to his own ideas in this perverse and vapid manner, and was, of course, followed by Mr. M. Mason:

————— Lay my choicest linen,

*Perfume the room, and when we wash, the water*

*With precious powders mix, to please my lord,*

*That he may &c.*

<sup>1</sup> *I do confer that providence,]* All the modern editors read, that *province*: and thus they keep up an eternal war against their author's fancied peculiarities!—but indeed the word is used by other writers, and precisely in the sense here required. Thus Shirley in a very pretty passage:

“ Lady, you are welcome to the spring; the park

“ Looks fresher to salute you: how the birds

“ On every tree sing with more cheerfulness

“ At your access, as if they prophesied

“ Nature would die, and resign her providence

“ To you, fit to succeed her!”

*Hyde Park.*

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 531

For which I will eat often; and give thanks  
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and  
that's pure justice. [Exit.

*Over.* It must be so:—should the foolish girl  
prove modest,  
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,  
But from her mother; I was ever forward,  
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

*Enter MARGARET.*

Alone—and let your women wait without.

*Marg.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Over.* Ha! this is a neat dressing!  
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed  
too!

The gown affects me not, it should have been  
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;  
But these rich jewels, and quaint fashion help it.  
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,  
The face observed, descends unto the foot,  
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,  
Invites as much as perfect white and red,  
Though without art. How like you your new  
woman,

The lady Downfallen?

*Marg.* Well, for a companion;  
Not as a servant.

*Over.* Is she humble, Meg,  
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

*Marg.* I pity her fortune.

*Over.* Pity her! trample on her.  
I took her up in an old tamin gown,\*

\* *I took her up in an old tamin gown.*] Dodsley and Coxeter  
(Mr. M. Mason only "follows as a hound that filis up the  
cry") not knowing what to make of this word, changed it with-  
out ceremony into *tatter'd*, nay, without condescending to



## 532 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

(Even starved for want of twopenny chops,) to  
serve thee,

And if I understand she but repines  
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,  
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged  
him,

Into the counter, and there let them howl together.

*Marg.* You know your own ways, but for me,  
I blush

When I command her, that was once attended  
With persons not inferiour to myself  
In birth.

*Over.* In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,  
The blest child of my industry and wealth?

Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,  
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways  
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not!  
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself  
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;  
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,  
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,  
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.

*Marg.* I will not, sir; mould me which way  
you please.

*Re-enter GREEDY.*

*Over.* How! interrupted!

*Greedy.* 'Tis matter of importance.

The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn  
From my experience; there's a fawn brought in,  
sir,

notice the variation! But *tamin* is undoubtedly right; it is a coarse linseywoolsey stuff, still worn by the poor of this country under the name of *taminy* or rather *tammy*; a corruption, I suppose, of *étamine*, Fr. which has the same meaning. The annals of literature do not afford an instance of another writer so unworthily treated.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 539

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it  
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;  
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling  
'Tis not worth three-pence.

*Over.* Would it were whole in thy belly,  
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee, leave  
me.

*Greedy.* Without order for the dumpling?

*Over.* Let it be dumped  
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him  
In his own caldron.

*Greedy.* I had lost my stomach  
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks  
for't. [Exit.

*Over.* But to our business, Meg; you have  
heard who dines here?

*Marg.* I have, sir.

*Over.* 'Tis an honourable man;  
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment  
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,  
A bold and understanding one: and to be  
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,  
Is granted unto few but such as rise up  
The kingdom's glory.

*Re-enter GREEDY.*

*Greedy.* I'll resign my office,  
If I be not better obey'd.

*Over.* 'Slight, art thou frantick?

*Greedy.* Frantick! 'twould make me frantick,  
and stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,  
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.  
There are a dozen of woodcocks——

*Over.* Make thyself  
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

534 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Greedy.* I am contented,  
So they may be dress'd to my mind ; he has found  
out

A new device for sauce, and will not dish them  
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,  
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Wood-  
cock ;

And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,  
I'll give up my commission.

*Over.* Cook !—Rogue, obey him !

I have given the word, pray you now remove  
yourself

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

*Greedy.* I will, and meditate what to eat at  
dinner. [Exit.]

*Over.* And as I said, Meg, when this gull dis-  
turb'd us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,  
I would have thy husband.

*Marg.* There's too much disparity  
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.

*Over.* I more than hope, and doubt not to effect  
it,

Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth  
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.  
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;  
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier;  
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when  
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it :  
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match  
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.

*Marg.* You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance  
that

Confines a virgin ?

*Over.* Virgin me no virgins !

I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.  
I will have you private—start not—I say, private:

If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,  
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though  
he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too ;  
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

*Marg.* I have heard this is the strumpets'  
fashion, sir,  
Which I must never learn.

*Over.* Learn any thing,  
And from any creature that may make thee great ;  
From the devil himself.

*Marg.* This is but devilish doctrine !

*Over.* Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer  
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,  
But meet his ardour ; if a couch be near,  
Sit down on't, and invite him.

*Marg.* In your house,  
Your own house, sir ! for heaven's sake, what are  
you then ?

Or what shall I be, sir ?

*Over.* Stand not on form ;  
Words are no substances.

*Marg.* Though you could dispense  
With your own honour, cast aside religion,  
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell ; excuse me,  
In worldly policy this is not the way  
To make me his wife ; his whore, I grant it may do.  
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,  
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him  
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight  
Whene'er<sup>3</sup> tempted by others : so, in judgment,  
When to his lust I have given up my honour,  
He must and will forsake me.

<sup>3</sup> *Whene'er tempted by others :*] The quarto reads, *When he is tempted &c.* This is evidently wrong, but I am not sure that I have struck out the genuine reading. Dodsley, whom the others follow, omits *he is*, which leaves a very inharmonious line.

## 536 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Over.* How ! forsake thee !  
 Do I wear a sword for fashion ? or is this arm  
 Shrunk up, or wither'd ? does there live a man  
 Of that large list I have encounter'd with,  
 Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground  
 Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me ?  
 Forsake thee when the thing is done ! he dares  
 not.

Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person,  
 Though all his captains, echoes to his will,  
 Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,  
 And he himself in the head of his bold troop,  
 Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,  
 Or the judge's favour, I will make him render  
 A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him,  
 By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour !  
 I have said it.

*Enter MARRALL.*

*Mar.* Sir, the man of honour's come,  
 Newly alighted.

*Over.* In, without reply ;  
 And do as I command, or thou art lost.

*[Exit Margaret.]*

Is the loud musick I gave order for  
 Ready to receive him ?

*Mar.* 'Tis, sir.

*Over.* Let them sound  
 A princely welcome. Roughness awhile leave me ;  
 For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,  
 Must make way for me.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 537

*Loud music.* Enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY,  
ALLWORTH, and MARRALL.

Loe. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleased to style so, is an  
honour,

Above my worth and fortunes.

All. Strange! so humble.

Over. A justice of peace, my lord.

[Presents Greedy to him.

Loe. Your hand, good sir.

Greedy. This is a lord, and some think this a  
favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.

Over. Room for my lord.

Loe. I miss, sir, your fair daughter  
To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord.

To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly  
She shall attend my lord.

Loe. You'll be obey'd, sir.

[Exeunt all but Overreach.

Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for  
her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!—

Re-enter MARGARET.

How! tears in your eyes!

Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.

Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness

That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis—

For me to say, My honourable daughter;

And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on;

———— Put on;] i. e. be covered.

538 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,  
But be instructed, or expect—he comes !

*Re-enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, and  
Marrall.*

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

*[Lord Lovell salutes Margaret.*

*Lov.* As I live, a rare one.

*All.* He's ta'en already : I am lost.

*Over.* That kiss

Came twanging off, I like it ; quit the room.

*[Exeunt all but Over. Lov. and Marg.*

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,  
I hope, will teach her boldness.

*Lov.* I am happy

In such a scholar : but——

*Over.* I am past learning,

And therefore leave you to yourselves : remem-  
ber.

*[Exit.*

*Lov.* You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous  
To have you change the barren name of virgin  
Into a hopeful wife.

*Marg.* His haste, my lord,  
Holds no power o'er my will.

*Lov.* But o'er your duty.

*Marg.* Which, forced too much, may break.

*Lov.* Bend rather, sweetest :  
Think of your years.

*Marg.* Too few to match with yours ;  
And choicest fruits too soon, plucked, rot and  
wither.

*Lov.* Do you think I am old ?

*Marg.* I am sure I am too young.

*Lov.* I can advance you.

*Marg.* To a hill of sorrow ;  
Where every hour I may expect to fall,

## A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 539

But never hope firm footing. You are noble,  
I of a low descent, however rich;  
And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.  
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that  
I dare not trust these walls.

*Lov.* Pray you, trust my ear then.

*Re-enter OVERREACH behind, listening.*

*Over.* Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!  
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

*Re-enter GREEDY behind.*

*Greedy.* Sir Giles, sir Giles!

*Over.* The great fiend stop that clapper!

*Greedy.* It must ring out, sir, when my belly  
rings noon.

The baked-meats are run out, the roast turn'd  
powder.

*Over.* I shall powder you.

*Greedy.* Beat me to dust, I care not;  
In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.

*Over.* Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the  
shambles!<sup>5</sup> *[Strikes him.]*

*Greedy.* How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis  
petty treason

<sup>5</sup> *Over.* Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles!]  
Literally from Horace:

*Pernicies et tempestas, barathrumque macelli!*

*Barathrum* is frequently used by our old poets in the classical  
sense of an abyss, or devouring gulf: Thus Shirley,

"You come to scour your maw with the good cheer

"Which will be damn'd in your lean *barathrum*,

"You kitchen-stuff devourer!"

*The Wedding.*

I have not heard it observed that Massinger has taken a few  
traits of the character of his justice from Pasilipho, in the old  
comedy of *the Supposes*.



540 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Edward's quinto* : but that you are my friend,  
I could commit you without bail or mainprize.

*Over.* Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you

Where you shall not dine to day; disturb my lord,  
When he is in discourse!

*Greedy.* Is't a time to talk  
When we should be munching?

*Lov.* Hah! I heard some noise.

*Over.* Mum, villain; vanish! shall we break a bargain

Almost made up? *[Thrusts Greedy off.]*

*Lov.* Lady, I understand you,  
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;  
I'll be a careful pilot to direct  
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

*Marg.* So shall your honour save two lives,  
and bind us  
Your slaves for ever.

*Lov.* I am in the act rewarded,  
Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on  
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude  
Your subtile father.

*Marg.* I am prone to that.

*Lov.* Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!  
Where is sir Giles? *[Overreach comes forward.]*

*Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, and GREEDY.*

*Over.* My noble lord; and how  
Does your lordship find her?

*Lov.* Apt, sir Giles, and coming;  
And I like her the better.

*Over.* So do I too.

*Lov.* Yet should we take forts at the first assault,  
Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm her  
With a love-letter or two, which I must have  
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 541

*Over.* With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!  
Your hand, good master Allworth; know my house  
Is ever open to you.

*All.* 'Twas shut till now. [*Aside.*

*Over.* Well done, well done, my honourable  
• daughter!

Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,  
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

*Marg.* I shall, with my best care.

[*Noise within, as of a coach.*

*Over.* A coach!

*Greedy.* More stops

Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.*

*L. All.* If I find welome,  
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,  
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all  
Can be objected.

*Lov.* How! the lady Allworth!

*Over.* And thus attended!

[*Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, Lady Allworth  
salutes Margaret.*

*Mar.* No, I am a dolt,  
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.

*Over.* Peace, Patch;  
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment  
That does possess me wholly!

*Lov.* Noble lady,  
This is a favour, to prevent' my visit,  
The service of my life can never equal.

<sup>6</sup> *Over.* Peace, Patch;] *Patch* was the name of a fool kept by cardinal Wolsey, and who has deservedly had the honour of transmitting his appellation to a very numerous body of descendants; he being, as Wilson observes in his *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553, "a notable fool in his time."

<sup>7</sup> ————— to prevent my visit,] i. e. to anticipate it.

542 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*L. All.* My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped

You would have made my poor house your first inn:  
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,  
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,  
In this unequall'd beauty, 'for your stay ;  
And fearing to trust any but myself  
With the relation of my service to you,  
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,  
And took the air in person to invite you.

*Lov.* Your bounties are so great, they rob me,  
madam,

Of words to give you thanks.

*L. All.* Good sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him.*  
—How dost thou, Marrall? liked you my meat  
so ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

*Greedy.* I will, when you please,  
An it like your ladyship.

*L. All.* When you please, master Greedy ;  
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.  
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge  
This gentleman ; howe'er his outside's coarse,  
[*Presents Wellborn.*

His inward linings are as fine and fair  
As any man's ; wonder not I speak at large :  
And howsoe'er his humour carries him  
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever  
For his wild life hath stuck upon his fame,  
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself  
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles  
Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

*Over.* My nephew !  
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,  
Pray let it be mended.

[*Lovell conferring aside with Wellborn.*

*Mar.* Why, sir, what do you mean?  
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,  
That should hang or drown himself; no man of  
worship,  
Much less your nephew.

*Over.* Well, sirrah, we shall reckon  
For this hereafter.

*Mar.* I'll not lose my jeer,  
Though I be beaten dead for't.

*Well.* Let my silence plead  
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure  
Offer itself to hear a full relation  
Of my poor fortunes.

*Lov.* I would hear, and help them.

*Over.* Your dinner waits you.

*Lov.* Pray you lead, we follow.

*L. All.* Nay, you are my guest; come, dear  
master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy.*]

*Greedy.* *Dear master Wellborn!* So she said;  
heaven! heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate  
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants  
To have him committed, from all prisons in the  
shire,

To Nottingham gaol; and now, *Dear master  
Wellborn!*

And, *My good nephew!*—but I play the fool  
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

*Re-enter MARRALL.*

Are they set, Marrall?

*Mar.* Long since; pray you a word, sir.

*Greedy.* No wording now.

*Mar.* In troth, I must; my master  
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold  
with you,

L. All.

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SEE A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.  
And does cannot you, more guests being come in  
Than he expected, especially his nephew,  
The table being full too, you would excuse him,  
And sit with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner,  
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for  
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.  
Greedy. That was

But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission  
Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug\* words, sir;  
Should his worship hear you——

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,  
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!

Mar. Come, have patience.

If you will dispense a little with your worship,  
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have  
dumpling,

Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:  
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Another Room in Overreach's House.*

*Enter OVERREACH, as from dinner.*

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects  
my lord,

And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!  
The garments of her widowhood laid by,

\* Mar. No bug words, sir;] i. e. no frightful, terrific words:  
the word occurs in this sense in all our old poets.

She now appears as glorious as the spring.  
 Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,  
 He being her pledge, she sends him burning  
     kisses,  
 And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.  
 She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;  
 And if in our discourse he be but named,  
 From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I  
 At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,  
 All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

*'Enter MARRALL.*

*Mar.* Sir, the whole board is troubled at your  
     rising.

*Over.* No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee, Marrall,  
 Watch an occasion to invite my nephew  
 To speak with me in private.

*Mar.* Who! the rogue  
 The lady scorn'd to look on?

*Over.* You are a wag.

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.*

*Mar.* See, sir, she's come, and cannot be with-  
     out him.

*L. All.* With your favour, sir, after a plenteous  
     dinner,

I shall make bold to walk a turn or two  
 In your rare garden.

*Over.* There's an harbour too,  
 If your ladyship please to use it.

*L. All.* Come, master Wellborn.

*[Exeunt Lady Allworth and Wellborn.]*

*Over.* Grosser and grosser! now I believe the  
     poet

Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote

546 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull :  
This lady's lust's more monstrous. My good lord,

*Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, and the rest.*

Excuse my manners.

*Lov.* There needs none, sir Giles,  
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases  
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

*Over.* She shall seal to it, my lord, and make  
me happy.

*Re-enter WELLBORN and-Lady ALLWORTH.*

*Marg.* My lady is return'd.

*L. All.* Provide my coach,  
I'll instantly away ; my thanks, sir Giles,  
For my entertainment.

*Over.* 'Tis your nobleness  
To think it such.

*L. All.* I must do you a further wrong,  
In taking away your honourable guest.

*Lov.* I wait on you, madam ; farewell, good  
sir Giles.

*L. All.* Good mistress Margaret ; nay, come,  
master Wellborn,  
I must not leave you behind ; in sooth, I must  
not.

*Over.* Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once ;  
Let my nephew stay behind : he shall have my  
coach,

And, after some small conference between us,  
Soon overtake your ladyship.

*L. All.* Stay not long, sir.

*Lov.* This parting kiss : [*Kisses Margaret.*] you  
shall every day hear from me  
By my faithful page.

*All.* 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and Marrall.*]

*Over.* Daughter, to your chamber.—[*Exit Margaret.*—You may wonder, nephew, After so long an enmity between us, I should desire your friendship.

*Well.* So I do, sir ;

'Tis strange to me.

*Over.* But I'll make it no wonder ;  
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.  
We worldly men, when we see friends, and kins-

men,  
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand  
To lift them up, but rather set our feet  
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom ;  
As, I must yield, with you I practised it :  
But, now I see you in a way to rise,  
I can and will assist you ; this rich lady  
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you ;  
'Tis too apparent, nephew.

*Well.* No such thing :  
Compassion rather, sir.

*Over.* Well, in a word,  
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen  
No more in this base shape ; nor shall she say,  
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

*Well.* He'll run into the noose, and save my  
labour. [*Aside.*]

*Over.* You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far  
hence,  
In pawn ; I will redeem them ; and that no cla-  
mour  
May taint your credit for your petty debts,  
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them  
off,

And go a free man to the wealthy lady.



548 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Well.* This done, sir, out of love, and no ends  
else——

*Over.* As it is, nephew.

*Well.* Binds me still your servant.

*Over.* No compliments, you are staid for : ere  
you have supp'd  
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for  
my nephew !

To morrow I will visit you.

*Well.* Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes ! how much they do belie  
you,

That say you are hard-hearted !

*Over.* My deeds, nephew,  
Shall speak my love ; what men report I weigh  
not. [*Excunt.*

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ACT IV.. SCENE I.

*A Room in Lady Allworth's House.*

*Enter Lord' LOVELL and ALLWORTH.*

*Lov.* 'Tis well ; give me my cloak ; I now dis-  
charge you  
From further service : mind your own affairs,  
I hope they will prove successful.

*All.* What is blest  
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.  
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,  
How much I stand engaged, for I want language  
To speak my debt ; yet if a tear or two  
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply  
My tongue's defects, I could——

*Lov.* Nay, do not melt:  
 This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.  
*Over.* [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?  
*Lov.* 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

*Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.*

*Over.* A good day to my lord!  
*Lov.* You are an early riser,  
 Sir Giles.  
*Over.* And reason, to attend your lordship.  
*Lov.* And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!  
*Greedy.* In troth, my lord, after the sun is up  
 I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach  
 That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's  
 favour,  
 I have a serious question to demand  
 Of my worthy friend sir Giles.  
*Lov.* Pray you use your pleasure.  
*Greedy.* How far, sir Giles, and pray you answer me  
 Upon your credit, hold you it to be  
 From your manor-house, to this of my lady  
 Allworth's?

*Over.* Why, some four mile.  
*Greedy.* How! four mile, good sir Giles—  
 Upon your reputation, think better;  
 For if you do abate but one half quarter  
 Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong  
 That can be in the world; for four miles riding  
 Could not have raised so huge an appetite  
 As I feel gnawing on me.

*Mar.* Whether you ride,  
 Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,  
 An it please your worship.

*Over.* How now, sirrah? prating  
 Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew

550 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

See all his debts discharged, and help his worship  
To fit on his rich suit.

*Mar.* I may fit you too.

Toss'd like a dog still.

[*Exit.*

*Lov.* I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

*Over.* 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's  
already:—

Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry  
you

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there  
plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.

That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,

Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,

And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

*Greedy.* Take my advice, young gentleman,  
get your breakfast;

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with  
you,

And eat to purpose.

*Over.* Some Fury's in that gut:

Hungry again! did you not devour this morning

A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester  
oysters?

*Greedy.* Why, that was, sir, only to scour my  
stomach,

A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,

I will not have you feed like the hangman of  
Flushing,

Alone, while I am here.

*Lov.* Haste your return.

*All.* I will not fail, my lord.

*Greedy.* Nor I to line  
My Christmas coffer.

[*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*

*Over.* To my wish ; we are private.  
 I come not to make offer with my daughter  
 A certain portion, that were poor and trivial :  
 In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,  
 In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,  
 With her, my lord, comes to you ; nor shall you  
     have

One motive to induce you to believe  
 I live too long, since every year I'll add  
 Something unto the heap, which shall be your's  
     too.

*Lov.* You are a right kind father.

*Over.* You shall have reason  
 To think me such. How do you like this seat ?  
 It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres  
 Fertile and rich ; would it not serve for change  
 To entertain your friends in a summer progress ?  
 What thinks my noble lord ?

*Lov.* 'Tis a wholesome air,  
 And well built pile ; and she that's mistress of it  
 Worthy the large revenue.

*Over.* She the mistress !  
 It may be so for a time : but let my lord  
 Say only that he likes it, and would have it,  
 I say, ere long 'tis his.

*Lov.* Impossible.

*Over.* You do conclude too fast, not knowing  
     me,  
 Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone  
 The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Well-  
     born's,

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)  
 Shall soon be miné ; but point out any man's  
 In all the shire, and say they lie convenient  
 And useful for your lordship, and once more  
 I say aloud, they are your's.

*Lov.* I dare not own

552 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;  
My fame and credit are more dear to me,  
Than so to expose them to be censured by  
The publick voice.

*Over.* You run, my lord, no hazard.  
Your reputation shall stand as fair  
In all good men's opinions as now;  
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,  
Cast any foul aspersion upon your's.  
For, though I do contemn report myself,  
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender  
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,  
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,  
Nor your unquestioned integrity,  
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot  
That may take from your innocence and candour.  
All my ambition is to have my daughter  
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:  
And might I live to dance upon my knee  
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,  
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes,  
As for possessions, and annual rents,  
Equivalent to maintain you in the port  
Your noble birth and present state requires,  
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,  
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin  
The country to supply your riotous waste,  
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find  
you.

*Lov.* Are you not frighted with the imprecations  
And curses of whole families, made wretched  
By your sinister practices?

*Over.* Yes, as rocks are,  
When foamy billows split themselves against  
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,  
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her  
brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,  
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,  
If call'd into the field, I can make that right  
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.  
Now, for these other piddling complaints  
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me  
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder  
On my poor neighbour's right; or grand incloser  
Of what was common, to my private use;  
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,  
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,  
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm  
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,  
Or the least sting of conscience.

*Lov.* I admire  
The toughness of your nature.

*Over.* 'Tis for you,  
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;  
Nay more, if you will have my character  
In little, I enjoy more true delight  
In my arrival to my wealth these dark  
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take  
pleasure

In spending what my industry hath compass'd.  
My haste commands me hence; in one word,  
therefore,

Is it a match?

*Lov.* I hope, that is past doubt now.

*Over.* Then rest secure; not the hate of all  
mankind here,<sup>9</sup>

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,  
Shall make me study aught but your advancement  
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.

9 ——— not the hate of all mankind here,] I  
know not why the modern editors omit *here*; not only the  
rhythm but the sense is improved by its restoration.

554 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Dispute not my religion, nor my faith ;  
Though I am born thus headlong by my will,  
You may make choice of what belief you please,  
To me they are equal ; so, my lord, good morrow.

[*Exit.*

*Lov.* He's gone—I wonder how the earth can  
bear

Such a portent ! I, that have lived a soldier,  
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,  
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over  
In a cold sweat : yet, like a mountain, he  
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)  
Is no more shaken than Olympus is  
When angry Boreas loads his double head  
With sudden drifts of snow.

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and  
AMBLE.*

*L. All.* Save you, my lord !  
Disturb I not your privacy ?

*Lov.* No, good madam ;  
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner :  
Since this bold bad-man, sir Giles Overreach,  
Made such a plain discovery of himself,  
And read this morning such a devilish matins,  
That I should think it a sin next to his  
But to repeat it.

*L. All.* I ne'er press'd, my lord,  
On others privacies ; yet, against my will,

— than Olympus is  
When angry Boreas loads his double head  
With sudden drifts of snow.] Either Massinger, or his transcriber, has mistaken Olympus for Parnassus : it may be the former, for, in trusting to their memory, such slips are not unusual in our old writers, who were indeed little solicitous of accuracy in these trivial matters.

Walking, for health sake, in the gallery  
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made  
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker  
Of his tempting offers.

*Lov.* Please you to command  
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear  
Your wiser counsel.

*L. All.* 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,  
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,  
But be within call; yet not so near to force me  
To whisper my intents.

*Amb.* We are taught better  
By you, good madam.

*Woman.* And well know our distance.

*L. All.* Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your  
breeding. [*Exeunt Ambler and Woman.*]  
Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,  
As to an honour'd friend——

*Lov.* You lessen else  
Your favour to me.

*L. All.* I dare then say thus;  
As you are noble (howe'er common men  
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end  
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree  
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged  
More to prefer their honours, than to increase  
The state left to them by their ancestors,  
To study large additions to their fortunes,  
And quite neglect their births:—though I must  
grant,  
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,  
But a bad master.

*Lov.* Madam, 'tis confess'd;  
But what infer you from it?

*L. All.* This, my lord;  
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,  
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,



556 ' A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,  
I mean if ill acquired, cemented to honour  
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,

Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,  
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank,)  
Rendering the water, that was pure before,  
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow  
The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,  
A maid well qualified, and the richest match  
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,  
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,  
That never will forget who was her father;  
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Well-born's,

(How wrung from both needs now no repetition,)  
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship  
To join your families, than her form and virtues:  
You may conceive the rest.

*Lov.* I do, sweet madam,  
And long since have considered it. I know,  
The sum of all that makes a just man happy  
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:  
And there, well to discharge it, does require  
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;  
For beauty being poor, and not cried up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.  
And wealth, where there's such difference in  
years,

And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy :—  
But I come nearer.

*L. All.* Pray you do, my lord.

*Lov.* Were Overreach's states thrice centupled,  
his daughter  
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,  
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,  
I would not so adulterate my blood

By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue  
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet  
And the other London blue. In my own tomb  
I will inter my name first.

*L. All.* I am glad to hear this.— [*Aside.*  
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?  
Dissimulation but ties false knots  
On that straight line by which you hitherto  
Have measured all your actions.

*Lov.* I make answer,  
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,  
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict  
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself  
To visits and entertainments? think you, madam,  
'Tis not grown publick conference? or the fa-  
vours

Which you too prodigally have thrown on  
Wellborn,  
Being too<sup>a</sup> reserved before, incur not censure?

*L. All.* I am innocent here, and, on my life, I  
swear  
My ends are good.

*Lov.* On my soul, so are mine  
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:  
And since this friendly privacy does serve  
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves  
To search each other further, you having shewn  
Your care of me, I, my respect to you;  
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,  
An afternoon's discourse.

*L. All.* So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> *Being too reserved before.*] This is the reading of the quarto, and evidently genuine: it does not however satisfy Mr. M. Mason; who gives us, on his own authority, *Being so reserved before!*

SCENE II.

*Before Tapwell's House.*

*Enter TAPWELL and FROTH.*

*Tap.* Undone, undone! this was your counsel,  
Froth.

*Froth.* Mine! I defy thee: did not master  
Marrall

(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command  
us,

On pain of sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,  
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

*Tap.* 'Tis true;

But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got  
Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,  
At his commandment, to do any thing;  
Woe, woe to us!

*Froth.* He may prove merciful.

*Tap.* Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.  
Though he knew all the passages of our house,  
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,  
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would be-  
lieve him,

And then his information could not hurt us;  
But now he is right worshipful again,  
Who dares but doubt his testimony? methinks  
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart  
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out  
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,  
If I scape the halter, with the letter R  
Printed upon it.

*Froth.* Would that were the worst!  
That were but nine days wonder: as for credit

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 559

We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money  
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.

*Tap.* He has summon'd all his creditors by the  
drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers  
On the pay day; and has found out such a NEW  
WAY

TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely  
He shall be chronicled for it!

*Froth.* He deserves it  
More than ten pageants.<sup>3</sup> But are you sure his  
worship

Comes this way to my lady's?

[*A cry within:* Brave master Wellborn!

*Tap.* Yes:—I hear him.

*Froth.* Be ready with your petition, and present it  
To his good grace.

*Enter WELLBORN in a rich habit, followed by MARR-  
ALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, and Credi-  
tors; TAPWELL kneeling, delivers his petition.*

*Well.* How's this! petition'd too?—  
But note what miracles the payment of

<sup>3</sup> ————— 'tis very likely  
*He shall be chronicled for it!*

*Froth.* He deserves it

*More than ten pageants.*] This is a pleasant allusion to the  
minute industry with which Holingshead, Stowe, Baker, and the  
other chroniclers of those times, collected every unimportant event  
and individual history, to swell their useful but desultory pages:

“I more voluminous should grow

“Chiefly if I, like them, should tell

“All kind of weather that befel,

“Than Holingshead or Stowe.”

*Cowley.*

The reply of Froth is sarcastically aimed at the perverse pains  
bestowed by the former of these writers on the ridiculous mum-  
mery, under the name of *pageants*, which the city was in the  
habit of exhibiting on every publick occasion.

560 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes  
Can work upon these rascals ! I shall be,  
I think, prince Wellborn.

*Mar.* When your worship's married  
You may be:—I know what I hope to see you.

*Well.* Then look thou for advancement.

*Mar.* To be known  
Your worship's bailiff is the mark I shoot at.

*Well.* And thou shalt hit it.

*Mar.* Pray you, sir, dispatch  
These needy followers, and for my admittance,  
Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,  
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something  
You shall give thanks for.

*Well.* Fear me not sir Giles.\*

*Greedy.* Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife  
brought me,  
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

*Tap.* And shall do every Christmass let your  
worship  
But stand my friend now.

*Greedy.* How ! with master Wellborn?  
I can do any thing with him on such terms. —  
See you this honest couple, they are good souls  
As ever drew out fosset; have they not  
A pair of honest faces ?

*Well.* I o'erheard you,  
And the bribe he promised. You are cozen'd  
in them ;

\* *You shall give thanks for.*

*Well.* *Fear me not sir Giles.*] So the quarto. The  
modern editors read :

*You shall give me thanks for.*

*Well.* *Fear not, sir Giles.*

Which is not metre: but they probably did not understand the  
phraseology of the last hemistich, which is a Gallicism to be  
found in every writer of Massinger's time. For their insertion of  
*me* in the former I cannot pretend to account.

For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,  
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,  
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved  
me,<sup>s</sup>

And therefore speak not for them: by your place  
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your  
ear:

—Forget his turkies, and call in his license,  
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of  
oxen

Worth all his poultry.

*Greedy.* I am changed on the sudden  
In my opinion! come near; nearer, rascal.  
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see  
One look so like an archknave? his very coun-  
tenance,

Should an understanding judge but look upon him,  
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

*Tap. Froth.* Worshipful sir.

*Greedy.* No, though the great Turk came, in-  
stead of turkies,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable.

Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,  
That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege  
people,

Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's  
stomachs,

A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,  
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,  
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.

For which gross fault I here do damn thy license,  
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;

For, instantly, I will in mine own person

<sup>s</sup> ————— have worst deserved me,] Here again,  
from ignorance of the language, the last word is thrown out.  
Such editors! —————

562 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Command the constable to pull down thy sign,  
And do it before I eat.

*Froth.* No mercy!

*Greedy.* Vanish!

If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore  
me!

*Tap.* Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, and Froth.*]

*Well.* Speak; what are you?

*1 Cred.* A decay'd vintner, sir,  
That might have thrived, but that your worship  
broke me

With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,  
And five-pound suppers; with your after drinkings,  
When you lodged upon the Bankside.

*Well.* I remember.

*1 Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to  
arrest you;

And therefore, sir—

*Well.* Thou art an honest fellow,  
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.  
What are you?

*2 Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.  
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,  
Which was all my stock, but you failing in pay-  
ment,  
I was removed from the shop-board, and confined  
Under a stall.

*Well.* See him paid; and botch no more.

*2 Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

*Well.* Such tailors need not;  
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year  
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,  
Thou wert my surgeon: you must tell no tales;  
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.

*Ord.* A royal gentleman!

*Furn.* Royal as an emperor!

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 563

He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew  
To choose a man.

*Well.* See all men else discharg'd;

And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,

A little bounty will not misbecome me;

There's something, honest cook, for thy good  
breakfasts,

And this for your respect; take't, 'tis good gold,  
And I able to spare it.

*Ord.* You are too munificent.

*Furn.* He was ever so.

*Well.* Pray you, on before.

3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you!

*Mar.* At four o'clock the rest know where to  
meet me.

[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, and Creditors.*]

*Well.* Now, master Marrall, what's the weighty  
secret

You promised to impart?

*Mar.* Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance,

This only in a word; I know Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security

For his thousand pounds, which you must not  
consent to.

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,

Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt

Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;

I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)

When you were defeated of it.

*Well.* That's forgiven.

*Mar.* I shall deserve it: then urge him to  
produce

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,

Which I know he'll have about him to deliver

To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,

And present monies: I'll instruct you further,



564 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize  
To your full content, and your uncle's much  
vexation,

Hang up Jack Marrall.

*Well.* I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Room in Overreach's House.*

*Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.*

*All.* Whether to yield the first praise to my  
lord's

Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,  
That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on  
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,  
I yet rest doubtful.

*Marg.* Give it to lord Lovell;  
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.  
I make but payment of a debt to which  
My vows, in that high office register'd,  
Are faithful witnesses.

*All.* 'Tis true, my dearest;  
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones  
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths  
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness;  
And you rise up no less than a glorious star'  
To the amazement of the world,—that hold out  
Against the stern authority of a father,  
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;

<sup>6</sup> ——— *if I play not my prize*] This expression is frequently found in our old writers, yet the modern editors wantonly corrupt it here and elsewhere into—*if I play not my part*.

<sup>7</sup> *And you rise up no less than a glorious star*] No, which is not found in the quarto, was judiciously inserted by Dodsley.

I am so tender of your good, that faintly,  
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right  
You yet are pleased to do me.

*Marg.* Yet, and ever.

To me what's title, when content is wanting?  
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,  
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,  
In being dispossess'd of what it longs for  
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow  
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will;  
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted  
By my obedience, and he see me great,  
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power  
To make her own election?

*All.* But the dangers

That follow the repulse—

*Marg.* To me they are nothing:

Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.  
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me;  
A tear or two, by you dropt on my herse,  
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life  
So far as but to say, that I die yours;  
I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove  
So cruel, as one death would not suffice  
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering tor-  
ments,

In mind and body, I must waste to air,  
In poverty join'd with banishment; so you  
share

In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,  
So high I prize you, I could undergo them  
With such a patience as should look down  
With scorn on his worst malice.

*All.* Heaven avert

Such trials of your true affection to me!  
Nor will it unto you that are all mercy,  
Shew so much rigour: but since we must run

566 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Such desperate hazards, let us do our best  
To steer between them.

*Marg.* Your lord's ours, and sure ;  
And though but a young actor, second me  
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

*Enter OVERREACH behind.*

The end may yet prove happy: now, my Allworth.

*All.* To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

*Marg.* I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;  
And when with terms, not taking from his  
honour,

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.  
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,  
T' appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,  
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone  
Till death unloose it, is a confidence  
In his lordship will deceive him.

*All.* I hope better,  
Good lady.

*Marg.* Hope, sir, what you please: for me  
I must take a safe and secure course; I have  
A father, and without his full consent,  
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,  
I can grant nothing.

*Over.* I like this obedience: [*Comes forward.*  
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be  
Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,  
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant  
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.

How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive  
A messenger from my lord? what's this? give me it.

*Marg.* A piece of arrogant paper, like the in-  
scriptions.

*Over.* [*Reads.*] *Fair mistress, from your servant  
learn, all joys*

*That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys ;  
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet  
A husband, that will gladly at your feet  
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you  
With all content, the church being paid her due.*

—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!  
Will you still be one? in the name of madness,  
what

Could his good honour write more to content you?  
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,  
That are already offer'd; marriage first,  
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?

*Marg.* Why, sir, I would be married like your  
daughter;

Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,  
Without all ceremony; no friends invited  
To honour the solemnity.

*All.* An 't please your honour,  
For so before to morrow I must style you,  
My lord desires this privacy in respect  
His honourable kinsmen are far off,  
And his desires to have it done brook not  
So long delay as to expect their coming;  
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,  
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,  
To have his marriage at court celebrated  
When he has brought your honour up to London.

*Over.* He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on  
my knowledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,\*  
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,

\* *Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,*] i. e. you; his daughter, to whom he gives the title. I have sometimes thought that this mode of expression, which is more common than cursory readers, perhaps, imagine, is not sufficiently attended to by the commentators. Many difficulties would vanish if these appellations were duly noticed, and applied.

## 568. A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.  
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad  
Shall prick you to him.

*Marg.* I could be contented,  
Were you but by, to do a father's part,  
And give me in the church.

*Over.* So my lord have you,  
What do I care who gives you? since my lord  
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.  
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord  
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse  
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to  
morrow

I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time,  
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed  
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo:  
'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.

*Marg.* With your favour, sir, what warrant is  
your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,  
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused,  
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,  
Your presence would do better.

*Over.* Still perverse!

I say again, I will not cross my lord;  
Yet I'll prevent you too.\*—Paper and ink, there!

*All.* I can furnish you.

*Over.* I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*

*All.* You may, if you please, put out the name  
of my lord,

In respect he comes disguised, and only write,  
Marry her to this gentleman.

*Over.* Well advised.

'Tis done; away!—[*Margaret kneels.*] my blessing,  
girl? thou hast it.

\* *Yet I'll prevent you too.*] From the Latin, as I have already  
observed. I'll anticipate all your objections.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 569

Nay, no reply, be gone:—good master Allworth,  
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

*All.* I hope so, sir.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*]

*Over.* Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:

Methinks I hear already knights and ladies  
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with  
Your honourable daughter? has her honour  
Slept well to night? or, Will her honour please  
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto,  
(This is state in ladies) or my eldest son  
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?  
My ends, my ends are compass'd!—then for  
Wellborn

And the lands; were he once married to the  
widow——

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,  
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room in Lady Allworth's House.*

*Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, and Ambler.*

*L. All.* By this you know how strong the mo-  
tives were  
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense

<sup>1</sup> *All. I hope so, sir.*] I cannot much approve of the conduct of this young couple; it is too full of artifice and deceit. Undoubtedly the insupportable pride and tyranny of Overreach make him a proper subject to be practised on; but not by his daughter, whose character has been hitherto so conducted as to gain the esteem of every reader.

## 570 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A little with my gravity, to advance,  
 In personating some few favours to him,  
 The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.  
 Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer  
 In some few men's opinions for't, the action ;  
 For he that ventured all for my dear husband,  
 Might justly claim an obligation from me,  
 To pay him such a courtesy ; which had I  
 Coily, or over-curiously denied,  
 It might have argued me of little love  
 To the deceased.

*Lov.* What you intended, madam,  
 For the poor gentleman, hath found good success ;  
 For, as I understand, his debts are paid,  
 And he once more furnish'd for fair employment :  
 But all, the arts that I have used to raise  
 The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,  
 Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well.  
 For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant  
 Than their years can promise ; and for their desires,  
 On my knowledge, they are equal.

*L. All.* As<sup>2</sup> my wishes  
 Are with yours, my lord ; yet give me leave to fear  
 The building, though well grounded : to deceive  
 Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox  
 In his proceedings, were a work beyond  
 The strongest undertakers ; not the trial  
 Of two weak innocents.

*Lov.* Despair not, madam :  
 Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means ;  
 And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven,  
 Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly  
 men,  
 That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,

<sup>2</sup> As my wishes &c.] *As* is changed in both the modern editions into *Though*, for no better reason, I believe, than that the editors did not discover the sense of a plain passage.

Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.  
Which is the reason, that the politick  
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms  
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,  
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.<sup>3</sup>

*L. All.* May he be so! yet, in his name to  
express it  
Is a good omen.

*Lov.* May it to myself  
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!  
What think you of the motion?

*L. All.* Troth, my lord,  
My own unworthiness may answer for me;  
For had you, when that I was in my prime,  
My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me  
With this great favour; looking on my lowness  
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,  
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing  
Far, far beyond my merit.

*Lov.* You are too modest,  
And undervalue that which is above  
My title, or whatever I call mine.  
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry  
A widow might disparage me; but being  
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find  
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,  
That which you think a blemish, is to me  
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,  
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish  
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,  
That, if I am not wanting in my care  
To do you service, you'll be still the same

<sup>3</sup> *Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.*] The quarto reads, and perhaps by design, to make the allusion more striking, *over-reach*. For the rest, the observation is a most admirable one, and worthy of all praise. It may serve to explain many fancied inconsistencies in the conduct of the Overreaches in all ages.



572 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

That you were to your Allworth: in a word,  
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,  
You being descended nobly, and allied so ;  
If then you may be won to make me happy,  
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be  
A solemn contract.

*L. All.* I were blind to my own good,  
Should I refuse it ; yet, my lord, receive me  
As such a one, the study of whose whole life  
Shall know no other object but to please you.

*Lov.* If I return not, with all tenderness,  
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched !

*L. All.* There needs no protestation, my lord,  
To her that cannot doubt.

*Enter WELLBORN.*

You are welcome, sir.

Now you look like yourself.

*Well.* And will continue  
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am  
Your creature, madam, and will never hold  
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

*Lov.* It is a thankfulness that well becomes  
you ;

You could not make choice of a better shape  
To dress your mind in.

*L. All.* For me, I am happy  
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late  
Sir Giles, your uncle ?

*Well.* I heard of him, madam,  
By his minister, Marrall ; he's grown into strange  
passions  
About his daughter : this last night he look'd for  
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,  
And she not yet appearing, his wise head  
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

*Lov.* It may be,  
Sweetheart, my project took.

*L. All.* I strongly hope.

*Over.* [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge  
lump of nothing,  
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

*Well.* May it please your lordship,  
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw  
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,  
You may, perhaps, have sport.

*Lov.* You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*]

*Enter OVERREACH, with distracted looks, driving  
in MARRALL before him, with a box.*

*Over.* I shall sol fa you, rogue!

*Mar.* Sir, for what cause  
Do you use me thus?

*Over.* Cause, slave! why, I am angry,  
And thou a subject only fit for beating,  
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;  
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,  
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,  
I'll rack thy soul for't.

*Mar.* I may yet cry quittance,  
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*]

*Over.* Lady, by your leave, did you see my  
daughter, lady?  
And the lord her husband? are they in your  
house?  
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;  
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,  
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make  
courtsies<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ————— and make courtsies

[*When she nods on you;*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M.  
Mason strangely read—and make court:!

574 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

~~When she nods on you ; which you must receive  
As a special favour.~~

*E. All.* When I know, sir Giles,  
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it ;  
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,  
I give you to understand, I neither know  
Nor care where her honour is.

*Over.* When you once see her  
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,  
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

*Well.* Sir.

*Over.* No more !

*Well.* 'Tis all I owe you.

*Over.* Have your redeem'd rags  
Made you thus insolent ?

*Well.* Insolent to you !  
—Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,  
At the best, more than myself ?

*Over.* His fortune swells him :  
'Tis rank, he's married.

*L. All.* This is excellent !

*Over.* Sir, in calm language, though I seldom  
use it,  
I am familiar with the cause that makes you  
Bear up thus bravely ; there's a certain buz  
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear ? of a stolen  
marriage,  
In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been  
cozen'd ;

I name no parties

*Well.* Well, sir, and what follows ?

*Over.* Marry, this ; since you are peremptory :  
remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you  
A thousand pounds : put me in good security,  
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,  
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you

Dragg'd in your lavender robes<sup>5</sup> to the gaol : you  
know me,

And therefore do not trifle.

*Well.* Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, now he's in

The way to rise? was this the courtesy

You did me *in pure love, and no ends else?*

*Over.* End me no ends! engage the whole  
estate,

And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have

Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,

And revel in bawdy taverns.

*Well.* And beg after;

Mean you not so?

*Over.* My thoughts are mine, and free.

Shall I have security?

*Well.* No, indeed you shall not,

Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;

Your great looks fright not me.

*Over.* But my deeds shall.

Outbraved!

[*Both draw.*

*L. All.* Help, murder! murder!

*Enter Servants.*

*Well.* Let him come on,

With all his wrongs and injuries about him,

Arm'd with his cut-throat practises to guard him;

The right that I bring with me will defend me,

And punish his extortion.

<sup>5</sup> *Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol: ———*] i. e. your clothes which have been just redeemed out of pawn. (See p. 547.) To lay a thing in lavender was a cant phrase for pawning it. Thus, in Green's *Quipe for an upstart Courtier*, c. 3, — "There is he ready to lend the looser money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any good *pawne*, but the poore gentleman paies so deare for the lavender it is laid up in, that if it lie long at the broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twice." The expression is also used by Jonson, and indeed by most of our old poets.

576 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Over.* That I had thee  
But single in the field!

*L. All.* You may; but make not  
My house your quarrelling scene.

*Over.* Were't in a church,  
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

*Mar.* Now put him to  
The shewing of the deed.

*Well.* This rage is vain, sir;  
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands  
full

Upon the least incitement; and whereas  
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,  
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience,)  
Either restore my land, or I'll recover  
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,  
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

*Over.* I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not  
purchase

The land left by thy father, that rich land,  
That had continued in Wellborn's name  
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,  
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here inclosed  
The deed that does confirm it mine?

*Mar.* Now, now!

*Well.* I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd  
over

Any such land; I grant, for a year or two  
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,  
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease  
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,  
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,  
Must of necessity follow.

*L. All.* In my judgment  
He does advise you well.

*Over.* Good! good! conspire  
With your new husband, lady; second him

In his dishonest practices ; but when  
This manor is extended to my use,<sup>6</sup>  
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

*L. All.* Never : do not hope it.

*Well.* Let despair first seize me.

*Over.* Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make  
thee give

Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out  
The precious evidence ; if thou canst forswear  
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*

Thy ears to the pillory, see ! here's that will make  
My interest clear—ha !

*L. All.* A fair skin of parchment.

*Well.* Indented, I confess, and labels too ;  
But neither wax nor words. How ! thunder-  
struck ?

Not a syllable to insult with ? My wise uncle,  
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes  
Your interest clear ?

*Over.* I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder !  
What prodigy is this ? what subtle devil  
Hath razed out the inscription ? the wax  
Turn'd into dust !—the rest of my deeds whole,  
As when they were deliver'd, and this only  
Made nothing ! do you deal with witches, rascal ?  
There is a statute for you, which will bring'

<sup>6</sup> ————— but when

*This manor is extended to my use,*] i. e. seized, It is a legal phrase, and occurs continually.

<sup>7</sup> *There is a statute for you, &c.*] This statute, which unfortunately brought many a neck into a hempen circle, was made in the first year of James. It decreed the punishment of death for a variety of impossible crimes ; which yet were fully proved upon a number of poor ignorant superannuated wretches, who were cajoled or terrified into a full confession of them. This diabolical law was repealed about the middle of the last century.

578 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;  
And now 'tis better thought for,<sup>8</sup> cheater, know  
This juggling shall not save you.

*Well.* To save thee  
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

*Over.* Marrall!

*Mar.* Sir.

*Over.* Though the witnesses are dead, your  
testimony  
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,  
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,  
I know thou wilt swear any thing to dash  
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art  
A publick notary, and such stand in law  
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too  
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd  
When thou wert present, will make good my title.  
Wilt thou not swear this?

*Mar.* I! no, I assure you:  
I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;  
I know no deeds.

*Over.* Wilt thou betray me?

*Mar.* Keep him  
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue  
To his no little torment.

*Over.* Mine own varlet  
Rebel against me!

*Mar.* Yes, and uncase you too.  
The ideot, the Patch, the slave, the booby,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *And now 'tis better thought for,*] This is right; and perfectly agreeable to the practice of Massinger's times, indeed, of all times; yet Mr. M. Mason is not content, but arbitrarily reads, *And now 'tis better thought of!*

<sup>9</sup> *The ideot, the Patch, the slave, &c.*] The vengeance of a little mind, confident of its cunning, is happily portrayed in the

The property fit only to be beaten  
 For your morning exercise, your football, or  
 The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge;  
 Can now anatomize you, and lay open  
 All your black plots, and level with the earth  
 Your hill of pride: and, with these gabions  
 guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,  
 Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

*L. All.* How he foams at the mouth with rage!

*Well.* To him again.

*Over.* O that I had thee in my gripe, I would  
 tear thee

Joint after joint!

*Mar.* I know you are a tearer.

But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then  
 Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,  
 And made it good before the judge, what ways,  
 And devilish practices, you used to cozen with  
 An army of whole families, who yet live,  
 And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able  
 To take in Dunkirk.<sup>1</sup>

recapitulation of those abusive terms which had been, at various times, lavished upon Marrall, and which, though he submitted to them in silence, he had carefully treasured up till the occasion should offer of retorting them with sarcastick triumph and exultation.

<sup>1</sup> *An army of whole families, who yet live,  
 And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able*

*To take in Dunkirk.*] This speech is very erroneously given by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason; it is here corrected from the quarto. I am still doubtful, however, whether the verb *live* be genuine; as I believe that the author had in view a passage in the *Virgin Martyr*:

"Were the Christians,

"Whose names stand here, *alive* and arm'd, not Rome

"Could move upon her hinges."

Vol. I. p. 100.

*To take in*, means to subdue, to seize. The modern editors



580 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Well.* All will come out.

*L. All.* The better.

*Over.* But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,  
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,  
These swords, that keep thee from me, should fix here,  
Although they made my body but one wound,  
But I would reach thee.

*Loe.* Heaven's hand is in this;  
One bandog worry the other ! [*Aside.*

*Over.* I play the fool,  
And make my anger but ridiculous :  
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,  
When you shall feel what I dare do.

*Well.* I think so :  
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour  
To be honest, and repent.

*Over.* They are words I know not,  
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

*Enter GREEDY and Parson Willdo.*<sup>2</sup>

Shall find no harbour here :—after these storms  
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome !

ignorant of this, (and, I may venture to add, after the numerous instances which we have already had of this familiar expression, inexcusably ignorant,) strike out *in*, and reduce the line to mere prose !

<sup>2</sup> *Enter GREEDY and Parson Willdo.*] So the parson is called in the list of dramatis personæ, and in every part of the play : yet I know not for what reason the modern editors continually call him *Well-do* ! They must have as little notion of humour, as of the true character of *Overreach*, if they imagine this to be the better name.

There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?  
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,  
And I am tame.

*Willdo.* Married! yes, I assure you.

*Over.* Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's  
more gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd  
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

*Greedy.* Here will be feasting; at least for a  
month

I am provided: empty guts, croak no more,  
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,  
But bearing dishes.<sup>3</sup>

*Over.* Instantly be here?

[*Whispering to Willdo.*

To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot  
against me,<sup>4</sup>

And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemn'd  
me,

Think on't and tremble:—[*Loud musick.*]—they  
come! I hear the musick.

A lane there for my lord!

<sup>3</sup> *But bearing dishes.*] i. e. solid, substantial dishes; or what the steward (in *the Unnatural Combat*, Vol. I. p. 165) calls portly viands. I mention this because the word is frequently mistaken:

“ Cloudesle with a *bearyng* arrowe

“ Clave the wande in two.”

*Old Ballad.*

“ A *bearing* arrow;” says Strutt, “ is an arrow shot compass, i. e. so as the arrow in its flight formed a segment of a circle.” And so we get the praise of accuracy! A *bearing* arrow is, in three words, a strong and weighty arrow.

<sup>4</sup> *To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me, &c.*] How much better does this express the eager triumph of Overreach, than the tame and unmetrical reading of Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason! they omit, *to my wish!* which, as they probably counted the syllables upon their fingers, appeared to them a grievous redundancy.

582 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Well.* This sudden heat  
May yet be cool'd, sir.

*Over.* Make way there for my lord!

*Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.*

*Marg.* Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with  
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.  
As ever you could make use of your reason,

[*Kneeling.*

Grow not in passion; since you may as well  
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot  
Which is too strongly fasten'd: not to dwell  
Too long on words, this is my husband.

*Over.* How!

*All.* So I assure you; all the rites of marriage  
With every circumstance are past. Alas! sir,  
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,  
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;  
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say  
Your dutiful daughter.

*Over.* Devil! are they married?

*Willdo.* Do a father's part, and say, Heaven  
give them joy!

*Over.* Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak  
quickly,  
Or thou art dead.

*Willdo.* They are married.

*Over.* Thou hadst better  
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,  
Than these:—my brain turns!

*Willdo.* Why this rage to me?

Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?  
*Marry her to this gentleman.*

*Over.* It cannot:

Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;  
That I, that, in all passages I touch'd.  
At worldly profit, have not left a print  
Where I have trod for the most curious search  
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,  
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours  
Defeated, and made void.

*Well.* As it appears,  
You are so, my grave uncle.

*Over.* Village nurses  
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste  
A syllable, but thus I take the life  
Which wretched I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill Margaret.*

*Lov.* [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!  
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left  
you,

Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,  
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?  
Consider; at the best you are but a man,  
And cannot so create your aims, but that  
They may be cross'd.

*Over.* Lord! thus I spit at thee,  
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,<sup>5</sup>  
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour  
Dares shew itself, where multitude and example  
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change  
Six words in private.

*Lov.* I am ready.

*L. All.* Stay, sir,  
Contest with one distracted!

<sup>5</sup> ——— and again desire thee,  
[And as thou art a soldier, ——— to quit the house, &c.] I should  
not have thought this called for an explanation, had not Mr. M.  
Mason chosen to misunderstand it, and alter the text: he reads  
———— and again defy thee.

584 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Well.* You'll grow like him,  
Should you answer his vain challenge,

*Over.* Are you pale?  
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,  
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—  
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,  
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,  
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:  
Alone I can do nothing, but I have servants  
And friends to second me; and if I make not  
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,  
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave  
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,  
Hell, add to my afflictions! [Exit.]

*Mar.* Is't not brave sport?

*Greedy.* Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en  
away my stomach;  
I do not like the sauce.

*All.* Nay, weep not, dearest,  
Though it express your pity; what's decreed  
Above we cannot alter.

*L. All.* His threats move me  
No scruple, madam.

*Mar.* Was it not a rare trick,  
An it please your worship, to make the deed  
nothing?

I can do twenty neater, if you please  
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be  
Such a solicitor and steward for you,  
As never worshipful had.

*Well.* I do believe thee;  
But first discover the quaint means you used  
To raze out the conveyance?

*Mar.* They are mysteries  
Not to be spoke in publick: certain minerals  
Incorporated in the ink and wax,—

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 585

Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me  
With hopes and blows; and that was the induce-  
ment

To this conundrum. If it please your worship  
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me  
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;  
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

*Well.* You are a rascal! he that dares be false  
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true  
To any other. Look not for reward  
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight  
As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity;  
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order  
Your practice shall be silenced.

*Greedy.* I'll commit him,  
If you will have me, sir.

*Well.* That were to little purpose;  
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,  
But instantly be gone.

*Ord.* Take this kick with you.

*Amb.* And this.

*Furn.* If that I had my cleaver here,  
I would divide your knave's head.

*Mar.* This is the haven  
False servants still arrive at.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter OVERREACH.*

*L. All.* Come again!

*Lov.* Fear not, I am your guard.

*Well.* His looks are ghastly.

*Willdo.* Some little time I have spent, under  
your favours,

In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,  
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,  
And look to yourselves.

586 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

*Over.* Why, is not the whole world  
Included in myself? to what use then  
Are friends and servants? Say there were a  
squadron  
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am  
mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?  
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,  
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:  
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,  
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,  
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,  
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure,  
hangmen,

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me  
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new  
shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips  
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall  
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate  
I will be forced to hell like to myself.

Though you were legions of accursed spirits,  
Thus would I fly among you. [*Rushes forward.*

*Well.* There's no help;  
Disarm him first, then bind him.

*Greedy.* Take a mittimus,  
And carry him to Bedlam.

*Lov.* How he foams!

*Well.* And bites the earth!

*Willdo.* Carry him to some dark room,  
There try what art can do for his recovery.

*Marg.* O my dear father!

[*They force Overreach off.*

*All.* You must be patient, mistress.

*Lov.* Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 587

That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,  
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take  
comfort,

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians  
In his distractions: and for your land, master  
Wellborn,

Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire  
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir  
Of sir Giles Overreach; for me, here's the anchor  
That I must fix on.

*All.* What you shall determine,  
My lord, I will allow of.

*Well.* 'Tis the language  
That I speak too; but there is something else  
Beside the repossession of my land,  
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.  
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost  
In my loose course; and until I redeem it  
Some noble way, I am but half made up.  
It is a time of action; if your lordship  
Will please to confer a company upon me  
In your command, I doubt not, in my service  
To my king, and country, but I shall do something  
That may make me right again.

*Lov.* Your suit is granted,  
And you loved for the motion.

*Well.* Nothing wants then  
But your allowance——

[*To the Spectators.*]



## E P I L O G U E.

BUT your allowance—and in that our all  
 Is comprehended ; it being known, nor we,  
 Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free  
 Without your manumission ; which if you  
 Grant willingly, as a fair favour due  
 To the poet's, and our labours, (as you may,)  
 For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play :  
 We jointly shall profess your grace hath might  
 To teach us action, and him how to write.\*

\* We find that the players in Massinger's age did " not despair" of the success of this Comedy : and the continuance of the publick favour has justified their confidence in its merit. Indeed it possesses many qualifications for the stage. The principal event, though subject to an objection which will be presently noticed, is conceived with much novelty and humour. During its progress many entertaining incidents arise, and a strong and lively picture is presented of domestick manners. Its useful tendency is also as prominent as the amusement which it confessedly brings. No Play of Massinger is marked with more variety or seriousness of moral ; from Wellborn we learn, that he who squanders his substance on the unworthy, shall be rewarded with ingratitude and insult ; and that the return of wealth brings but little satisfaction unless it be accompanied with a returning sense of honour :—from the associates of Overreach, that vicious friendships are but treacheries, false in their principle, even while they last, and spurned alike by virtue, both while they last, and when they fail :—and from Overreach himself, that there is a secret hand which counteracts injustice, infatuates subtilty, and turns the arts of selfishness into folly and

## A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. 589

ruin. His madness is judicial: and Massinger holds him out to the world,

“ ————— a precedent to teach wicked men

“ That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,

“ Their own abilities leave them. —————

This character is drawn with great force; and as the story proceeds, Overreach takes place of Wellborn in the attention of the reader. He is divided between avarice and vanity; avarice which grows from his nature as its proper fruit; and vanity which is grafted upon the success of his avarice. In this part we meet with strong marks of a disposition basely aspiring. He betrays his vulgar joy on account of the expected alliance, to those from whom prudence and delicacy would equally conceal it: and he glories in the prospect even of his own humiliation in the presence of his daughter, and looks with satisfaction to the moment when his very prerogatives as a father shall be kept in awe by her superiour rank.

The other characters extend their influence beyond themselves. The mild dignity of lord Lovell and lady Allworth agreeably relieve the harshness of Overreach; and a similar effect is produced by the attractive innocence and simplicity of Margaret and her lover. But here an observation must be made, of a less favourable nature: by a practice too common with Massinger, the better characters forget their delicacy, and are degraded. Lovell might secretly promote the views of Allworth: but while he does this, he ought not to treat with Overreach on his own account. Lady Allworth is equally faulty, and her unexpected and whimsical adoption of Wellborn ill agrees either with her retirement, her principles, or her express reprobation of his character. The two lovers also lose their simplicity; and when the father is to be deceived, they suddenly become crafty beyond their years, their nature, and knowledge of the world. But all this was well known to Massinger; and he has provided certain acknowledgments for it. Lovell and the lady call each other to account for the apparent strangeness of their proceedings, and are mutually excused by the motives on which they act; and the spleen of Massinger seems to have been so strong against Overreach, that he thought a departure from character not unpardonable, provided he could have the satisfaction of shewing him outwitted by “two weak innocents,” and “gulled by children.” The editor has produced sufficient proof that a real person was aimed at in Overreach. The circumstance just mentioned is one of the many internal marks of such a design. The reprehension is vehement and incessant; and consistency is disregarded, while ignominy or ridicule is heaped upon the obnoxious person. This secret purpose seems to have been the

## 390. A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

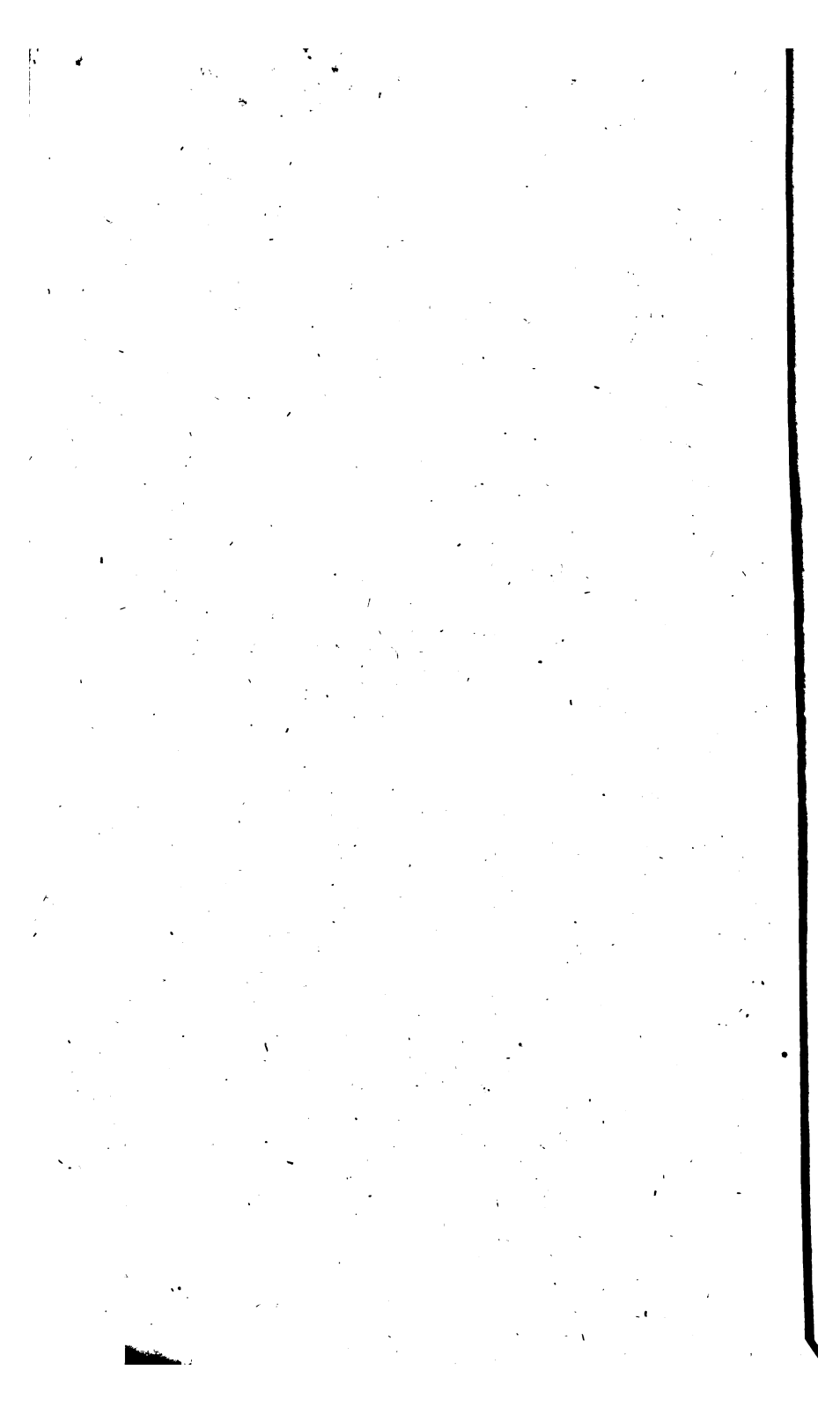
real occasion of the severity which marks some of the scenes: they are more passionate than playful; and have rather the properties of direct and urgent satire, than the sportiveness and versatility of comick wit. DR. IRELAND.

END OF VOL. III.

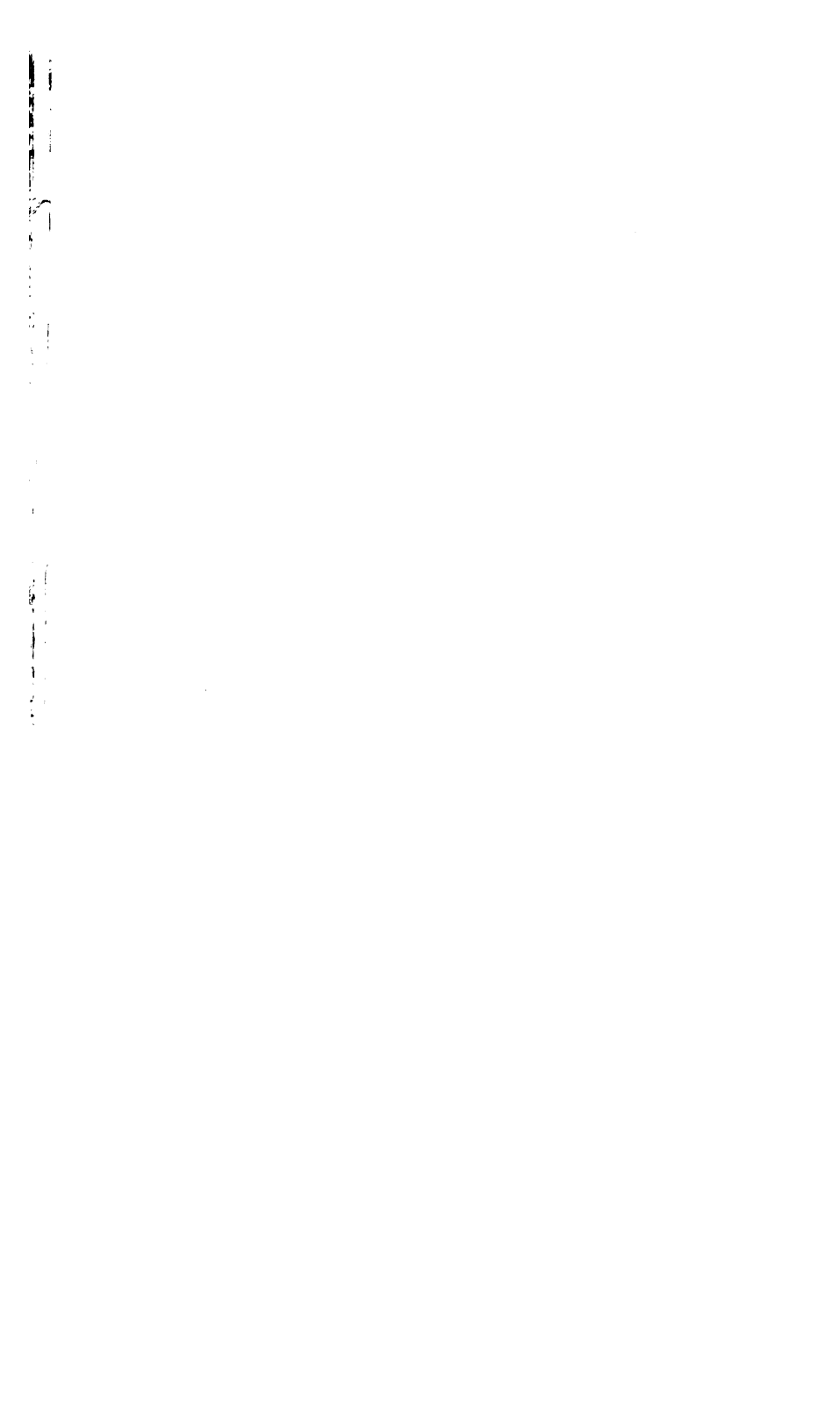
1429

# **ERRATA.**

P. 21, l. 30, *for your, read you.*  
P. 316, l. 29, *for und, read and.*  
P. 457, l. 33, *for at, read as.*











1875

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